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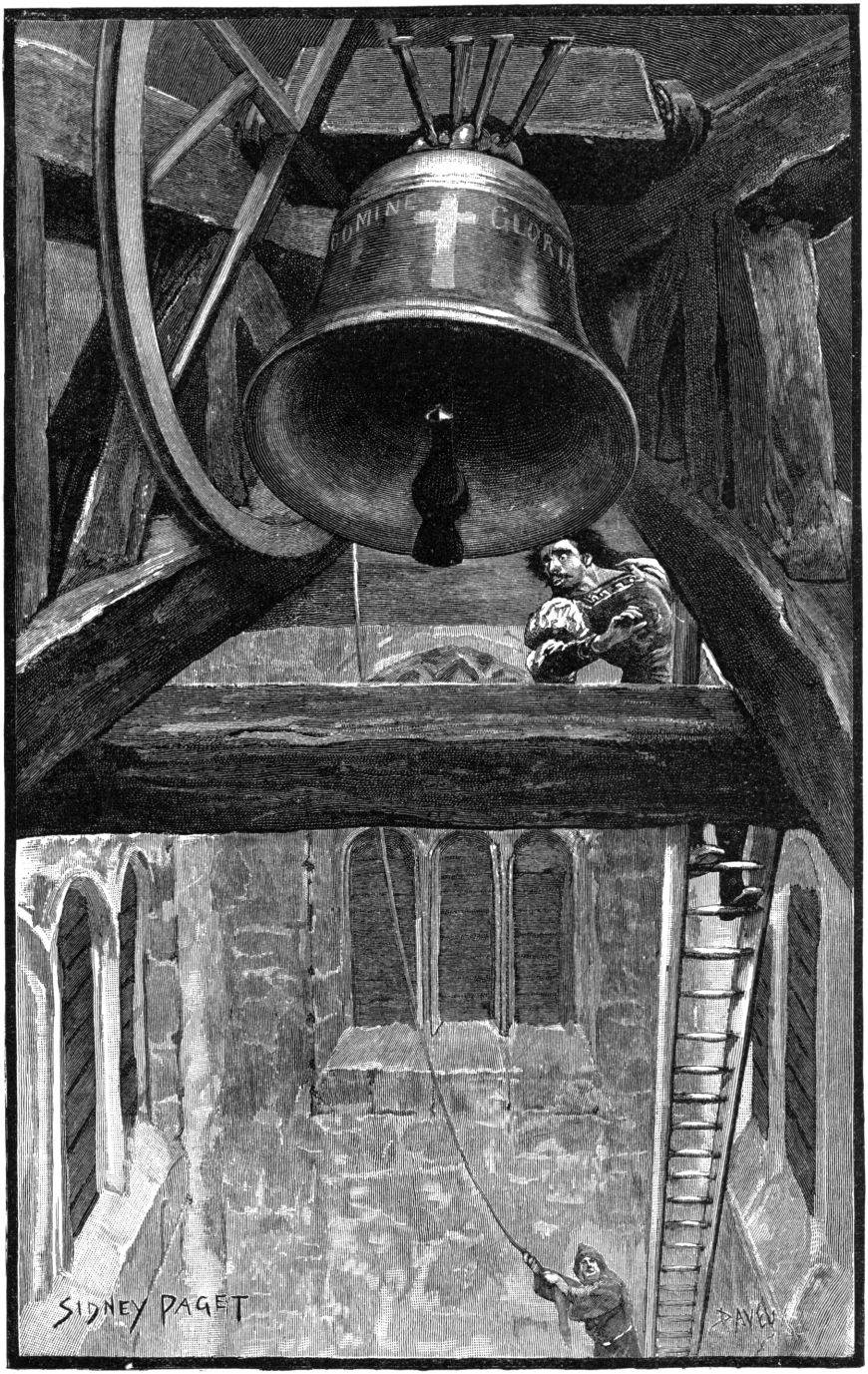



"THE BRONZE MONSTER STRUCK HIM DEAD,"

(*See page* 454.)

# *The Rosemonde.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULIAN SERMET.

AS if he had been a veritable king, the Lord of Pomerolles possessed in his feudal castle all the necessary dependencies —servants innumerable, men-at-arms, and retainers of noble birth. The battlements of his high square towers were visible afar over the plain, telling of steel and fire, and causing terror alike to timid peasant and warlike foe.

In front of the lordly dwelling extended the mall, bordered with lime trees, century-old; then the falconry at the entrance of the acacia wood, and the smithy and foundry where the steel for making cuirasses was hammered, and where gun-metal was melted for the founding of the bombards, which for fifty years had replaced the old-time catapults.

The Lord of Pomerolles was preparing for war, but he hoped for the protection of Heaven, and, to gain it, had taken pious counsel of the venerable Abbé whose famous monastery stood upon the summit of a neighbouring hill. The Abbé had promised to put up prayers for the Lord of Pomerolles, who had vowed, on the cruciform pommel of his sword, to give to the church a bell as large as the bourdon of the cathedral of St. Hilaire. And, as a little daughter had just been born to him, and had been named "Rosemonde," it was agreed that the work of the bell-founder should bear the name of the infant.

Then the Lord of Pomerolles returned to his castle, and gave rigorous orders that the work of fabricating arms should be suspended, and nothing thought of but the casting of the promised bell.

But for the due accomplishment of such an undertaking the ordinary workmen of the castle were not sufficiently skilled. An artisan was needed who was experienced in all the difficulties of this particular kind of work, capable of combining the proportions of copper and tin best calculated to produce the greatest volume of sound, and to put in practice the thousand details furnished by experience and transmitted by the corporations from generation to generation.

So the Lord of Pomerolles sent to the great city for two famous workmen.

Jehan and Mathias went to the castle of Pomerolles. Both were young and strong, accustomed to the fabrication of fine swords; bare chested, in front of flaming forge-fires, to strike in cadence the glowing blades; keeping faithfully the secrets of the old master-founders, and knowing well how to guide the flowing of the terrible liquid metal from the caldrons to the casting-pit.

By order of the castellan, Jehan was made master of the foundry, with Mathias for his first assistant, and the old workmen under his command.

The preparatory work was begun, but an incident occurred to disturb the harmonious relations of the two chiefs, which had been perfectly maintained down to that time.

A woman came between them.

It was Annette, the daughter of the head butler, a maiden pure and calm, who, in the porch of her parents' home, plied her spinning-wheel, while singing an old refrain :—

Alas, alas! a-don-don-dell!
Why may not a maiden tell
A-don-don-dell, a don-don-dell?
Why may not a maiden tell
When soft sighs her bosom swell?
Alas, alas, a-don-don dell!

Jehan and Mathias both had learned this song, listening to it in the intervals in the clash of hammers beating the sparkling iron upon the anvil tops.

Jehan, tall and muscular, opened his big, black sombre eyes, surmounted by heavy and almost meeting eyebrows. He looked at Mathias weighing ingots of copper in the scales—looked at him hatefully, without daring to show his hatred.

He hated him because he had seen him speak to Annette, who had laughed while listening to him, and shown her range of ivory teeth. Would he win her love—this comrade with the blue eyes and blonde beard falling upon his chest like a sheaf of ripened oats?

He, Jehan, had spoken to Annette, and she had greeted him with a pleasant smile. But perhaps she had only turned on him a simple glance of scrutiny, as a stranger from that distant city about which she had heard vaguely, as one of the wonders of the world, filled with gigantic palaces and churches with spires piercing the sky.

And as he worked, Jehan asked himself whether he could bear to live far from this

woman who had suddenly appeared upon his road of life, and he thought that he loved her even unto death.

One day, while he and Mathias were in the casting-pit, kneading the loam and road dust which was to serve for the paste with which the mould for the bell was to be made, he suddenly raised his head and said :—

"Mathias!"

"What is it, master?"

"You love Annette, do you not?"

Mathias blushed at first, astonished at the question; then, looking Jehan full in the face, he said, unhesitatingly :—

"What you say is quite true. How did you come to know it?"

"I suspected it."

"Master, I love her more than my life! I love her as if she were a saint descended upon earth——"

Jehan turned frightfully pale, and Mathias, breaking off, gazed at him, painfully.

They said no more for awhile. Alone in the pit, into which, later on, the molten bronze was to flow: alone in this hole, seemingly roofed in by a strip of blue sky, they glared at one another like two wild beasts.

Mathias had realized their rivalry.

"You, too, love her, then?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jehan, "there are two of us."

Again they fell into silence.

Then, in the blue space above them, sounded the well-known rhythm :—

Alas, alas, a-don-don-dell!
Why may not a maiden tell
A-don-don-dell, a-don-don-dell?
Why may not a maiden tell
When soft sighs her bosom swell?
Alas, alas, a-don-don-dell!

"ANNETTE."

But, this time, the voice of the enchantress made them shudder dolorously.

"To work!" cried Jehan, roughly.

And both gave themselves up anew to their labours, finishing their task without again opening their lips to each other during the day.

The time fixed by the Lord of Pomerolles and the Abbé for the casting of the "Rosemonde" was come; at dawn the molten metal was to be transformed.

All the preceding night the red furnaces were kept aglow, sending up their black clouds skywards.

Alone before the gulf, Jehan and Mathias watched the smoking metal.

The moment approached when the withering stream would fill the moulded pit prepared to receive it.

At daybreak the trumpets would sound in the castle court, and before the Lord of Pomerolles and his vassals, all in festal attire, before the monks singing canticles, and the Abbé putting up prayers to Heaven, the flood of incandescent lava would be sent upon its way, and the "Rosemonde" would be made.

Twenty thousand pounds' weight of metal seethed in the caldron; and over this volcano Mathias stooped, silently watching the colour of the copper and tin under the action of the constantly renewed fire of peat, turf, and charcoal.

Near him stood Jehan, who in turn stooped to examine the liquid metal.

At that moment Mathias whistled an air.

Jehan turned upon him, his eyes flashing furiously.

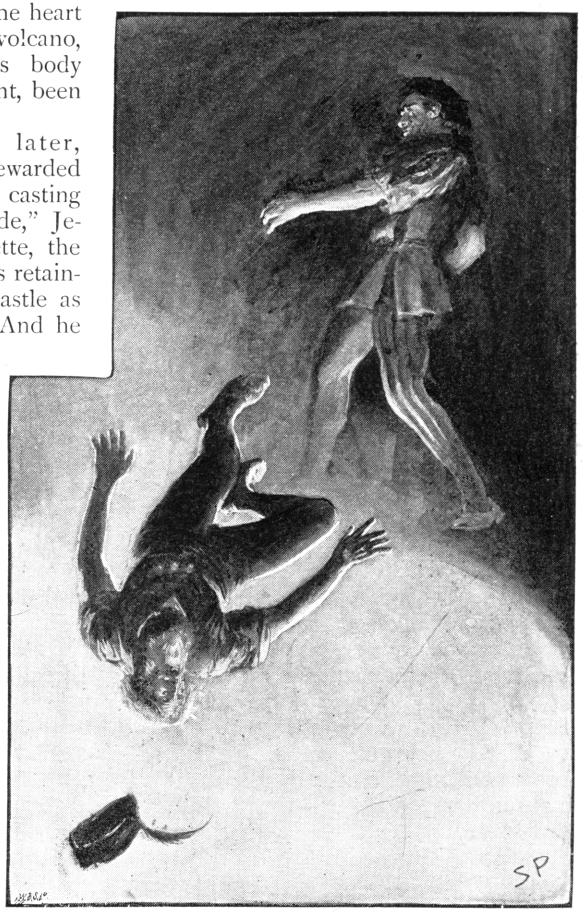
It was the air of Annette's refrain :—

Alas, alas ! a-don-don-dell !

All consciousness of reality left Jehan at that instant, a veil passed before his eyes, and hideous jealousy gnawed at his heart so fiercely that, seizing his companion with both hands by the waist, he hurled him into the crater at his feet.

Mathias had no time to defend himself, nor even to comprehend the attack that had suddenly been made upon him. He could only cry : " Help ! Jehan ! "

And he disappeared in the liquid metal, and only a blue flame, shooting up from the heart of that terrible volcano, showed where his body had, at that moment, been dissolved.



" HURLED HIM INTO THE CRATER."

Some months later, honoured and rewarded for his successful casting of the " Rosemonde," Jehan married Annette, the Lord of Pomerolles retaining him at the castle as his forge-master. And he was happy in his marriage, no sense of remorse assailing his heart, filled wholly and exclusively by his love.

Nobody had suspected the fate of Mathias. His disappearance had remained inexplicable. Time passed, and he was forgotten.

After some months had passed, with great pomp and religious ceremony, in the presence of the Lord of Pomerolles and the Abbé, the " Rosemonde " was hung in the belfry of the Abbey.

Jehan, amongst the ceremonial assistants, regarded his work. The enormous bell shone with its Latin inscriptions and its Redeemer on the cross. He now thought of Mathias.

All that had been his companion slept there, imprisoned for eternity in this cuirass of bronze !

But he shut his eyes, trying to forget, and pressed his arms closely about the form of Annette, who tenderly returned his embrace ; for she had learned to know all the love this man had for her, and was beginning to love him as greatly, in spite of his rough manners and awkward movements.

Lost in the crowd of peasants assembled about the Abbey, Annette and Jehan made their way down the hill and into the shade of a little wood near the castle, seating themselves by the side of a lake, on which floated a large number of white swans, the property of the Lord of Pomerolles.

And, on that bright afternoon, when the sun cast on the soft sward the shadows of the scarcely trembling leaves on a ground of gold, Jehan, his head resting on Annette's knees, went to sleep, the while she amused herself with plucking the wild flowers within her reach, and humming her favourite old song.

But suddenly, penetrating the lowest depths of the valley, came the strangest, the most musical sound that had ever stirred the air of that country-side : the monastery sent forth the first summons of its bell. Piously Annette made the sign of the cross ; but Jehan started up with bewildered eyes, open mouth, and, in his face, a look of inexpressible horror.

Carried on the sonorous air he heard the voice of Mathias mingled with that of the metal : " Help ! Jehan ! "


"JEHAN STARTED UP."

Throughout the day, in sign of joy, sounded the bell, and all day long the ears of Jehan rang with the supreme cry of his companion: "Help! Jehan!" It seemed to him, now, that Mathias was there, yonder, calling to him.

Each day that followed was a day of martyrdom for Jehan. The ringing appeal of Mathias made him spring from his bed. He stopped his ears at the hour of the elevation, for ever the last cry of his friend came back to him, lugubrious, implacable: "Help! Jehan!"

In vain he sought forgetfulness by casting culverins for the Lord of Pomerolles, or in beating the glowing iron upon the sounding anvil: never could he drown the resistless voice of the "Rosemonde."

Oh, it became impossible to live on in this way! He must exile himself, abandon this part of the country, return to the great city, fly from the sinister voice of death!

And yet it was but a hallucination! It could have no real existence! Mathias could not speak!

Jehan was courageous. He had always been audacious. He would brave this bell which harassed him.

One evening the Lord of Pomerolles had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, and mourning fell upon all his vassals and dependents.

Slowly sounded the sepulchral knell.

"Help! Jehan!" sobbed the bell.

Bareheaded, with faltering steps, as if drawn by an invisible force, Jehan mounted the hill. He reached the monastery, and requested the father bellringer to allow him to go up into the belfry. Above, the bell swung slowly to and fro.

"What do you want with me? Where are you?" cried Jehan.

Stupefied, the father bellringer watched him, white as a spectre, mounting the tall ladder.

"You are hiding yourself. Where are you?" Jehan cried, amid the tempest of sound. "I am not afraid; show yourself! If you dare, show yourself!"

Higher, higher he mounted, the bell over his head ceaselessly tolling, its black clapper seeming to sway to and fro like an immense tear!

Jehan had reached the bell, and bending towards it, grimaced at it, and threatened it with his clenched fist—all unconscious of what he was doing, mad!

Suddenly the monk saw his danger: he could not arrest the colossal "Rosemonde" in its sweeping swing.

"Take care!" he shouted.

It was too late.

In his madness, wishing to ascertain whether or not it was really the voice of Mathias that reached his ears, he had put forward his head to listen, and the bronze monster had struck him dead.

# *Pilots.*

By Alfred T. Story.

II.

MR. J. T. POSGATE, another "choice" pilot, employed by the Orient Company, when asked if he had any information to give about piloting, at once remarked: "Well, I can tell you of two or three incidents that may be interesting to you. One is this: After the Franco-German War, when it was a question of bringing their prisoners from Germany, the French Government applied to Trinity House through the Foreign Office for a supply of London pilots to conduct the vessels containing them from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen to French ports. The state of affairs in France was such that they did not know whom they could trust. The Trinity House replied that their pilots were for the English coast only; but the answer to that was that they knew the English pilots, and could trust them. They asked for twelve, and six were granted them; and these men ran the vessels, loaded with prisoners, to Havre, Boulogne, and Cherbourg. We are, of course, supposed to know the line of the French coast as well as our own.*

"Here is another little incident that may be of interest to you. While the war was in progress, as you may remember, M. Thiers came to England to try to get our Government to use its good offices with Germany in behalf of peace. He came in one of the Imperial men-of-war, and anchored off Gravesend, going up to London by train. One of our pilots was especially engaged to conduct her in and out. When M. Thiers's mission was concluded, the pilot was ordered to take her to the Downs; there she was met by another French vessel, which sent despatches on board. Then the pilot was approached and requested to take the ship over to Cherbourg, and great was the captain's surprise when he declined. The fact is, when war was declared we all received from the Trinity House a printed notice, informing us that we were not to conduct ships of either of the belligerents beyond the three miles limit. This the pilot produced to show the reason for his refusal. Neither the captain nor his officers appeared to be able to make it out. Then M. Thiers was brought on to the bridge and shown the document. He perused it very carefully, and then said: "Ah, yes; he is right; he is not allowed to come." The vessel then proceeded without him.

"You know, of course, that a Trinity House pilot can, in case of war, be drafted on board Her Majesty's ships to pilot them wherever required. In 1854 a large body of London pilots were drafted on board men-of-war bound for the Baltic."

"But what good would a Thames pilot be in the Baltic?"

"Well, in the first place, a man who is experienced in the navigation of narrow channels, estuaries, and the like, is a safe man to have on board in similar navigation, because he knows the methods; and, in the second, most of the London pilots, during their years of active service at sea, have gained considerable knowledge of the North Sea and Baltic ports, and of their navigation generally."

MR. J. T. POSGATE.
*From a Photo. by A. Caccia, Le Havre.*

"And as to your personal experience, Mr. Posgate?"

"I have been very fortunate. I did once run over a Danish vessel. She had no lights on. We put her owners in the Admiralty Court and got £900 damages. There is not now anything like the hardship that there used to be in the time of sailing vessels; steamers have relieved us of much of that; but the anxiety of the pilot has been greatly increased because of the immense size of the vessels and the narrow waters we have to navigate them through. Then the traffic is so enormous—and it is growing continually—that it makes the navigation very dangerous, especially with the big ships."

"And you have no 'yarns,' Mr. Posgate?"

"No; that is, if you mean by that a specially sensational incident. For an event

*By 43 George III., the Lord Warden is required to make regulations for pilots taking charge of His Majesty's ships on the coasts of France, Flanders, Holland, and in the Baltic.

of that kind you must go to my brother; he can give you the most stirring adventure of that sort that I have ever heard. The most striking thing that I have experienced in that way was on board one of the New Zealand boats a few years ago, when we were struck by a blizzard. I shall never forget that blizzard. Blowing great guns was nothing to it. We were in no special danger that I know of, and yet some of the passengers who were on board went on shore at Plymouth, and would have no more of it. One lady was going out to her husband at Gibraltar, but she refused to proceed, deciding to go overland. I represented to her that the storm was now over, and that she would be with her husband much sooner by travelling with the ship than by going by train through France and Spain. But nothing would induce her to go on board again. 'No,' said she; she had had enough of it, and preferred to forfeit her passage-money.

MR. RICHARD POSGATE.
*From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell.*

"There is another little incident that may be interesting to you. You know from time to time there has been a good deal of talk about abolishing compulsory pilotage; the ship-masters grumble at the charges, and think they could reduce them if compulsory pilotages were abolished. And so no doubt they could—in fine weather. But there is where the moral of my story comes in. Some years ago, when the question was being warmly agitated, I was on board a vessel making for Liverpool. It was a nasty night, and we were beating up off Point Lynas, at the corner of Holyhead, on the look-out for a pilot. There was such a storm blowing that we hardly expected to meet with one—and little would they have been to blame if they had kept at home on such a night! But presently we saw two cutters beating up towards us, and after a good deal of difficulty we got a pilot on board. He was a fine, handsome, intelligent fellow, and I remember in the morning, when the storm had abated and we were chatting together, the question of the abolition of compulsory pilotage was touched upon, whereupon the pilot said, with a smile: 'Let them abolish it! For a night like last night we should have wanted £200 to come aboard your ship.' And now you had better get my brother's yarn."

Mr. Richard Posgate was found at home, in a comfortable house overlooking the river with its multitudinous shipping. He did not plead, like the "needy knife-grinder," that he had no story, but when the name of the ship *Pareora* was mentioned, began at once to narrate his adventure.

"Yes," he cried, "I know the *Pareora*; she was a large passenger ship belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company; and I remember the circumstance to which my brother refers. It occurred in November, 1881, as we were going down the Channel. Practically, I had done with the ship, as we had reached the Downs; but the captain asked me to stop by him for protection, as a gale came on in the afternoon, and it threatened to be a dirty night. And well it was that I did remain with him, otherwise he would never have weathered that night. I had brought the *Pareora* up in the Downs with a single anchor; but on the gale increasing, I gave orders for the second anchor to be let go, and veered out nearly all our cable. Long before midnight it was blowing a terrific gale, and was as black as pitch. Suddenly I saw two vessels close upon us: one was the *British Navy*, a large merchant ship, which foundered during the night and drowned twenty of her crew; the other was the *Larnaca*, of Liverpool, both large sailing ships. Presently I saw the *Larnaca's* second anchor had parted, and that she was driving upon us. She came athwart our hawse and parted our cables. When I saw what was going to happen I was on the fo'c's'le. I saw there was no time to lose when she was on our cables, and I gave orders to slip our cable chains. This was done, and we parted. If we had not been prepared to do this we should undoubtedly have collided, and probably have gone down.

"The carpenter said to me the next day, 'I couldn't make it out, sir, why you wanted to arrange so as to slip the cables so easily; but I see now.'

"It was well for us that we were prepared. We had then a lot of ships to contend with.

We had our foresail, foretopsail, and a jib blown out, and were going broadside on to the sand. I called out for some of the men to go up and cut away the foretopsail, which was blowing loose; but all refused to go aloft. They asked: 'Have we time to get down again before she goes on the sand?' Said I, 'It doesn't matter where you are when she strikes, for not a man of you will outlive it.' They finally went up and cut away the sails; that saved us, and we cleared the sand, just touching the spit of it. There was an awful sea on, which struck our rudder and carried our wheel clean away. But we got clear into the North Sea, where we drove before the wind four or five days. When the storm moderated, we worked our way down again to the mouth of the Thames, and the same tug that took us out of the river met us again near the Kentish Knock, and brought us back to Gravesend to refit, as we had neither anchors nor chains. Phillimore—in the Admiralty Court—awarded the tug £2,000 for the service rendered to the ship. That was the most ticklish bit of business I have experienced."

"That is certainly a good yarn."

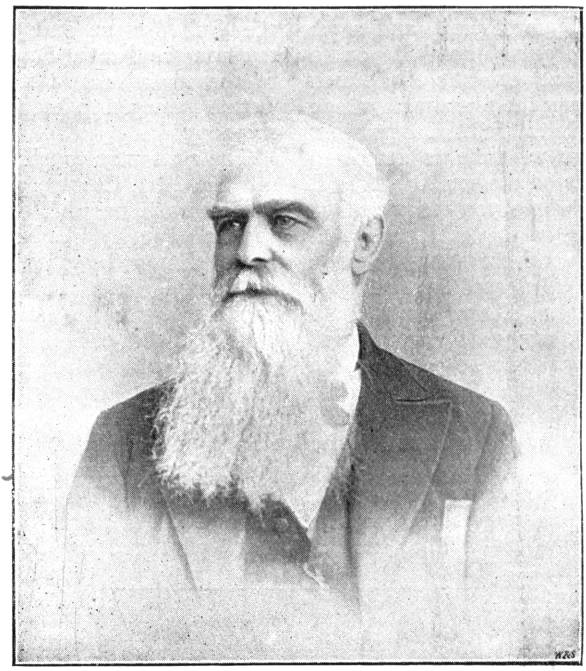
"I daresay some of the pilots have told you of Mr. Letten's exploit in 1891. It was a splendid bit of work, and one of the insurance companies presented him with a gold watch for it. He was on the *Ariadne*, and was sheltering in the Downs, the tide running N.E., and hard squalls of wind blowing from the W.S.W. The ship had just let go her port anchor off Deal Castle, and about sixty fathoms of cable had been put out into the water, when suddenly the windlass pawl-wheel broke in two, disabling the windlass, and causing the chain cable to run out its full length and part. The *Ariadne* was then driving athwart another vessel, and the starboard anchor was let go, but the chain parted at the end lashing. The ship's head, however, was checked round, and by manœuvring the yards, and hoisting the foretopmast staysail, she was kept clear of the shipping, but continued to drive towards the Breaksand. Signal was then made for a steam tug, and the *Burma*, of London, came and took hold of her, towing her into the Gull Stream, and proceeding with her towards the North Foreland. The captain of the *Ariadne* said it was a marvel how Letten managed to keep her clear of all the shipping."

MR. A. J. COUVES.
*From a Photo. by F. C. Gould & Son, Gravesend.*

The next man to whom I was introduced was Mr. A. J. Couves, a sea-going pilot; he said he was nine years captain of a merchant vessel before he became a pilot, and he had been sixteen years in that service. He considered, so far as the pilot himself was concerned, that no danger that he ran was equal to the peril of the landing. The danger attending that was sometimes terrible. The worst landing was at the Isle of Wight. "There," said he, "we have to go from the ship to the cutter in a little cockleshell of a punt no longer than this table" (an office table not more than 5ft. in length), "and that often in the teeth of a gale. I daresay you know that a pilot and two boatmen were drowned in May last when landing from a vessel."

Asked as to the character of the navigation of the Thames, Mr. Couves said he had seen most of the principal ports of the world, and he considered that of the Thames was the most difficult of any. "From London Bridge to Dungeness," he said, "is 110 miles, and the whole of that navigation is intricate and difficult in the extreme. In some parts the width of the channel is not the length of the ship you are piloting. There is no port in the world that has got a quarter the length of intricate navigation. You are constantly on the stretch. You cannot even go below to get your dinner. We never think of leaving the deck between here and the Isle of Wight. That is about eighteen hours on your legs, and twenty-four or twenty-five before you get home. I have been very fortunate. I have twice touched ground, but never had an accident. I saw the collision between the *Borderer* and a collier in this reach. The collier went down end on. When she touched bottom her bowsprit stood bolt upright, but the instant she touched it fell forward and disappeared. Several lives were lost. The tug that was towing my ship, the *Grecian*, of the Allen line, saved about twenty men. One man died on board the tug.

"Formerly," continued Mr. Couves, "the same pilot took ships from London Bridge to the Downs and to the Isle of Wight; but since 1854 no more licenses of that kind have been granted, and there is only one man left who still holds one: that is Mr. Thomas Martin, who is a town councillor and a J.P." Mr. Couves himself, it should be added, is a town councillor and churchwarden.



MR. THOMAS MARTIN, J.P.
*From a Photo. by J. Willis, Gravesend.*

Mr. Frederick Pattison, the oldest of the compulsory river pilots, and, like Mr. Couves, holding office in the town, said the danger of the river pilot was the fog, and the smoke from the cement works in Northfleet Reach, which was often as bad as fog. Sometimes they would have a fog that would last for twenty-four hours. Then they were placed between two perils—that of colliding with some other vessel if they went on, and that of grounding if they stopped.

Questioned as to the rule in case of fog, Mr. Pattison said: "The rule is that you must not go on if there is fog; and yet it is very hard to obey the rule at times, because you know if you stop you will go aground."

"How is that?"

"Because the river is so narrow, and, in places, so shallow. Moreover, the traffic is so enormous. It is no uncommon thing to pass five or six hundred vessels on your way up to London Bridge, to say nothing of the dumb barges."

"What are dumb barges?"

"The barges that have no sails we call dumb barges, or dummies. They go up and down with the tide, large sweeps being the only propelling power they have. Sometimes we have to thread our way through three or four hundred of them. There is another thing you may mention as greatly adding to the difficulties of the navigation, and that is the dredging. The dredging of the Thames is simply a disgrace to the community. In fact, there is no dredging, properly speaking."

On this point all the river pilots were unanimous: there was not a dissentient voice; although many betrayed great hesitancy as to allowing statements to go forth in their names. The general complaint was that the dredging was partial, and was done rather for the purpose of getting gravel to sell for building purposes than to clear obstructions from the river. Then, the machinery was condemned as insufficient.

"There is one dredger," said Mr. Pattison, "that is at least ninety years old. I have known it on the river for fifty years myself, and when I first knew it 'twas said to be about forty years old."

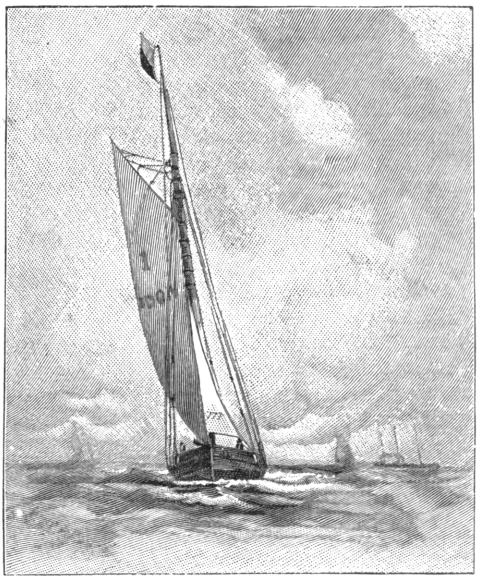
MR. FREDERICK PATTISON.
*From a Photo. by J. Willis, Gravesend.*

"It is simply pounds, shillings, and pence with the Thames Conservators," said another pilot. "The navigation of the river and the safety of hundreds of ships are sacrificed to

a question of ballast. They won't go where the shallow water is, and they leave the mud at once for gravel. In the next reach, where we have five or six fathoms of water, you will often see five or six dredgers at a time, and there they stick."

Mr. Pattison expressed the opinion that there ought to and might be twenty feet of water at low tide, all the way from Gravesend to the Tower. "Dredging," said he, "should be done to make the river navigable, and not for individual advantage. It should also be done in the summer, and not in the winter. Pilots have constantly to complain of the way in which dredgers are laid up the river in foggy weather."

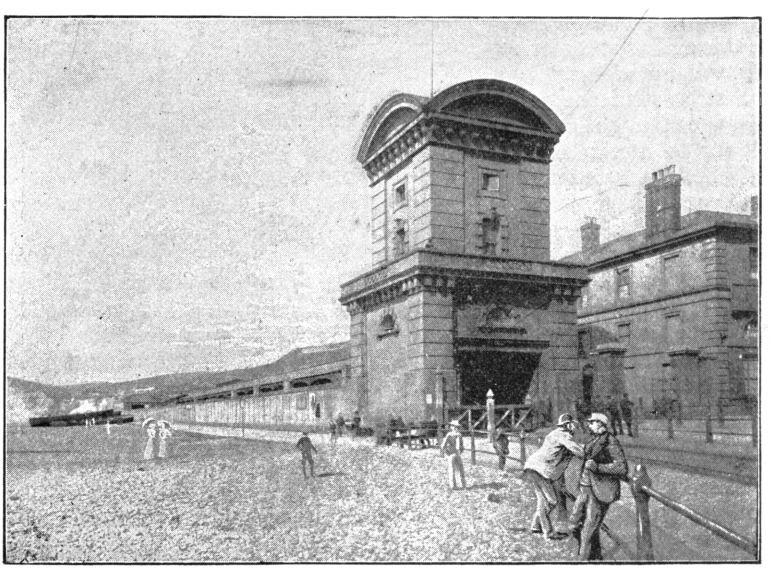
Much has been said about the Cinque Ports pilots; but it will be necessary to give a little more detail, and that from the lips of members of the corps, in order to make their position clear. Although known as the Cinque Ports pilots, they are in reality Thames pilots. Each of the Cinque Ports, as well as all other small ports, has its local pilots. But the Trinity House Cinque Ports pilots are a body by themselves, just like the sea-going pilots of Gravesend. They have their headquarters at the Pilot House, just off the end of the pier at Dover. Here a number are always on duty, night and day. They have their bunks, in which two or three of them may sleep if necessary, and they have their look-out room, which allows them to sweep the sea with their glasses in every direction. The majority of the Cinque Ports pilots are stationed at Dover, but there are also a number at Deal (where they have also a look-out station), and several at Ramsgate.



PILOT CUTTER—OLD STYLE.
*From a Sketch by Pilot Charrosin.*

They are divided into "choice" pilots and cruising pilots. The "choice" pilots are, of course, those who are engaged by companies to take charge of their ships; but it is a rule that no man shall be employed by more than one company. These men are not called upon to take their turn on the steam cruiser, and so have much easier times of it than the turn men. Of the latter, from sixteen to twenty are always on board the steamer, which is kept replenished from shore as the men go off in rotation. She cruises off Dungeness in all weathers, where also French, Dutch, and Belgian pilot cutters may be seen cruising about, making that part of the Channel a scene of busy and picturesque life. The old style of pilot cutter will be seen from the above sketch by Pilot Charrosin.

"Yes," said Mr. Wm. Ransom, one of the pilots stationed at Dover, "it is a



*From a]* THE PILOT HOUSE—DOVER. *[Photograph.*

very busy part just off Dungeness. You see, all vessels coming up the Channel, whether going to London or to the Dutch ports, make for Dungeness; outward ships, too, make for the same point. Every sailing master's own knowledge is sufficient to bring him to Dungeness; but from there he needs a pilot, or in most cases he does."

MR. WILLIAM RANSOM AND HIS FLAG.
*From a Photo. by Alexander Crossman, Dover.*

Asked as to the system pursued at Dover, Mr. Ransom said: "We keep eighteen men on the steamer, and the next four men on the list are on duty here to catch those ships that pass Dungeness without getting a pilot."

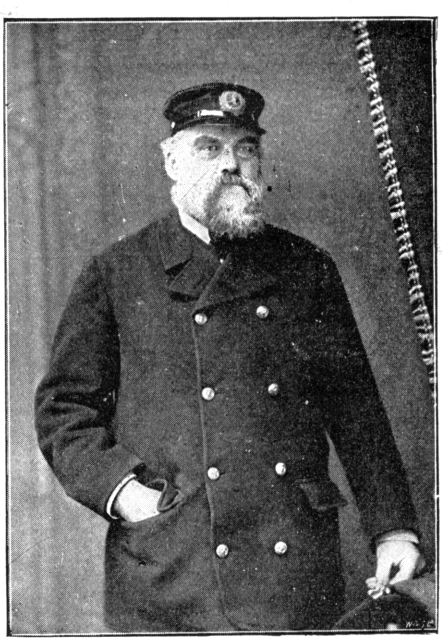
"How do you know when a vessel wants a pilot?"

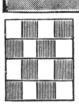
"A jack on the foremast is the signal for a pilot in the day-time, and a blue flare is the signal by night. We know when a ship has a pilot on board, because we see the pilot flag flying. Every pilot has to carry the red and white flag with him, and hoist it as soon as he gets on board. In addition to that, each Cinque Ports pilot has a private flag, which he hoists under the pilot flag. My private flag is a yellow cross on a red ground; and when I pass here, they know from my flag that I am on board. By this means they can keep count how many have left the steamer, because we all go in regular rotation. But you should see Mr. Henry Foster, he would be able to give you more information than I can. He is the selected pilot for Her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*."

Mr. Foster was found at his residence, and though he was expecting a call to go out, he willingly gave half an hour to a talk about piloting. He had had, he said, seventeen years at sea before he became a pilot, and had visited most parts of the world. During all those years he kept a journal, and to that journal, in no small degree, the boys of England are indebted for many a stirring scene and incident in the late Mr. Kingston's sea-stories. The two were friends, and Mr. Foster's journal was lent to Mr. Kingston to draw from as he liked.

After a few minutes' talk on general matters, I said, "You are the pilot of Her Majesty's yacht, I believe, Mr. Foster?"

"Yes, I am the selected pilot for the *Victoria and Albert*. I was appointed in the Jubilee month, 1887, and I have held the appointment ever since. Whenever the Queen goes on board I am sent for. Only just recently I took the yacht to Flushing. I can tell you a little incident that is very interesting to me. I fell from the fore-yard on to the deck the night the Queen was married. The curious part of it was, that though I fell about forty feet I was hardly in the least hurt, my fall being broken by a spar. But it was a narrow escape, and it made me very careful ever afterwards. That was my first voyage, and a long one it was, beginning in January, 1840, and finishing May, 1844. The vessel was the *Sussex*, South Sea whaler. I resigned my position as captain of an Indian and China trader in 1856, to become a pilot. Piloting then was much more difficult than it is now. It has been greatly lightened by the introduction of steam, although the responsibility has increased. It was a science to work a sailing ship up the Channel, as we had to take them up by the lead. The substitution of a steamer, too, for





MR. HENRY FOSTER AND HIS FLAG.
(The Queen's Pilot.)
*From a Photo. by Austin & Co., Hackney.*

the four cutters that used to cruise off Dungeness is a great improvement. The cruising is done much easier, and we all like it, though we have to pay for our own food on board, which we did not do formerly."

Asked if he had ever had an accident, Mr. Foster said: "I have lost anchors, chains, and masts, and have been on shore, but I have never lost a ship, though I have piloted 1,200. Nor have I ever been called into question in regard to competency and seamanship.

"Formerly I used to take a good deal of interest in regard to public questions touching pilotry, but now younger men have stepped into my place. When the question of the abolition of compulsory pilotage was before Parliament, I gave much attention to the subject, and spent some days going over Lloyd's Register. I found from it that out of about 60,000 vessels that had come into the Thames in the twenty years previous to 1870, only two had been lost that had Trinity House pilots on board. That is something to say for our pilot service.

"A great many casualties are due to nothing but carelessness. There hardly ever need be a collision if people would be careful. It is only a matter of observing the rule of the road—keeping to the port side. But some of the colliers and some of the companies' ships are reckless in navigation; they do not seem to care whom they run into."

MR. WILLIAM COLLINS HARRISON AND HIS FLAG.
*From a Photo. by A. & G. Taylor*

William Collins Harrison, Deal pilot, was found on the water teaching his boys to row, they being destined, like their father, to the salt water. He left them to their divagations in order to come on shore and talk about the Cinque Ports pilots, a member of which body he became in 1866, being originally stationed at Ramsgate. "We begin at Ramsgate," said he, "then, as vacancies occur, we are moved up to Deal and to Dover. There used to be eight pilots at Ramsgate, now there are only three. There is not much call for their services, but it is necessary for some to be there, in case there be a call for them to go on board vessels that have passed the Downs without getting a pilot. This may occur in foggy or stormy weather, though it does not often happen. In the same way, it is necessary to have a number of men at Deal, in order to serve the vessels that get into the Downs. There are twenty-seven stationed here; but we all have to take our turn on the steamer. In all, the Cinque Ports pilots number eighty-seven. There have been no appointments for some time, because we were too many. It is proposed to reduce the number to eighty, and keep it at that figure.

"Formerly," continued Mr. Harrison, "the Cinque Ports pilots were under the authority of the Lord Warden; but on the death of the Duke of Wellington they came under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House. While he lived the Duke would have no change.

"All the navigating officers on board Her Majesty's ships are piloting officers to the Downs, and whenever they require a pilot they ask for one from here. The ships of the Channel Squadron are not allowed to have pilots at all, although foreign men-of-war are. All Her Majesty's ships can go in, if they like, without taking a pilot; but if they take one, they pay the regular pilotage dues. A pilot may take a man-of-war in and bring her out, which he cannot do with other ships. The same rule holds good in regard to Her Majesty's yachts."

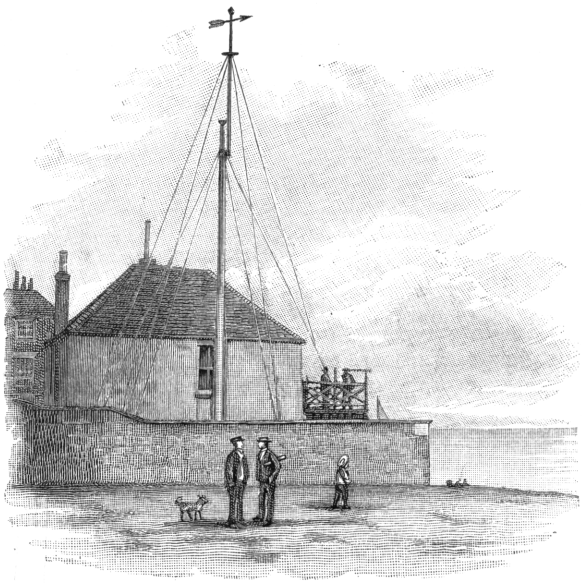
"In cruising, I suppose you have to take what comes, in turns?"

"Yes, we have to take what comes, from a line-of-battle ship to a billy-boy. There is no choice in that matter, although I dare say you have heard of our 'choice' system. But it is worked very differently here to what it is at Gravesend. Here we 'pool' all the money, turn or choice, and the system works very well."

"How does the system work?"

"Well, say a man has a turn which comes to £10, and my turn next to him comes to £15, I have to put £5 into a common fund. Then, if the next man's turn does not come to £10, at the end of the month he takes from

the pool enough to make up that sum. At the end of the quarter, any surplus that remains is shared according to turns; so that if a man has had ten turns in the quarter he gets ten shares; if he has had twelve turns, he gets twelve shares."



*From a]* PILOT HOUSE—DEAL. *[Photograph.*

Speaking of the dangers of the calling, Mr. Harrison said: "I do not want to magnify the difficulties of piloting, but we go many times on board with our lives in our hands. We have to cruise at Dungeness in all weathers—storm or shine. The steamer is not allowed to anchor under any circumstances, except in dense fog. Occasionally, of course, storms arise when nothing can hold up against them, then you are obliged to run; but so long as it is humanly possible to put a boat off we keep at sea. During the whole of my twenty-eight years' experience I have never known a cutter to anchor except in times of absolute necessity. The service has been greatly improved by the steam cruisers. It used to take us all our time to keep the cutters on the station in bad weather with a lee wind and tide, because we had not enough power to beat up. We had to continue beating up to windward in order to keep the station, as often under water as on the top of it. A greater danger than the cruising, however, was the boating from the cutters to the ship you were going on board in bad weather. I remember once, about 1872, being put from cutter No. 2 on board one of the British India boats in a gale of wind off Dungeness. The weather was so bad that when I came on board the captain said, 'I did not expect to get a pilot; I did not think any boat could live in such a sea. I would rather you had the job than me. I would not have gone into the boat for the ship and all her cargo.' If it had been his duty, however, he would have done it just as I did.

"But it is often ticklish work. The least hitch and over goes the boat. I have seen cutters jump right on to a boat. She has gone under the lee-bow and come out on the weather-quarter — smashed to pieces, naturally. We have just managed to pull the crew out of the boat before she went under. I have seen some narrow shaves. I remember the *Edinburgh* cutter being run down off Dungeness, in 1879, and ten pilots drowned. The cruising work is the worst part of our life. When once I get on board a ship, if it is a good one, I feel that my difficulties are largely over."

"And now, as to the pilot charges?"

"That varies according to the size of the ship, and it is charged by stations—from Dover to the Downs, from the Downs to North Foreland, and so on. The charge from Dungeness to Dover is eight shillings, no matter how big the ship. It seems rather absurd, twenty-eight miles for eight shillings! In addition to the pilotage tariff, there is a charge of £2 5s. for boarding: that goes to Trinity House for keeping up the cutter. At Harwich the boarding money is £3 3s.

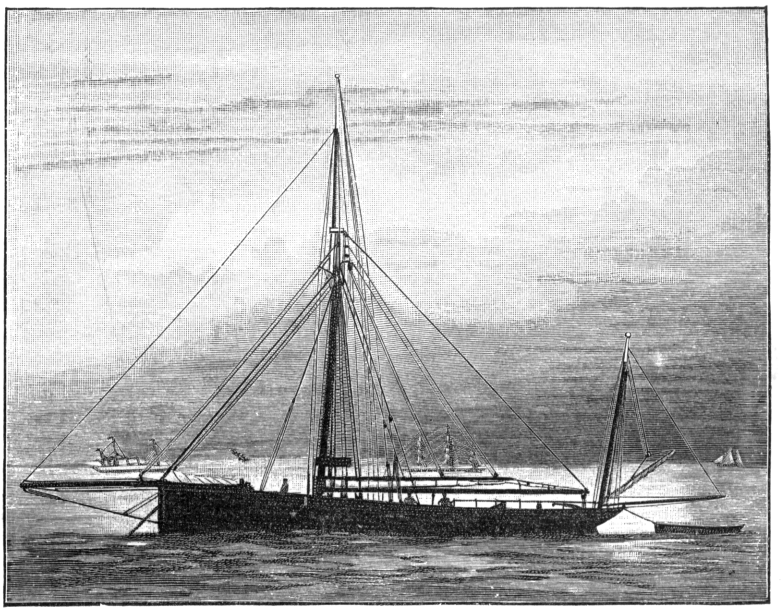
"The average time for taking a ship in is about twelve hours, but I have been detained four, five, and six days. In the old times, when there were more sailing vessels, this was a common thing."

"I suppose piloting has changed very much since then?"

"Very much. I could tell you some amusing stories of those times. I remember on the Australian ships—often full of gold—the arrival on board of the pilot was a great event, and was looked forward to with much curiosity. When you got on board you saw the little children peeping at you, half afraid, between their fathers' legs, as though they expected to see a monster of some sort."

"Perhaps they had heard of pirates as well as pilots, and did not know the difference."

"Perhaps so. Then the passengers used to



*From a]* NORTH SEA PILOT CUTTER. *[Drawing.*

bet on the pilot—sometimes for a week or two before they reached the Channel. They would lay wagers on his personal appearance, whether he was young or old, dark or fair, short or long, or whether he had a boss-eye or a crooked nose. Or it might be that the bet would be on the manner he came on board. I recollect once, as I was going on board, a lady rushed up to the rail and exclaimed: 'Oh, pilot, please put your left leg over the rail first!' She had a bet on, of course. I said, 'You are not fair, madam,' and put both legs over at once, and so caused that bet to be off."

The North Channel pilots are a somewhat different class of men to those at Gravesend and at the Cinque Ports. They seem, if possible, more bronzed and weather-beaten, and they certainly have a rougher time of it; their receipts also, on the whole, are less. There are in all forty-eight Trinity House pilots for the North Channel, and their cruising stations extend from Smith's Knowl on the north to Orfordness or the Sunk Lightship on the south. This is, of course, to catch all the vessels making for the Thames. The "Sunk," however, is the chief station, and here two of the eight cutters owned by the North Channel pilots are constantly cruising. But I had better let Mr. S. T. Whitnall, whom I found at Harwich, having just come in with a large steamship, tell the story of the pilots of this coast. After premising that he had spent twelve years rising from ship-boy to captain, and then had spent another eight years as skipper before he got his license as pilot, he said: "Since I became a pilot I have navigated all classes of vessels, including P. and O. and Castle Line steamers."

"Your system is different to that existing at Dover, I believe, Mr. Whitnall?"

"Yes, we run our own cutters, and we retain the boarding-money to keep them up instead of paying it to the Trinity House. We have to add to it also from our earnings. This, together with our keep on board the cutters, our railway fare from Gravesend to Harwich, when we have gone up with a vessel, and our expenses at both places, makes a considerable inroad upon our incomes."

"How do you manage about your food?"

"We carry a quantity of meat on board when we start, and keep as much of it fresh as we can; the rest we pickle. We have a cooking stove in the forecastle, with which we prepare our food. Then we have a good supply of soft bread and biscuit, and such other things as we require. Sometimes we do not come on shore for several days, and I have been out as long as ten days.

"You know, of course, we have no choice—we must take what comes. As the saying is, 'Pilots are made for ships, not ships for pilots.' If a ship comes from an infected port, like Hamburg—infected with cholera or small-pox—as soon as she arrives in our waters we must go on board; we dare not say nay. However great the risk, we have to board the ship, and there we must remain until the sanitary officer thinks fit to allow us to depart. If we leave the vessel without his permission we are liable to a heavy fine, or to dismissal. Three years ago one of our pilots had to remain on board the *Janna*, with cholera raging on board, for three days. If a pilot wantonly takes his vessel beyond the clearing station without permission, he is liable to a fine of £100.

"You know, probably, that the system of 'choice' pilots does not exist among us—at least, only to a very small extent."

"And you have no pooling, as at Dover?"

"No, we each keep what we earn—and little enough it is when all deductions are made, including the three guineas a year for our licenses."

"Are none of your men stationed at Harwich?"

"We have a second-rank man here, that is, a man licensed only for ships of fourteen feet draught and under. The reason for that is because, if a first-class pilot were here, and he saw a second-class man bringing in a vessel of over fourteen feet, which sometimes happens if there is not a first-rank man at hand, he could go on board and order him off the ship."

MR. S. T. WHITNALL.
*From a Photo. by Alfred Price, Great Yarmouth.*

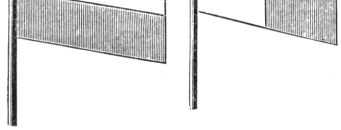
"But how would he know?"

"He could tell by the man's flag; a second-rank man's flag having the red and white stripes running perpendicularly instead of horizontally."

"That is the rule, is it?"

"Yes, a second-class man has no business on board a vessel above his draught, although he can pilot a ship of any draught if there is not another pilot at hand. Well, if he is obliged to take such a ship, and even then be liable to be turned off her at Harwich, and lose his fee, it would be pretty hard. So we have only a second-class man here. You get very funny feeding on some of these foreign ships. On a vessel from Finland, however, I had the strangest fare of all. For breakfast it was black rye bread and coffee. For dinner we had a strong soup made of very solid beef, with rice in it, and black bread and coffee. Supper, between six and seven, consisted of black bread and coffee again—hardly anything all day but black bread and coffee. When I got to Gravesend I was so ravenous that I thought I should never have done eating.

"But the oddest of all my experiences was on board a Dutch ship, the *Antelope*, Captain Hutt. Soon after I got on board I was introduced by the captain, who could not speak any English, to his wife and daughter, and was invited to go down into the cabin. There I found a bottle of Hollands on the table, with glasses for six, and a bottle of bitters. The skipper filled the glasses with the gin and bitters and invited me to drink. It is not a thing I care for, but for politeness sake I managed to dispose of one glass. Then he poured out another and insisted on my taking that also. I took a little of it, and then excused myself and went on deck. This was early in the morning. Before dinner I was invited to go down again, and the same performance was gone through, all—the captain, his wife and daughter, and the two mates—taking their two big glasses of the gin and bitters, except myself. I sipped a little, then again excused myself, and went on deck. But I had not been there many minutes before the skipper's daughter came up and invited me to return to the cabin. The young lady was supposed to know English, and came with her father and mother to act as interpreter, and this is the form her invitation took: 'Captain speak me speak you come cabin mit captain gin mit de bitters drink um?' This ceremony of drinking 'gin mit de bitters' was gone through four times a day—before breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and on each occasion two big glasses were drunk."



FIRST-CLASS PILOT FLAG.

SECOND-CLASS PILOT FLAG.

# *The Biggest Tobacco-Box in the World.*

By Harry How.

THE BOX AND ITS SIX CASES.

And from his pocket next he takes
His shining horn tobacco-box,
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.
*Wordsworth.*

"WAAL, sir," remarked an enthusiastic gentleman from Nebraska to Mr. J. E. Smith, the vestry clerk of Westminster, "we can show you the biggest thing in waterfalls, rivers, and mountains, and I guess we can beat you in fires and railway smash-ups; but we'll give in over tobacco-boxes. This is the biggest, and I'll stake the entire States on that." Our friend from America was certainly not far out in his calculations. The famous receptacle for the fragrant weed which is faithfully guarded by the overseers of the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, is not only the biggest in the world, but unquestionably an historical curiosity into the bargain.

Some idea of its size may be formed from the fact that the combination of boxes weighs very little short of a hundredweight; and, when these are regarded from an historical point of view, they become absolutely unique, for they practically chronicle the story of the doings of this nation—or, at any rate, the principal events—for the last 181 years.

Old Henry Monck was fond of his pipe, and when his work as overseer was done in the daytime, he would adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, and, with his fellow-parochial officers, sit and talk over the business of the parish, as they idly enjoyed the luxury of their respective real, unadulterated "churchwardens." He lived in Boreman's Court, on the south side of Gardner's Lane, and was in many ways a fortunate individual, for he was exempt from being rated; a common custom, by-the-bye, in those days, when all gentlemen serving as parish officers—from the churchwarden to the "Amen" parish clerk—were never worried by the irrepressible rate-collector; for their services to the parish were considered of such importance, that "rates" was a thing which never appeared in their personal account-books. Old Henry Monck, therefore, decided to perpetuate his memory in a peculiar way.

Tradition hath it that he purchased the horn tobacco-box at Horn Fair, Plumstead, for the small sum of fourpence, and presented

the box to a society formed of the past and present overseers of the parish. The original box is only 4½in. long by 3¾in. wide; 1¼in. outside, by ¾in. inside depth; and it weighs 10½oz. The members were so delighted with the old fellow's gift that they ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was religiously committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, who handed it to his successor with some additional silver ornament. So, year after year, the box has grown bigger and bigger. The gentlemen who followed old Monck in the office of overseer thought fit, at the end of their term of service, to chronicle on the box events of importance which had occurred during their period of office. A similar act has been carried on year after year, and the original fourpenny tobacco-box now rests within no fewer than six massive cases; the last case and pedestal being octagonal in shape, and constructed out of an oak beam taken from Westminster Abbey. It is surmounted by a beautifully chased silver statuette of the Queen, which cost £50, and was added as a memento of Her Majesty's year of Jubilee.

THE ORIGINAL BOX.

The ceremony of annually passing over the box from the out-going overseer to the incoming one is very elaborate, and has a distinctly pleasant savour of "the good old times." It takes place after the customary dinner at the annual general meeting.

The usual toasts have been proposed and drunk with enthusiasm, when, amidst silence, the senior churchwarden rises, and solemnly demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. Then the secretary examines it, and has to declare whether it is in as good a condition as when delivered; what is the nature of the last ornament added, and, what is more important than all, if the original box contains a proper quantity of tobacco. Should the secretary's report be a satisfactory one, the box is placed in front of the chairman, who immediately proposes a toast: "The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box, and the additional ornament."

"Are you willing to accept the box and cases upon the usual conditions?" is the question asked of the senior overseer. Of course, he says "Yes." Then is the box and its cases handed over to him, with the following charge: "This box and the several cases are the property of the Past Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, upon condition that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also upon further condition that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, in as good a state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas." This charge having been given, the chairman proposes "The new overseers, wishing them health to go through their office," and the ceremony attending another transfer of the famous box is over.

A reference to the minute-books of the Past Overseers' Society shows that on several occasions the chairman has been fined the aforementioned six bottles of wine. Here are a few extracts: "January 13th, 1831. The tobacco-box, having been called for by the chairman, was not produced at a quarter before ten o'clock. It was then moved and seconded, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Overseer Page be fined six bottles of port." "August 9th, 1832. Mr. Overseer Lucas produced the tobacco-box, containing what was not considered by a majority of the society 'tobacco.'" Mr. Overseer Lucas was accordingly fined six bottles of wine, but allowed to mention the occurrence in arrest of judgment at the next meeting. Mr. Lucas was acquitted. It seems, however, that Mr. Overseer Downey was the most unfortunate individual in the way of having to pay the fine, for on no fewer than three occasions—on May 13th, 1847; September 10th, 1847; and Novem-

ber 11th, 1847—he failed to produce the tobacco-box, and was fined six bottles of port for each offence. Mr. Overseer Downey, notwithstanding the fact that the society carried the fine unanimously, did not pay up till April 3rd, 1848.

The box has passed through quite a number of vicissitudes. Until recently it was the custom for its possessor for the time being to keep the treasure at his own house. In 1785, when the box was not worth a tithe of its value to-day, some enterprising burglars made arrangements to annex it. Mr. Gilbert, overseer at the time, however, had it securely put away in some corner of his house, where the burglars failed to find it. In 1793, when in the custody of Mr. Overseer James Read, the vestry refused to pass his accounts. He therefore threatened that he would not deliver up the tobacco-box, and an application was made in the High Court of Chancery against him. The Court ordered that the box be delivered into the charge of Master Leeds, pending the result of the suit. For three years it remained in his possession, until on the 5th of March, 1796, the case came before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This event in the history of the Westminster Tobacco-Box involved a bill of £376 13s. 11d. for costs, £300 of which was paid by the defendant and the balance by the society. So delighted were the society at once more obtaining the possession of their much-loved treasure, that they caused a special plate to be added to the box, on which appeared the inscription: "Justice Triumphant! Fraud Defeated!! The Box Restored!!!"

In the year when Her Majesty ascended the Throne, the box came very near being destroyed by fire. Mr. Milns, the then custodian of the box, kept a draper's shop in Bridge Street. The place caught fire, and his wife, knowing how much old Henry Monck's legacy was valued, rescued the box from its perilous position before anything else, and conveyed it to a place of safety. In 1887, fifty years after this event, the old lady made a special visit to the Town Hall, at Westminster, to see the box. She was then ninety years of age.

The box has frequently been exhibited, and has been examined by many eminent people. In 1860, the overseers had the honour of submitting it to Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, and the Royal children for their inspection, and a letter was received from Buckingham Palace stating that "Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort were very much interested in the examination of this very curious and interesting box, and I received the commands of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness to thank the members of the society, in their name, for affording them an opportunity of seeing it."

On the 18th of January, 1877, the overseers exhibited the box before the assembled members of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. In describing it, the printed "Proceedings" remarks:—

"The humble horn tobacco-box had now become of great value and bulk. It was ornamented within and without to repletion, and there was no longer room for any additions. But each senior overseer (with one or two exceptions) showed a desire to emulate the example of his predecessors, and so it became necessary to manufacture a new outer case for it. This was then ornamented, and, when there was no longer room for additions, a new case was added, which was in turn ornamented, until, at the present day, the original trumpery horn tobacco-box reposes in six massive and embellished cases, each case fitting one in the other; so that the whole is of greater bulk and worth than any other tobacco-

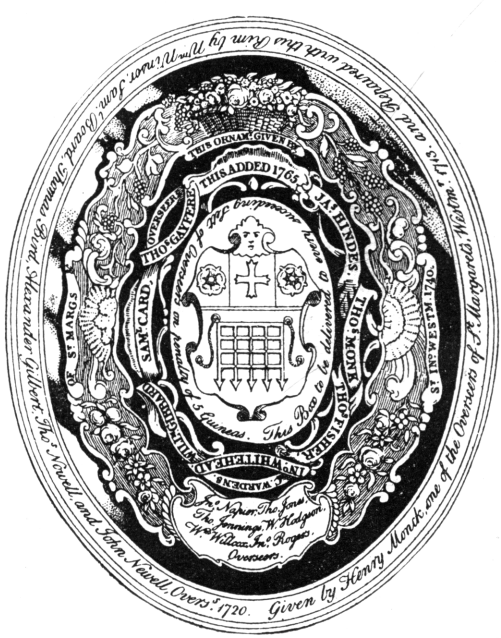



FIG. 1.


FIG. 2.

box in the United Kingdom—probably in the world."

The amount of history which is chronicled on the original box and the six cases will be readily understood when it is mentioned that it has no fewer than 133 silver plates, and to carefully examine and note every one would occupy from four to five hours. As one takes up the original tobacco-box, and goes on from case to case and plate to plate, they not only show how the art of engraving has developed, but reveal what may be termed the pardonable conceits of the gentlemen who had the box in their possession from time to time, together with the diversity of their notions as to what should be considered events of national importance. Portraits predominate, though stirring events are by no means lacking. It would be impossible within the limits of this paper to make mention of all the chronicles. The most curiously interesting and important will suffice.

The top of the original tobacco-box (Fig. 1) bears the arms of the City of Westminster and surrounding ornaments. Inside the lid is an engraving by Hogarth of a bust of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, with a prefix commemorative of the Battle of Culloden. On the bottom of the box is a figure of Charity (Fig. 2). In 1749 the big event of the year, in the opinion of the then overseers of Westminster, was the fireworks exhibited in the St. James's Park on the occasion of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1779 parochial ideas seemed to have advanced to the battle stage, for we have depicted the engagement between the English and French fleets off Ushant on the 12th July, 1778—the wooden walls of Old England being very cleverly engraved, and the whole scene very effective, with unlimited smoke as befits a tobacco-box—and the picture of a court-martial held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser, the Rear-Admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The


FIG. 3.

gallant admiral is shown receiving back his sword, and his right foot firmly crushing down a six-headed dragon (Fig. 3).

A portrait of the notorious John Wilkes is inside the bottom of the second case. The seventh plate added tells that the box and its case had been repaired by the overseers—a statement which is subsequently frequently repeated—together with a picture of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room, administering relief. We are told, as per Plate IX. (*i.e.*, the ninth plate added), that His Majesty King George III.'s health was restored on March 10th, 1789, the same being celebrated by a general illumination. The plate for 1790 bears a by no means unworthy reproduction of the altar-piece of St. Margaret's Church, representing the Supper at Emmaus, in basso-relievo, by Adkin, from a painting by Titian.

Another plate not only bears the aforementioned fact that Justice was triumphant and the box restored, but the statement that it was in this year—1800—that the naval glory of this country was again in the ascendant, with portraits of Howe, Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. In 1807 the plate bears a facsimile of the Old

THE FOURTH BOX.

Sessions House at Westminster, and Plate XIV. shows the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall in the act of pronouncing in favour of the restoration of the box and cases to the Past Overseers' Society (Fig. 4).

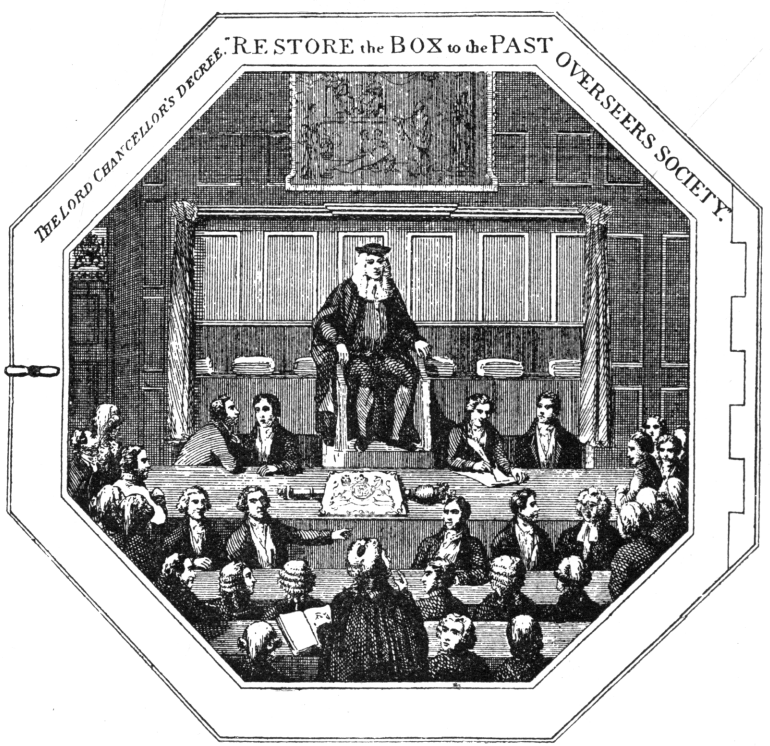



FIG. 4.

This latter plate is a very characteristic piece of workmanship of the day, and equally well executed are the pair of plates—which form the sides of one of the early cases—of Charing Cross at the time of the Proclamation of Peace in 1802 (Fig. 5) and the interior of Westminster Hall, showing the St. Margaret and St. John's Volunteers attending Divine service on the 19th October,

1803, the day appointed for a general fast, the service being performed at the drum-head by the Rev. W. W. Dakins, Minor Canon of St. Peter's, Westminster (Fig. 6).

"The wooden walls of Old England" seem to have been in high favour with the overseers, for we have on successive plates a report of the naval engagement between His Majesty's ship *St. Fiorenzo*, of thirty-six guns, and the French frigate, *La Piedmontaise*, of fifty guns; the Battle of the Nile; the Battle of Trafalgar, with a good portrait of Nelson,

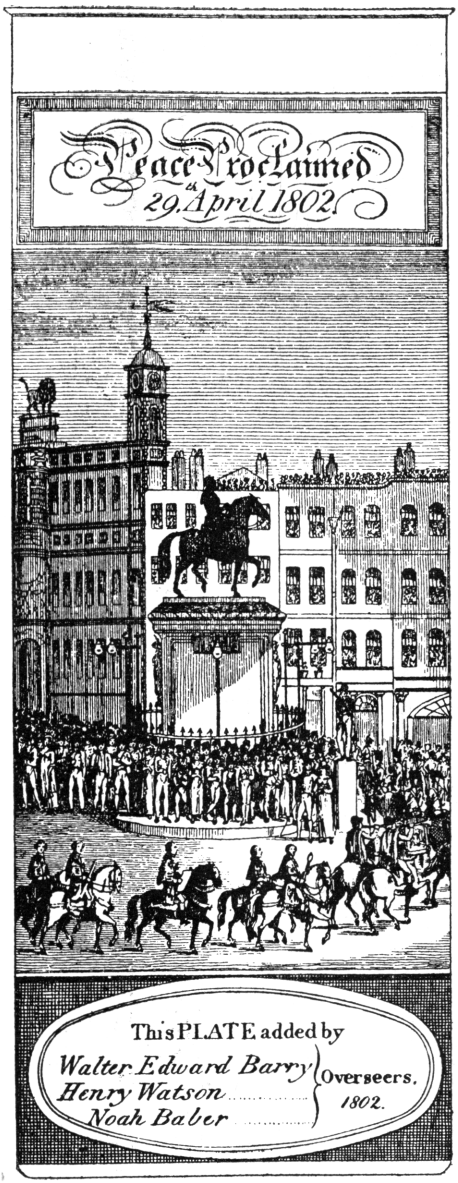



FIG. 5.

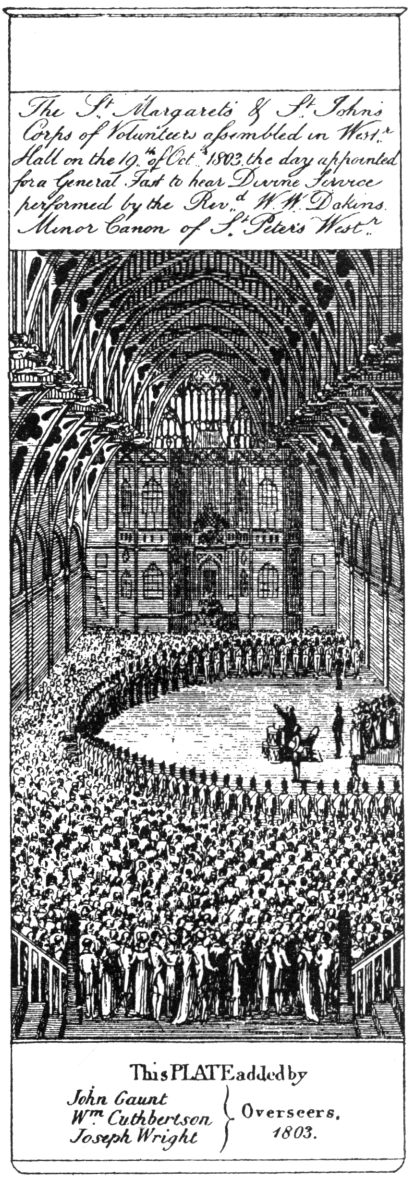



FIG. 6.

surrounded by his words: "England expects that every man will do his duty" (Fig. 7); and the China Fleet repulsing the French Squadron, commanded by Admiral Linois.

Our heroes on land, however, are not forgotten, for they form the subject of the Conquest of Egypt: a somewhat curious plate, by-the-bye, the leader of the British troops being presented in the act of riding desperately on horseback, the horse and commander being almost as big as the two pyramids in the foreground.


FIG. 7.

There are portraits of Pitt and Fox; whilst one plate gives a capital view of Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church, and the announcement of the Jubilee of His Majesty King George the Third, "entering the 50th Year of his Reign in, as well as over, the hearts of his people." The following plate bears emblematical figures, in testimony of the departed worth of His Majesty and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

A representation of the Battle of Waterloo (Fig. 8) is, perhaps, the most elaborate piece of engraving which had been placed on the box up to that time. Wellington is in the centre of the picture pointing his instructions with the bâton. The dead and dying are in the foreground, and there is heavy

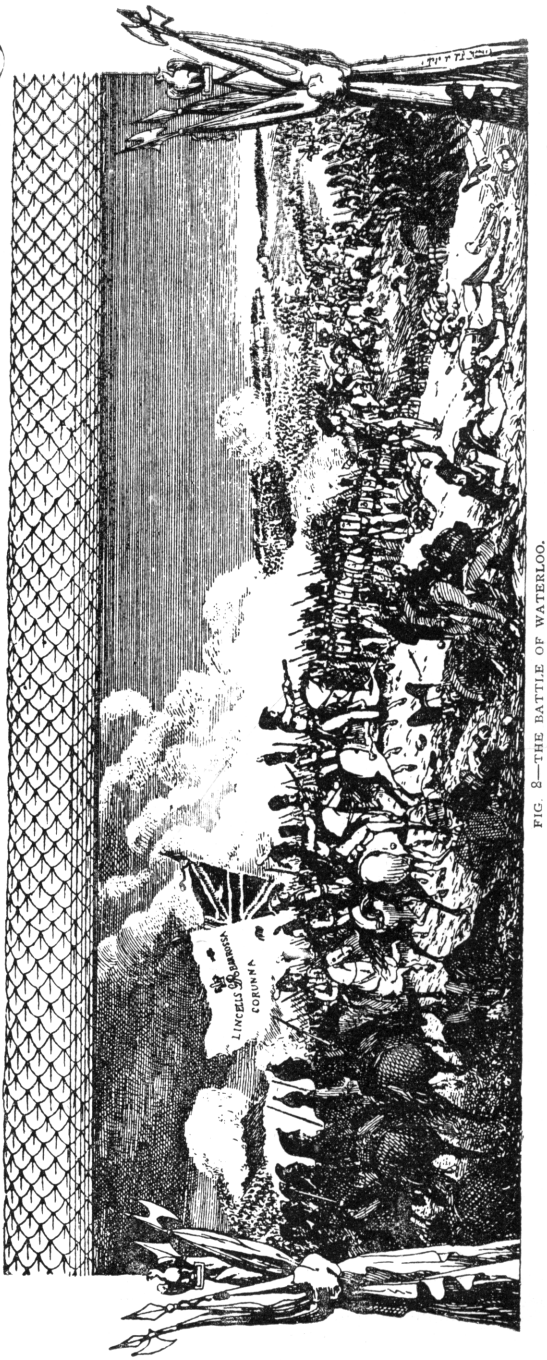


FIG. 8.—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

fighting away in the distance. The inscription which accompanies this plate is somewhat striking, and distinctly expressive. It reads: "This plate commemorates the Glorious Victory achieved on the 18th of June, 1815, near the Village of Waterloo, by the British Army, under the Command of Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, with the united aid of Prussia and Holland, completed the downfall of the odious tyrant Bonaparte, and the destruction of that military system of terror and devastation, which had under him been the scourge of Europe, the disgrace of France, and the abhorrence of mankind, thereby securing, under Providence, the

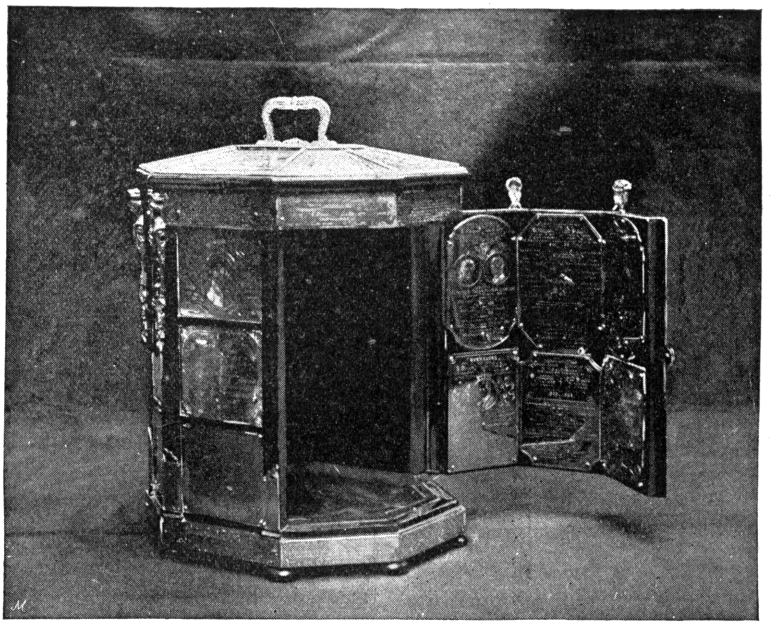

FIG. 9


FIG. 10.

blessings of Peace and Civilized Order to a long-suffering world, and reflecting immortal Honour on the Wisdom and Valour of the British Nation." This plate was added by "John Pepper and John Simpson, Overseers of the Poor of St. Margaret and St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, 1815 and 1816." A number of Royal pictures here follow, notably those of Princess Charlotte of Wales and one in memory of the death of Queen Charlotte of Great Britain, consort of George III. The quotation from Shakespeare which accompanies this latter picture is a very beautiful one:—

> I saw a blessed troop o' Spirits
> Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun,
> And promised me eternal happiness.

George III.'s visit to Scotland is appropriately commemorated (Fig. 9), and the interior of the House of Lords during the trial of Her Majesty Queen Caroline is given considerable prominence in a large and well-engraved picture. The passing of the Reform Bill; the opening of Westminster Hospital; the destruction of both Houses of Parliament on the evening of the 16th October, 1834; and the fact that John Johnson, Esquire, Senior Churchwarden of St. John's, was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, are duly set forth; whilst the plate for 1837–38 is a most important one, for it bears record of the following memorable events: The death of His Majesty King William IV.; the Acces-



THE FIFTH BOX.

sion of Queen Victoria (who was born at Kensington Palace, in the Parish of St. Margaret); the consecration of St. Mary's Chapel, Vincent Square; the embankment of the River Thames preparatory to the erection of the new Houses of Parliament; and the total destruction by fire of the Royal Exchange.

The crowning of Queen Victoria is on the same plate which commemorates that: "The Governors and Directors of the Poor of these Parishes placed at the disposal of the officers a sufficient sum of money to effect extensive alterations and improvements in the workhouse" (Fig. 10); whilst the marriage of Her Majesty is announced with the statement that, on the 17th October, 1839, "the Governors and Directors of the Poor of these Parishes, having approved of a scheme recommended by the officers for cooking the food for the inmates of the Workhouse by steam, voted a sufficient sum of money for the purpose of carrying the same into effect" (Fig. 11). The births of the Princess Royal (Dowager-Empress of Germany) and the Prince of Wales are loyally set forth (Fig. 12), and, whilst learning that the Queen and Prince Consort paid a visit to the King and Queen of the French in 1843, we are reminded that "Simon Stevenson, Esquire, the Vestry Clerk of St. Margaret's, died suddenly in the vestry-room whilst discharg-

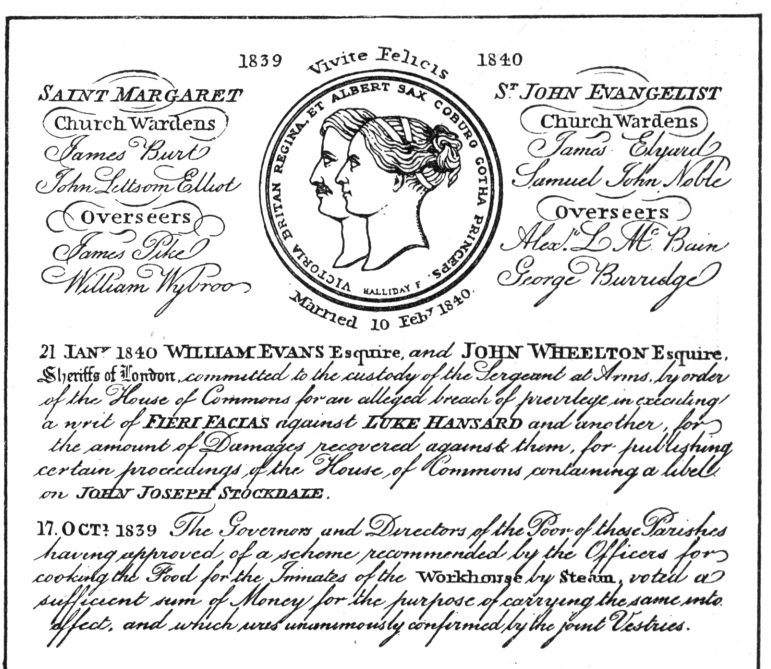



FIG. 11.

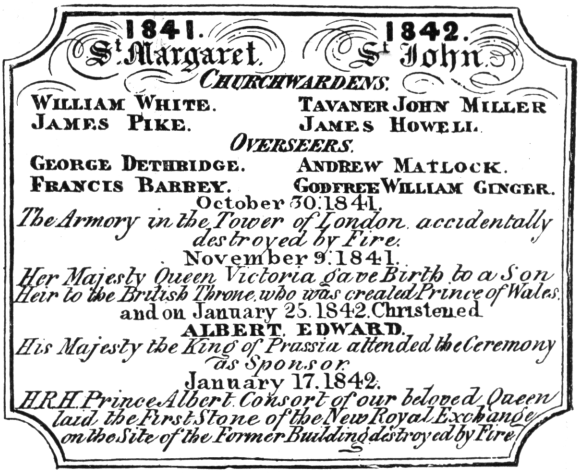



FIG. 12.

ing his duties, an having held the appointment for upwards of 46 years."

A good word is given for the special constables, 3,752 of whom were sworn in these parishes, for their services during the Chartist Riots. St. Stephen's Church, consecrated, built, and endowed at the sole cost of Miss Burdett-Coutts; the death of Sir Robert Peel, the result of a fall from his horse (Fig. 13);

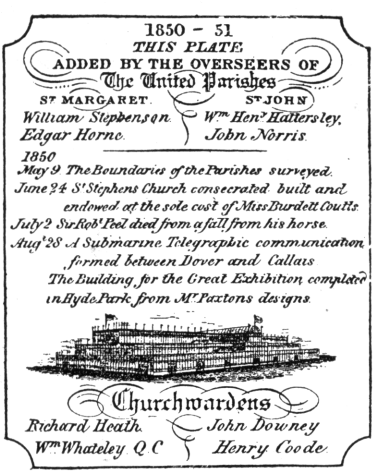



FIG. 13.

and the huge success of the great Exhibition in 1851 is substantiated by the statement that "it was visited by 6,063,986 persons (110,000 being admitted on one day), and the total receipts were £505,107 5s. 7d." (Fig. 14).

The Battle of Balaclava; the Battle of Inkermann; the death of Joseph Hume, M.P., father of the House of Commons; the arrival of "Big Ben" in the Palace of Westminster, October 21st, 1856, in the twentieth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and first sounded on the same day; the cracking of the same big bell on October 24th, 1857; the Indian Mutiny, May 18th, 1857; the marriage of

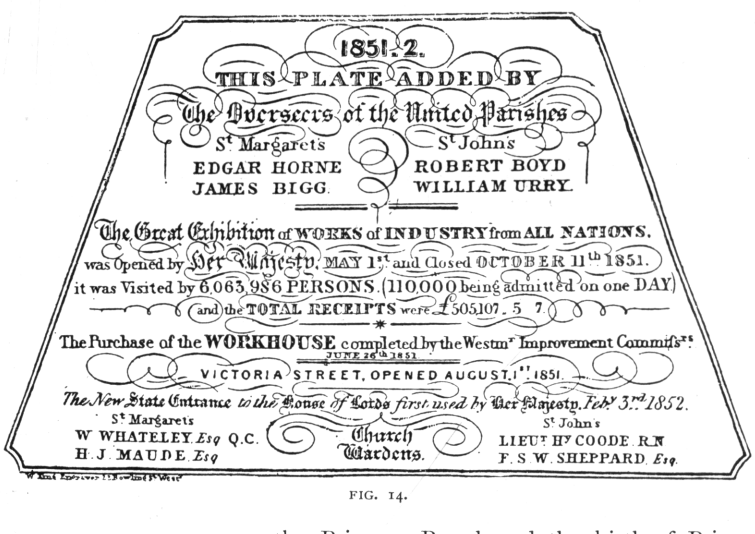



FIG. 14.

the Princess Royal, and the birth of Prince Frederick William of Prussia (Fig. 15); the deaths of Lord Macaulay, Robert Stevenson, and Brunel, and that of the Duchess of Kent, are chronicled on various plates. The plate in memory of the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort is a plain but beautiful one, and bears an admirable likeness of the late Consort of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, "who terminated a life of exemplary virtue and usefulness on the 14th of December, 1861, eliciting national sorrow for his loss and universal sympathy for our beloved Queen" (Fig. 16).

The marriage of the Prince of Wales (Fig. 17); the birth of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor; the death of Viscount Palmerston, and of George Peabody, the great philanthropist; the illness of the Prince of


FIG. 15.

Wales, his recovery, and the thanksgiving at St. Paul's, February 27th, 1872; the Tichborne trial; the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh; the loss of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, 24th March, 1878; the erection of Cleopatra's Needle; war between England and Afghanistan; the blowing down of the Tay Bridge; assassination of Alexander II., Czar of Russia, in 1881; and the deaths of Beaconsfield, Lord Hatherley, and Dean Stanley, are all extensively noted.

A portrait of General Gordon, and the announcement of his death, January, 1885, at Khartoum, is recorded (Fig. 18). In 1885 the revised Bible is published and sixpenny telegrams come into force; 1887 is the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and "the jubilant voice of a loyal

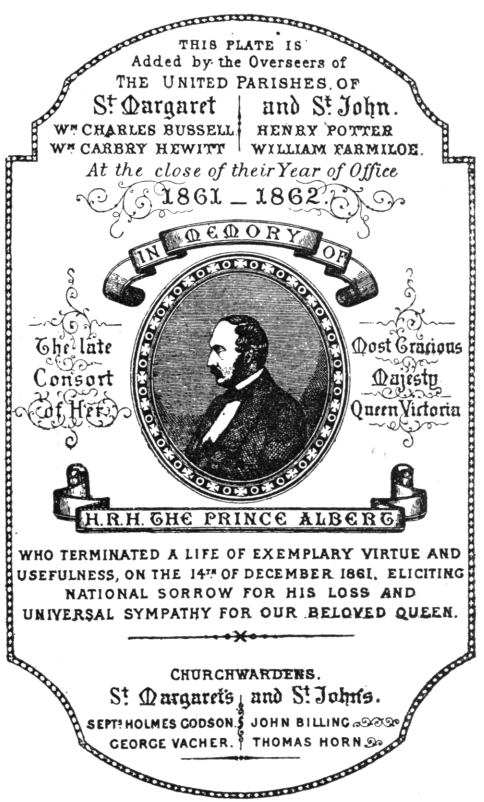



FIG. 16.

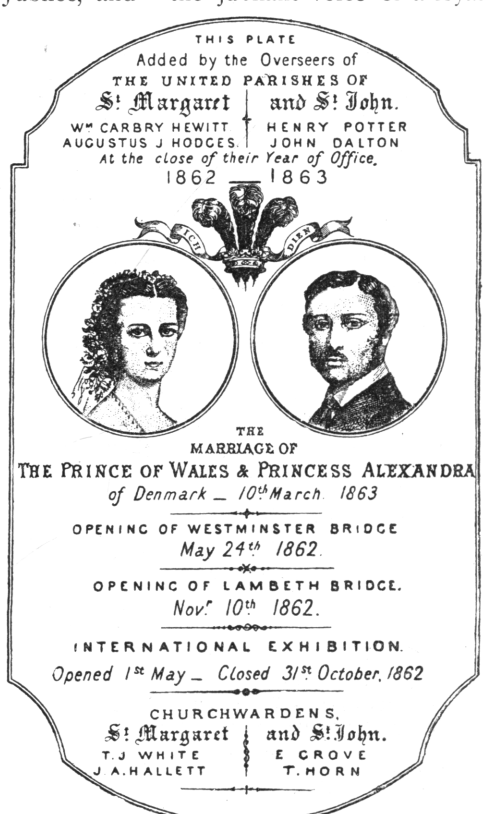


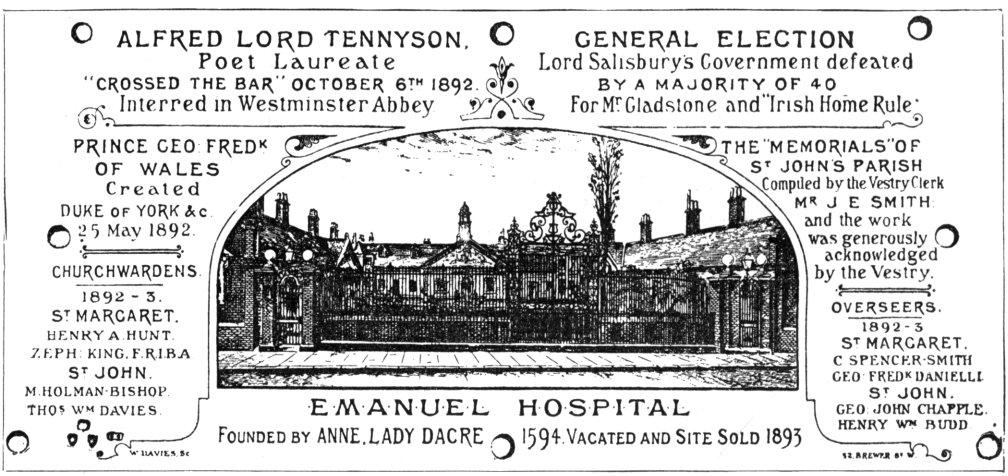

FIG. 17.

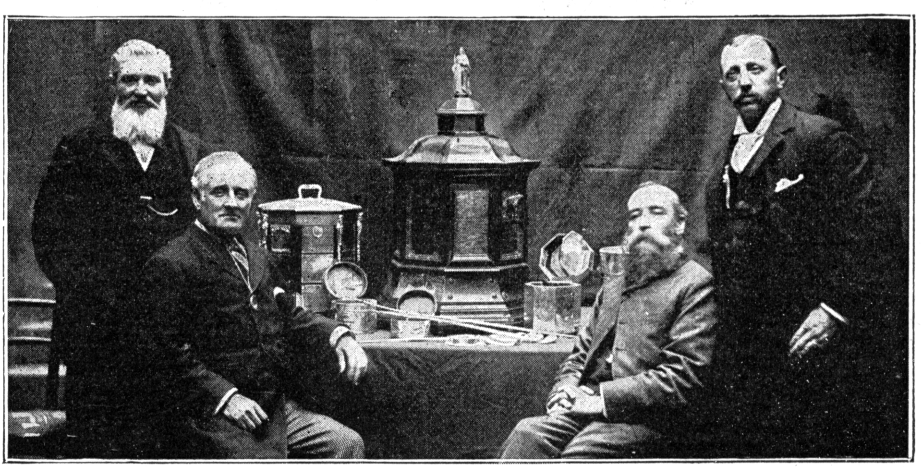
and mighty people is heard throughout a world-wide Empire proclaiming the completion of Queen Victoria's Fifty Years' Reign. By gorgeous decorations and the entertainment of the poor by day, and by a thousand beacon fires on the hill-tops and countless illuminations in the streets by night, all England, rural and urban, kept the festival."


FIG. 18.

The plate for 1891 and 1892 contains the announcement of the decease of Cardinal Manning and Lord Tennyson. The plate for 1893 not only announces the marriage of the Duke of York to Princess May, and the opening of the Imperial Institute by Her Majesty, but the fact of the completion and opening of new public libraries and public baths and washhouses in Great Queen Street, August, 1893.

The plate for 1894 is yet to be added, but it may interest readers to know that one announcement has already been decided upon, that of the birth of a little son to the Duke and Duchess of York.



THE PRESENT DEACONS.

MR. F. BARNES. MR. JOHN ROBKE (CHAIRMAN). DR. R. W. JONES. MR. R. TUNSTALL.

# *The Nona.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. ANDRE GODARD.

AWAKENING from a state of lethargy, Comte Raymond de Villemère beheld his doctor gazing on him sadly.

"Saved once more!" breathed the Comte, and he smiled as he stretched out his arms.

"My poor friend," sighed the doctor.

The sick man stared aghast.

"Pull yourself together!" he continued. "You are a man who can stand the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Your symptoms are those of the *Nona*."

"Of what?"

"A curious plague. When the state of lethargy is over, the patient has three lucid hours, at the end of which he dies suddenly."

"Whew!"

"Now, look here, keep your spirits up, like the plucky fellow that you are! After all is said and done, life is not worth living for! Good-bye—good-bye, my poor friend, good-bye!"

Ten minutes later the Comte had risen. Clad in his flannel smoking-jacket, he was putting the last touches to his toilet. The doctor had withdrawn, that his friend might have time to settle his worldly affairs.

When he had done brushing his moustache and smoothing his finger-nails, Raymond chose one of his driest cigars and lit it, while casting a sorrowful look at the others, those which he was not to smoke. Then he threw himself on his divan and began to reflect.

"HE BEGAN TO REFLECT."

However brave he might be, however fearless of death, Comte de Villemère soon came to the conclusion that his case was a peculiarly aggravating one.

The day before, so soon as he was taken with fever—he had made up his mind to prepare for the worst—he had sent for his lawyer and for a priest, and destroyed all his letters. Then he had laid down his giddy head and fallen asleep, with the conviction that he would not wake again before Doomsday.

But now he was like a condemned man who, after having made sure of a reprieve, found himself suddenly on the way to the scaffold.

Outside, in the cheery atmosphere of a bright June day, the Champs-Elysées were alive with a continuing stream of smart carriages; everybody and everything spoke of happiness and health; he himself had never felt so fit; and he was asked to believe that to-morrow there would be nothing left of all this—so far as he was concerned—but a mournful crowd of friends, a trip in a slow, jolting hearse,

and the mumbling of the priest before an open grave.

To-morrow the joys and friendly ties of his whole life would be gone for ever!

Whilst he was finishing his cigar, reclining listlessly on the cushions of his divan, Raymond saw all his life flit past him as in a dream. Nearly-forgotten episodes of his childhood cropped up as if they were quite recent; then, in rapid succession, his mind dwelt on the many times he had fallen in love between fifteen and twenty-five: until he came to the first month of his married life.

"AS IN A DREAM."

How full of unmitigated joy those days had been! Raymond remembered the minutest events of his honeymoon or moons, spent in fun and frolic, with pleasant excursions, verging on bachelor's dissipation, and freaks which made lively gossip for fashionable folk. Delighted beyond measure by the admiration which his wife excited wherever he took her, he was more madly in love after his marriage than before. He would have been jealous if the mere possibility of such a thing could have been seriously entertained by either of them. And all this passionate love had been brought to an end by a scandalous separation, owing to a blunder on his part and a rash escapade of the little Comtesse.

By mutual consent they had separated. Yet, strange to say, their love for each other had continued. So far as the world was concerned, their relations were restricted to icy bows whenever they met on the Boulevards, but their professed indifference for each other scarcely deceived their common friends.

The idea of dying without having seen once more the woman he loved above all others appeared preposterous to the Comte. Studied obstinacy and stern resolve seemed to be altogether out of place when brought face to face with everlasting separation.

What risk did he run now in attempting a reconciliation, even if it were not to succeed?

Raymond sprang to his feet, and, seating himself before his writing-desk, scribbled hurriedly a short telegram and sent it off by his valet.

He looked at his watch; he had two hours more to live—the Comtesse would have time to come.

Would she come? Would she be touched by a note containing a dying man's farewell? Or in the relentless dignity of offended woman, would she refuse to forgive, even under these solemn circumstances?

The anguish of uncertainty, added to the moral torture, made Raymond wince despite all his nerve and resolution to take his inevitable fate coolly. With something very like terror, he eyed the fleeting minutes which separated him from eternity.

Another hour flew away while he was getting ready to die, stopping now and then to muse with melancholy on his past life. He wrote to his mother a very long letter, full of reminiscences of his early life, and as he did so, tears came to his eyes.

Suddenly Raymond started at the sound of the electric bell. After a few seconds of wild expectation the door was opened and the servant ushered in:—

"Madame la Comtesse de Villemère!"

He rose from his seat, very pale.

"Odette!" he exclaimed.

But the young woman remained standing

on the threshold, her features contracted with anger.

"This is a most shameless trick, sir."

"A trick! What do you mean?"

"You wrote me word that you are dying, and I find you up and well, writing your letters. Good-bye, sir."

"Odette! Do let me explain; one word only!" And as she was leaving, the Comte snatched up from his desk the letter he was writing to his mother, and held it out to her. "Read this, before leaving," he gasped.

She took the letter, glanced at the first few lines, and then fell on Raymond's neck, sobbing.

"Poor boy! It was the truth."

For a few minutes they remained clasped in each other's arms, full of passion and pain, giving mute expression to the memory of the happy months they had spent together, and to remorse for the year of happiness they had lost by their separation.

They sat down close to one another, hand in hand, completely overcome by their feelings.

At last the Comte bethought himself of his forefathers, one of whom had climbed the steps of the scaffold in '93 whistling a tune from the "Indes galantes."

"Well, never mind," said he, with a smile. "Suppose I ought not to complain: I am dying of a complaint which will be fashionable to-morrow."

But Odette looked at him reproachfully, and he did not continue. Women have no taste for irony.

They chatted about old times: at first almost in a whisper, as if they were in a room where death had stricken down a fellow-creature; then, by degrees, the remembrance of better days brought to mind a little incident which made their lips smile, while their eyes caught sight on the wall of some object recalling particulars of the life they had led formerly, such as the picture of a chase, which evoked the sound of the huntsman's horn as it rent in glowing gladness the November mist, and they dwelt with pleasure on the day when they had cantered side by side, rustling the brown leaves which covered the forest path.

"MADAME LA COMTESSE DE VILLEMERE!"

Miniature fans, dusty accessories of charming cotillons, reminded them of a German waltz which they had danced before their marriage; and how they had flirted the same evening under the palm trees of the hothouse.

They lived over again their rides in the Bois de Boulogne, under the green, shady boughs, when they were like two boys out for a spree, breakfasting at the *Pavillon Chinois*, and coming back through the Champs Elysées to take their part in the exuberant life of the gay city; they would part for a few hours, yearning to meet again—after being bored at the club and at five o'clock tea—in their box at the Opera or in the *tête-à-tête* of their home.

Raymond and Odette were so absorbed by these old *souvenirs*, that they became oblivious of time and of the terrible circumstance which had brought them together again.

The bell rang; they awoke to painful reality, and exchanged a horrible look of anguish.

"Doctor Darlois!" announced the valet.

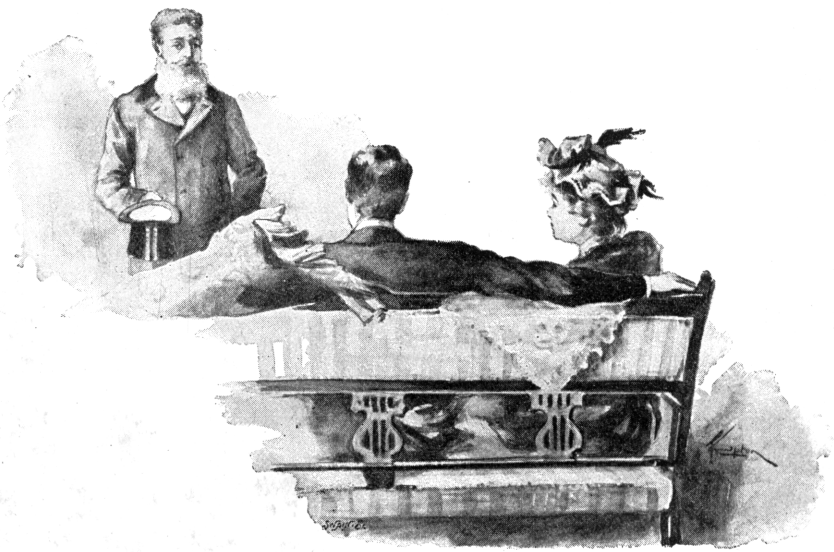
"Why, you do not mean to say you are out of bed?" said the medical man, with an

amazed countenance. "I was coming to——"

"You were coming?"

"Well, I do not see why I should not tell the truth now that, thank God, I was mistaken. I was coming to make quite sure you were dead."

"Much obliged," smiled the Comte.



"I WAS MISTAKEN."

"Then he is out of danger?" inquired Odette, anxiously.

"There is no question about it. But it is certainly very odd, for the *Echo des Cliniques* published yesterday an exhaustive description of the *Nona*. Nevertheless, pray be assured that I am very happy——"

Unquestionably, the good doctor was happy. At the same time, if he had told the whole truth, he would have admitted that he was rather vexed at having been such a bad prophet.

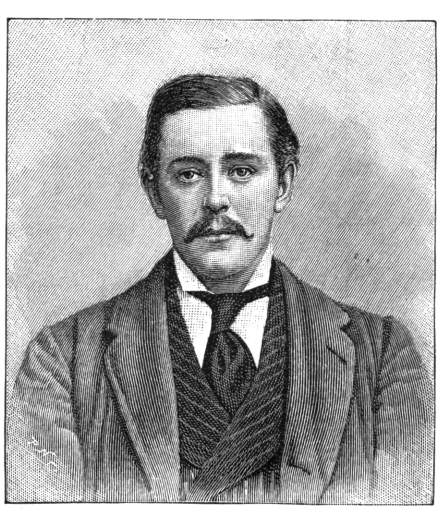
"Odette," suggested Raymond, in a whisper, to his wife, "do not you think you might ask him to dinner with us this evening?"

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 18. *[Hills & Saunders.*

## LORD HARRIS.

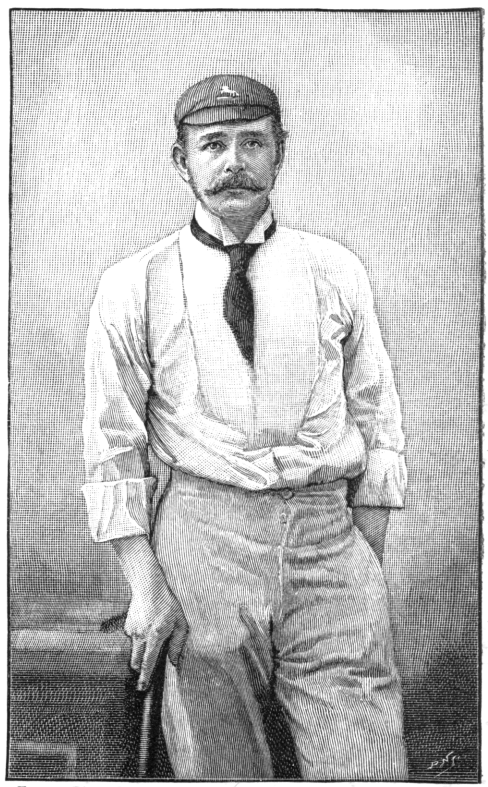
BORN 1851.

LORD GEORGE ROBERT CANNING HARRIS, fourth Baron, was born at St. Ann's, Trinidad, and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1874. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Kent, and Deputy-Chairman of the East Kent Quarter Sessions.



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 25. *[Hills & Saunders.*

In Lord Salisbury's Government of 1885 he was Under-Secretary for India, and in 1886 he held the post of Under-Secretary for War.

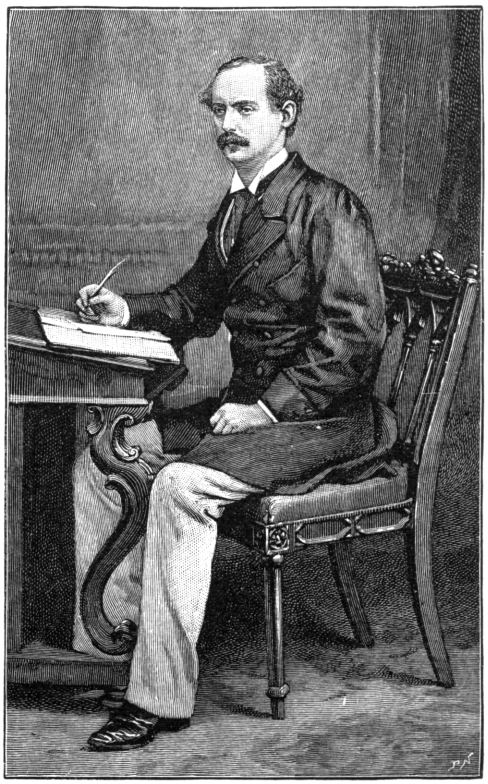


*From a Photo. by]* AGE 38. *[E. Hawkins, Brighton.*

He is a celebrated cricketer, and has long been Captain of the Kent County Eleven, and has taken an eleven to Australia. He is now Governor of Bombay.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

*From a Painting]* AGE 4. *[by R. Thorburn.*

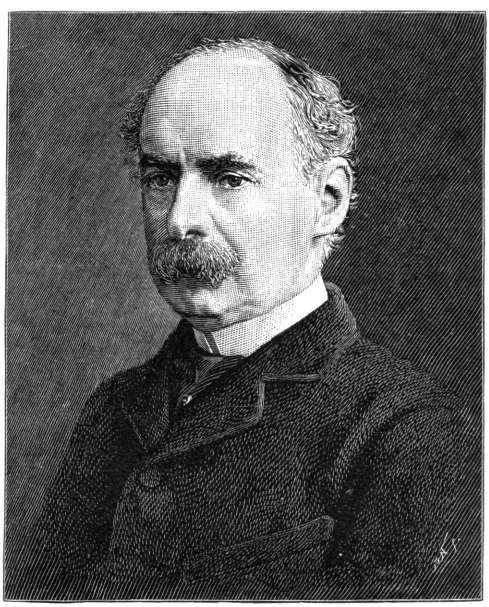


AGE 40.
*From a Photo. by Maull and Co., London.*

## SIR F. KNOLLYS.

BORN 1837.

SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, K.C.M.G., C.B., is the second son of the late General the Right Hon. Sir William Thomas Knollys, K.C.B. He was born in London and educated at Sandhurst; he was gazetted to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, but having been intended for the Civil Service, he resigned his commission and was appointed to a clerkship in the Audit and Exchequer Department, which he left on being offered the post of private secretary to his father, who was then Comptroller of the Prince of Wales's Household. Subsequently he was appointed Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales, which post he has held without interruption from 1870 until now. In addition he is a Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales, and a Gentleman-Quarterly-Waiter to the Queen. He was created a K.C.M.G. on account of special services rendered in connection with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886. His C.B.-ship was given him after his return from India, where he accompanied the Prince of Wales. He married, in 1887, the Hon. Ardyn, daughter of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, 3rd Bart., and the Baroness Berners.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Russell and Sons.*

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.—AGE 8. THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD
*From a Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.*

## LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, who is not only known as President of the British Women's Temperance Association, but universally acknowledged as the leader of one of the most important movements of modern times, is the elder daughter of Earl and Countess Somers. Once a woman of society, she is now a woman of the home and philanthropic guild, whose life is entirely devoted to the relief of suffering humanity. Some years ago she visited America as a guest of the National W. C. T. U. in company with Mrs. Pearsall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," now published in fifteen languages. Lady Somerset also edits the "Woman's Herald," and when not directly engaged in the support of the great cause, spends, in company with her only son, a quiet yet busy life in her beautiful home, Eastnor Castle.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 25. *[Alex. Bassano.*

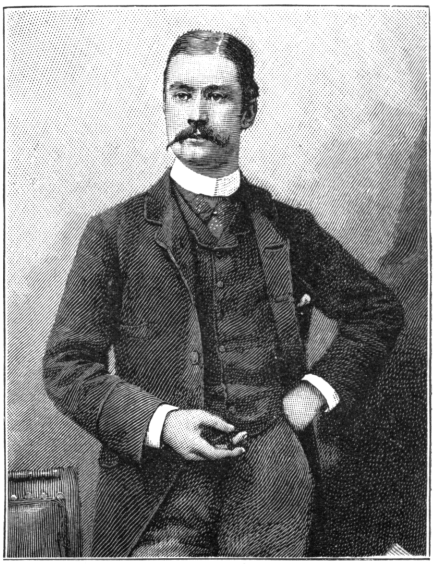
*From a Painting by]* AGE 18. *[G. F. Watts, R.A.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[W. H. Grove.*

AGE 4.
*From a Miniature by the late Sir Wm. Ross, R.A.*

## LESLIE WARD.
### "SPY."
BORN 1850.

MR. LESLIE WARD, likewise well known as "Spy," of *Vanity Fair* fame, is the eldest son of Edward Matthew Ward, R.A. Having been educated at Eton, where he gave early evidence of his artistic abilities by his caricatures of schoolfellows, he was sent to Mr. Sidney Smirke, R.A., to study architecture, but afterwards decided to become an artist, and began as a student of the Royal



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 31. *[Alex. Bassano.*

Academy. Leslie Ward has done much good work. At sixteen he had a bust in the Academy. He has painted full-length and life-sized portraits of many notable men

*From a]* AGE 8. *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Alex. Bassano.*

and women, and drew portraits of Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Gladstone, Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and many others in the *Graphic*. Mr. Ward has since exhibited in the Academy as an able painter in oil and water colours, and as an accomplished artist in black and white.

# *Muzzles for Ladies.*

THE emancipation of women from the oppression of men, and from the thraldom of conventionality, being just now a favourite theme with debaters, dramatists, and dress-makers, the occasion may be an appropriate one for the purpose of recalling an article of head-gear which was frequently worn by the fair sex, throughout this country, in the "good old times."

The particular head-dress of which we are about to treat, although produced in many ingenious fashions, was never popular with the ladies; and we do not desire in these progressive and enlightened days to re-introduce such unbecoming and inconvenient wearing apparel, but to show the advance that has been made in our social life, and in the relations between the sexes since the age of the pillory and the ducking-stool, and to draw attention to a phase of the past with which many at the present day may not be familiar.

A few generations back our forefathers were wont to inflict upon women certain punishments, which sadly exhibited their lack of gallantry and propriety. Among the most curious of these punishments was that of the Brank or Scold's Bridle. This curious and cruel instrument of torture was employed by borough physicians and petty provincial tyrants for the purpose of curing women of an ailment of the tongue to which they were said to be subject.

The Brank, or Scold's Bridle, or Gossip's Bridle, as the instrument has been variously called, was in very general use in this kingdom from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, as is amply shown by the many allusions to its application which appear in corporation and municipal records; and in some counties the specimens of the implement still existing are sufficiently numerous to testify to its prevalence. In Cheshire alone no fewer than thirteen examples are extant; and Lancashire and Staffordshire each contain five or six. In Derbyshire there is but one. Others may have been used in the county, but no allusion to them is to be met with in the local records. Whether the women of the three former counties were more violent in the use of the "unruly member," or whether the men of Derbyshire were less barbarously and cruelly inclined, there is no evidence to say.

The brank consisted of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head of the delinquent. It was armed in front with a gag, plate, point or knife of the same metal, which was fitted in such a manner as to be inserted in the scold's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue; or, more cruel still, it was so placed that if she did move it, or attempt to speak, her tongue was cruelly lacerated, and her sufferings intensified. With this cage upon her head, and with the gag pressed and locked upon the tongue, the poor creature was paraded through the streets, led by the beadle or constable, or else she was chained to the pillory or market cross to be the object of scorn and derision, and to be subjected to all the insults and degradations that local loungers could invent.

It appears the brank was never a legalized instrument of punishment, but nevertheless it was highly popular with local magnates; and was one of the means upon which arch-tyrants of provincial towns relied to sustain their power and hold the humbler folk in subjection. By it authority was preserved and vindicated at the expense of all that was noble, seemly, and just.

The scold's bridle is frequently mentioned in literature. Gay alludes to it, and Robert Burns, in his poem on dining with the young Lord Daer, says:—

> Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
> I dinner'd wi' a Lord!
> * * * * *
> And gowing as if led wi' branks
> I in the parlour hammer'd.

It is also mentioned by an early English poet in the following lines:—

> But for my daughter Julian,
> I would she were well bolted with a Bridle,
> That leaves her work to play the clack
> And lets her work stand idle;
> For it serves not for she-ministers,
> Farriers nor Furriers,
> Cobblers nor Button-makers,
> To descant on the Bible.

Fig. 1 represents the Derbyshire Brank, which is a remarkably good example.

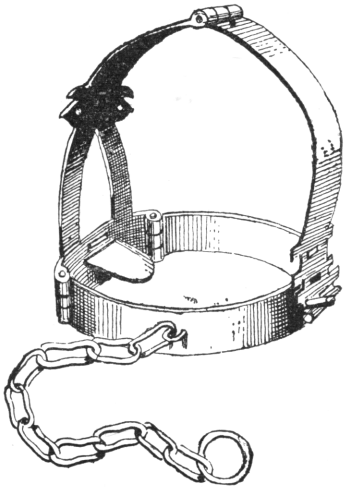


FIG. 1.

It consists of a hoop of iron hinged on either side, and fastened behind. An iron band passes over the head from back to front, where there is an opening to admit the nose of the individual whose misfortune it was to wear it. On the left side of the hoop a chain is attached, whereby the victim was led through the streets or tethered to a post or wall. On the front of the bridle are the initials "T. C." and the date 1688—the year of the Great Rebellion. Fig. 2 illustrates the manner in which the instrument was worn.

One of the most celebrated branks is that

FIG. 2.

preserved at Walton-on-Thames, which is dated 1633, and is inscribed with the characteristic couplet :—

Chester presents Walton with a Bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

Tradition says this brank was presented to the parish of Walton by a man named Chester, because a gossiping and tattling woman prattled to a rich kinsman of his from whom he had great expectations, which caused him to lose a large and promising estate.

A very early example, made of wood, and said to be of the time of Henry VIII., was preserved in the celebrated Meyrick collection ; and others of as early a period are to be found in Scotland. A particularly repellent-looking brank, called the "Witches' Bridle," and formerly preserved at Forfar, is one of the most savagely cruel implements ingenuity could devise. Fig. 3 exhibits this

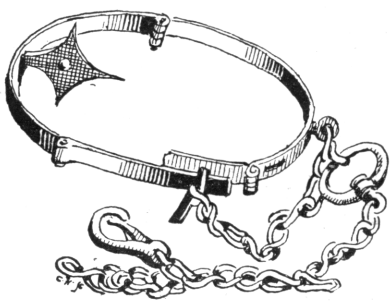


FIG. 3.

instrument. It is dated 1661, and was the bridle worn by condemned witches when led to execution. It will be seen that in this brank, instead of the usual flat tongue-plate, a sharp, three-pointed spur has been substituted on a movable band to which the leading chain was attached, so that terrible injuries could be inflicted on the tongue of the victim on the way to the stake, at the will of the person holding the chain.

As several very early examples of scolds' bridles exist in Scotland, the opinion obtains that, like the maiden or guillotine, this article of punishment

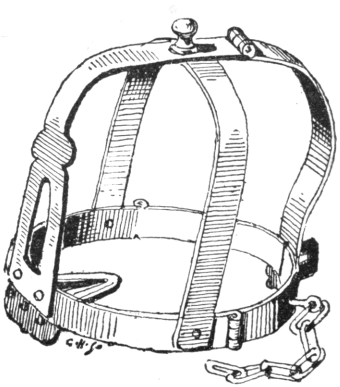


FIG. 4.

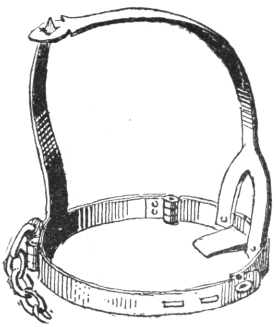


FIG. 5.

may be of Scotch origin, and then have gradually made its way southward into this country. Fig. 4 portrays a brank of a usual type, which came to light in 1848, from behind the oak panelling in the ancient house of the Earls of Moray in Edinburgh. Fig 5 depicts one that may be seen at Leicester. It is somewhat simple in construction, and to the back of it a chain of about a foot in length is attached.

A very curious specimen is preserved at Newcastle (Fig. 6), to which reference has been frequently made; and one of the most curious allusions to it occurs in Gardiner's

FIG. 6.

"England's Grievance Discovered, in Relation to the Coal Trade," printed in 1655, where, on page 110, it states that John Willis, of Ipswich, when in Newcastle, saw a woman named Ann Bidlestone led through the streets by an officer of the corporation, wearing a brank upon her head, the tongue-piece so forced into her mouth as to cause it to bleed. He adds, "This is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scoulding women." John Willis also affirms that he has seen drunkards punished by being driven through the streets of the same town inclosed in a beer barrel, as depicted on the right of Fig. 6. This uncomfortable vestment was known as the "New-fashioned Cloak."

Among the many curious objects brought

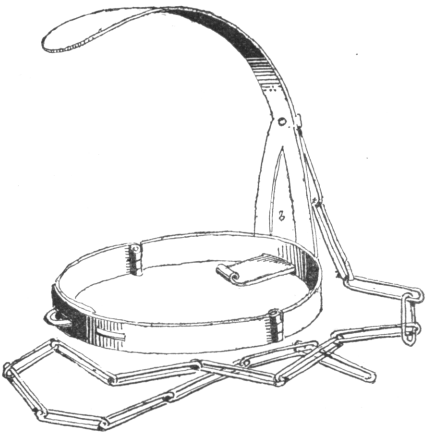


FIG. 7.

together by that eminent antiquary, Elias Ashmole, and preserved at Oxford, is a brank of the less cruel type (Fig. 7), in which the tongue-plate has been rounded at the end to prevent the tongue from being injured. In this specimen the leading chain is fastened to the front of the instrument immediately over the nose aperture. Possibly the maker was a bit of a wag, and intended the unfortunate wearer to have the additional mortification of being "led by the nose."

Fig. 8 shows us a brank of an unusual pattern. Upon it appears an initial W, surmounted by a crown, and from this mark it

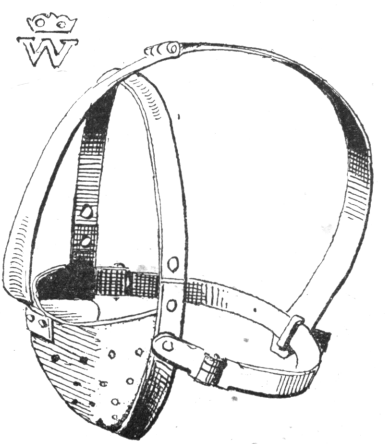


FIG. 8.

is conjectured that the implement belongs to the reign of William III. In this example the front vertical band has been shaped to fit the nose, and beneath is a perforated and rounded iron plate, made so as to incase the jaw and prevent the mouth from opening. The bridle preserved at Doddington Park, in

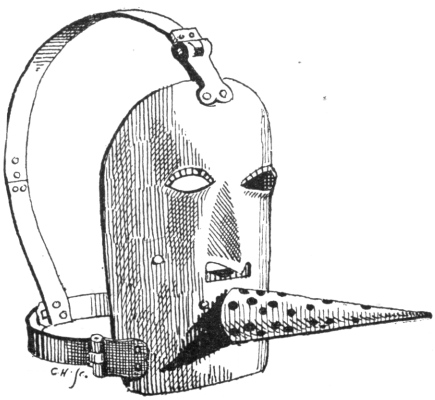


FIG. 9.

Lincolnshire (Fig. 9), was evidently intended to bring down as much ridicule as possible upon the head of the unfortunate wearer. It is in the form of a mask with holes for the eyes, and a protruding piece to fit the

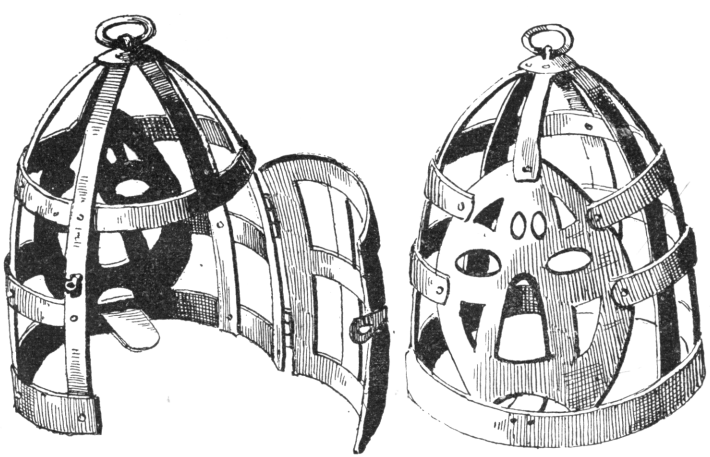


FIG. 10.

nose. There is also a long perforated funnel-shaped piece projecting from the spot covering the mouth, suggesting the terribly long tongue the culprit must possess.

At Hamstall Ridware, in Staffordshire, a brank is to be seen which in appearance resembles a lantern. Two views of it are given in Fig. 10, one showing the brank open, the other closed. It consists of a number of iron bands crossing one another, having in

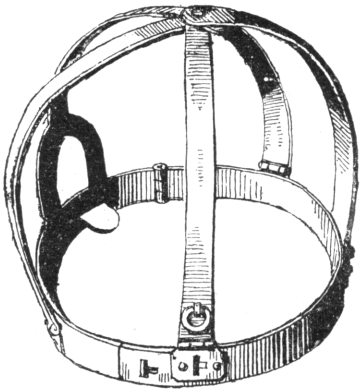


FIG. 11.

front a mask-like plate with apertures for the eyes and nose. The head of the victim was inserted by means of an iron door at the back of the instrument.

The brank illustrated in Fig. 11 calls for but little comment. It is preserved at Lichfield, and consists of one single base hoop, from which spring five upright bands, which are bent over and fastened together at the top. One of these latter bands is formed with an opening for the nose, and beneath the opening is a plain iron tongue-plate.

A different construction is to be found in the Morpeth Brank, which is depicted in Fig. 12. In this variant we have simply a horizontal hoop and one band, which passes over the head from back to front. The nose aperture and tongue-plate are similar to those in the Lichfield Brank. A reference to the two views in the diagram will show the method of closing the instrument over the scold's head. The application of

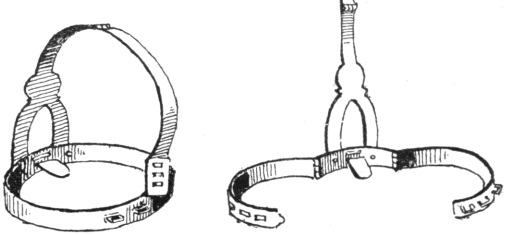


FIG. 12.

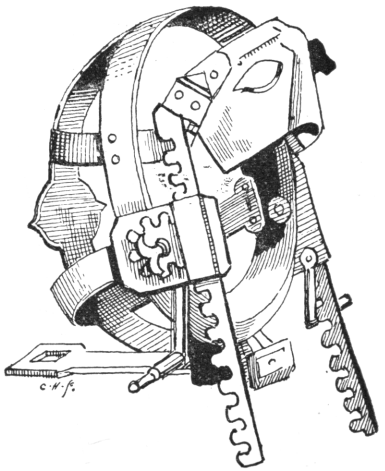


FIG. 13.

the Morpeth Bridle as a punishment is recorded as follows: "Dec. 3, 1741. Elizabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the Branks for two hours at the Market Cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gait and Mr. George Nicholls, then Bailiffs, for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said Bailiffs."

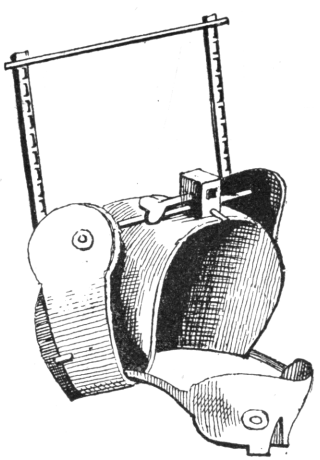


FIG. 14.

At Ludlow a remarkable instrument of torture, allied to the brank family, is preserved, and it is of a most elaborate and intricate construction, as a glance at Fig. 13 will show. It is a much more solid and serious affair than any we have hitherto seen, and from its massive appearance it gives the idea that it may have been invented for stronger jaws than those of weak woman.

An instrument which may also be grouped with the branks is to be found at Worcester, Fig. 14, and in form resembles a helmet. When in use the head was inserted in the helmet portion, and by an arrangement of cogs and the perforated rods at the back, the mask in front was raised, so as to completely obscure the upper part of the face. The victim could then be buffeted without knowing who her tormentors were. In the Worcester Corporation accounts the following entry occurs: "1658. Paid for mending the bridle for bridleing of scoulds, and two cords for the same, js. ijd."

The last time the scold's bridle was publicly used in this country was at Congle-

PRESENT DAY.

ton, in Cheshire, in 1824, but, in the words of an eminent statesman, "many things have happened since then"; and it would create no small sensation if at the present time we were to meet a *fin-de-siècle* lady, as in our concluding illustration, led through the streets by a burly policeman, wearing one of these uncouth implements, because, forsooth, she had ventured to raise her voice in defence of her rights, or had spoken too plainly to an overbearing and tyrannical husband.


By Huan Mee.

THE City of Paris is in the throes of a great revolution. At the street corners groups stand nervously discussing the latest outrage, and speculating, in whispers, where and when the next may be perpetrated.

The whole city is in a state of suppressed excitement, and seems moved by one common impulse to arise and protect itself. War has been declared! Not the open warfare of one nation against another; not a rising that the huge armies of France can be called upon to quell; but a combat waged against the city itself by an enemy unseen, unassailable, unconquerable; a demon who steals upon it unawares, and proclaims his arrival with dynamite, devastation, and despair. A war of the vandals, whose mission it seems is to destroy this city of the world, to wreck the Americans' paradise, and leave but a pile of ruins to tell the tale.

For the past month the Parisians have called upon their gods and their secret police in vain. They are powerless against this invisible enemy; who, now in one quarter of the city and now in another, appears with a mighty roar, demolishes one of the wonders of Paris, crushes citizens beneath the *débris*, and disappears.

They cry loudly for vengeance, upbraid their detectives, their Government and themselves, and marvel who can be the prime mover in this work of terror. "Who—the Anarchists? The Monarchists? Or, who knows, perhaps the hated Germans?"

Paris is already being shunned by tourists; to carry a parcel means suspicion; to look too curiously upon a public building, arrest.

In one of the rooms of the secret service offices of the Rue Jerusalem, two men are seated, earnestly conversing: one a middle-aged man, with an iron-grey moustache, tall, and straight as a dart; and the other, young, thick-set, with piercing eyes, a clean-shaven face, and a quiet, settled look of determination in every feature.

"What do you think of the letter?" asks the elder man.

"Cool, deuced cool, and, what is more, I believe they'll do it!" is the rejoinder of his companion, as he holds the paper to the light and reads:—

"Monsieur,—Your public edifices are badly built, they are crumbling and falling to pieces; unless Ravroche and Derplantz are released, there will not be one worth looking at in a week, and after that we visit *you*.

"Saturn."

"Poor Parisians!" he continues, with a smile, "they must be getting nervous."

"DISCUSSING THE LATEST OUTRAGE."

"It means this, Paul," answers the official, pacing the apartment. "We must take a decisive step at once, or we shall have the populace howling at our doors. The whole of these outrages are the fruit of the brain of one man: one man, who sits and schemes far away from Paris, who pulls the strings and works his figures here. Take that man, and the whole structure falls. He is the key-stone, the prime mover. He must be caught, and you, Paul, shall take him."

The young man springs to his feet and salutes.

"His name?"

"He has a dozen. He is now in Venice. You will leave for there to-night: bring him back with you, and fame and position are yours. Make a false move, and you will never see Paris again."

"I shall not fail."

"Then go, report yourself at Venice to the police; they will give you every assistance, although they dare not act alone. You must leave at once."

An hour afterwards a distinguished-looking man in a thickly-trimmed fur coat saunters on to the platform at the Gare de l'Est, and, boarding the waiting train, curls himself up in the corner of a first-class carriage. His only fellow-traveller is a gentleman of aristocratic appearance, a charming conversationalist, and of unexceptional breeding, and so the time of that most tedious journey passes pleasantly enough. They exchange cards, for Paul is now a Parisian journeying for pleasure, and when they separate at their destination he is pledged to visit, during his sojourn in Venice, Prince del Oro, his travelling companion.

A pitiless rain is falling throughout the whole of Northern Italy, a freezing mixture of sleet and water, calculated to inspire one with nothing but loathing and disgust for the much-vaunted Queen of the Adriatic. A north-east wind whistles up the narrow by-ways of the City of the Sea, and the muddy-looking waters eddy in black swirls round the damp, greasy, green-stained bridges and piers. The city itself is deserted, save for one or two dejected-looking figures standing in the coffin-like gondolas, and watching the never-ending, radiating circles, as the rain streams down upon the lagoons. The melancholy drip of the water from the eaves of the sombre houses, the swish as it beats upon the canals, and the howl of the sharp-teethed wind, all serve to make the scene one of dreariness and desolation. A playful gust catches Paul in its icy clasp as he leaves the station, and fastens him like a vice against the wall, where from his point of vantage he takes his first view of the "Bride of the Sea"—cold, clammy, and grey as the sea itself. He motions to a gondolier, and, whispering his desired destination, takes his seat.

In a few minutes the journey is over, and Paul, entering the Bureau of the Venetian police, explains his mission.

"Your venture is a dangerous one," the chief says. "The man you seek probably knows by this time of your journey here, but that should not deter you, for it is by strategy you must work. 'Saturn' is the fancy name

by which he goes. 'Saturn and his Satellites' is the pleasing title under which this band of fiends have won thousands of supporters in every country, for their cursed work of Anarchy."

"Where can I find him?"

"Find him? It will be difficult to move in Venice without seeing him; the title, the wealth of the Prince del Oro, is on everyone's tongue."

"The Prince del Oro!" exclaimed Paul, excitedly; "then he is——"

"Saturn; precisely."

"Then why have you not arrested him long ago? Surely there would be no difficulty?"

"None; the difficulty would be to prove that the Prince del Oro was in any way connected with Saturn. It is Saturn who must be arrested. If he proves to be the Prince, well and good; but the Prince will never turn out to be Saturn. As Saturn he mixes with his low-lived followers; as the Prince he is unapproachable. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, to-morrow night a grand carnival is to be given in one of the halls in the lowest haunts of Venice. Saturn will be there amongst his satellites. Take what help you like, act in whatever way you choose; there is your opportunity—use it."

In the densely-populated and intricate labyrinth of streets and lanes in the district of the Canal di Mestre, a carnival is at its height—a carnival and fête of all the vagabonds of Venice, and Paul is making his way to this dangerous quarter, anathematizing the city and its weather, contrasting the Venice of reality with the fanciful ideals of the French school adorning the walls of the Salon.

"Bah!" he cries, as the gondola soughs through the water. "Bah! and this is Venice, with its rippling moonlight glory, its nights of dancing and of music, its fêtes and flambeaux. This is Venice, that artists paint with skies of blue, with limpid waters, and white marble palaces."

"Di Mestre, signor," cries one of the gondoliers, a secret agent of police, breaking in upon his monologue; then, bringing the boat at rest against a damp and slimy quay, he steps ashore and assists his passenger. Fastening the boat to a rusty iron staple, the three proceed through the narrow, straggling lanes and alleys towards the building where revels wild and furious hold sway, where plots are hatched, Anarchy is rampant, wholesale massacres are chuckled over, and failures are deplored—where those whose instruments of death have destroyed cities and shattered human beings are praised and fêted; where lot is drawn for still more awful crimes against society, against justice, law, and order.

To-night Joy wears her gayest dress. Red-handed Murder throws away her mask, and boldly flaunts herself. Anarchy to-night is on its topmost pinnacle of glorification. Paris has been shaken, Paris has been terrorized, anxiety is on the features of those who idle time upon the Boulevards. Paralysis has seized the Rue Jerusalem; buildings have been wrecked; dynamite has torn the stones like an air balloon ripped by the March wind; nitro-glycerine has devastated theatres and laid pleasure-seekers cold and pallid in the arms of death, and they whose hands have wrought the ruin and the chaos have escaped—left Paris, quitted France, and here in Venice are fêted! Fêted and met as conquerors after battle. Saturn welcomes his Satellites, and reimburses all with wine and revel, with high praise and lucre.

The grand dance of the evening has just commenced, when Paul, in the costume of a Pierrot, and his companions give the password and enter the building. The dance of Saturn and his Satellites! In the centre stands a figure clad in crimson, skin-like in the tightness of its fit, and vivid blood-red from head to foot—from the long, pointed shoes, with ruby buckles, to the deep crimson mask which completely covers the face, and the cap of liberty which completes the costume. Motionless he stands with folded arms, while in the wildest of circles, with shrieks and yells, the mob whirls round him in ever-changing figures. A medley of men and women, with faces flushed and flaming with excitement, charge down upon him, swerve upon one side, charge again, and dance around with gestures of madness and demoniacal exultation, until at last, with sheer exhaustion, they drop out of the revel. Then a wild bacchanalian chorus, more dancing, more drinking, more excitement, and so the night flies by.

Three o'clock strikes from a neighbouring campanile. As though all turned to stone, a dead hush falls upon the assembly, and Paul holds his breath in apprehension. Suddenly every light is extinguished, and from out the blackness comes a weird chant, gaining in intensity, and each verse ending with a shriek and the constant repetition: "Death to spies and traitors." Paralyzed in every

"IN THE CENTRE STANDS A FIGURE CLAD IN CRIMSON."

limb, Paul waits terrified, every moment expecting to feel the keen point of a stiletto pierce his flesh.

The voices are coming nearer and nearer out of the darkness, and he edges backwards until he can go no farther, and searches round the rough walls of the low-roofed building for any projection by which he may raise himself and perhaps find safety. Then his fingers touch one of the slanting beams which support the roof, and making a frantic effort, he clutches it, and hauls himself up until he lies full length upon it. Gradually he climbs until at last, through an open window, he can see the dark, wintry clouds and one of the tall spires of Venice; a window which to reach he must take an almost impossible spring from his cramped position. The flare of a torch below startles him, and then as others are lighted from it he sees his two companions stretched upon their backs, with a stiletto driven full and fair to the hilt in the breast of each. A shout proclaims that he is discovered. With a rush they make for the beam, and one man, with a dagger between his teeth, drags himself up the slanting woodwork.

To hesitate is death. Better, Paul thinks, to lie below with a broken neck than to be stabbed where he is. Yet there shall be one scoundrel the less for this exploit. He draws his revolver, and as his assailant is but two yards away, fires full in his face, and calling forth every energy, springs for the window, to cling for a moment with bleeding fingers to the stonework, and then by a superhuman effort to gain a footing on the sill and disappear.

Bruised and breathless, he reaches the ground, and racing to the water's edge flings himself into a gondola, and urges the boat out into the canal. Painfully and slowly he forces it forward. The long oar is unmanageable, the speed seems a snail's pace, but he finds consolation in the fact that his pursuers have not yet caught sight of him, and are probably searching the narrow lanes on either side. A pale, sickly

"FIRED FULL IN HIS FACE."

moon is throwing her green beams upon the water, and he starts to find himself directly in the track. As he bends to the oar, to turn the boat into the shadow, a yell of triumph breaking out over the canal tells him it is too late. He is discovered and chased!

His slight acquaintance with the manipulation of a gondola renders his progress slow and laboured, while behind, and coming gradually nearer, he hears the rush of the water, as the skilled Venetians use their oars vigorously, making their boats fly after the fugitive. On and on they race, nearer and nearer they approach, and louder and louder echo his enemies' shrieks and execrations.

Paul, with a supreme effort, twists his boat into a narrow waterway, and drives it under the dark shadows of an overhanging balcony, while madly the pursuing gondolas rush by.

Shivering in the cold wind, he waits for the grey dawn to come up over the domes and towers; waits, straining his ears to listen to every sound, dreading and fearing that the relentless satellites, the implacable Anarchists, may discover his hiding-place. And as he waits, startled by the drip of the water and the moan of the wind, his memory conjures up all the ancient crimes of Venice; its dark, mysterious prisons; its strange disappearances; its sudden, awful deaths. Where conspiracy and sedition had flourished in its heyday, now rampant Anarchism, with its dynamite disciples, was gathered together. He tries to thrust these thoughts aside, but they will not be gainsaid; they force themselves upon him, unwelcome intruders, black, cold, ugly thoughts; blacker than the wintry night, colder than the biting wind, uglier than the narrow, evil-smelling little canal where he keeps his vigil. Shall he, he wonders, ever escape from Venice, or will they eventually discover him, and then stab him to death with those glittering stilettos, or drown him in the clammy waters? Yes, they would kill him; stab him, dabble his carnival dress with his own life-blood, and then hurl him into the weedy Adriatic to wash out the stains. He dare not move out of his hiding-place, and can only hope that they will re-pass the end of the canal without troubling to search its recesses.

He hears their shouts afar off, coming gradually, almost imperceptibly, closer, and the swish of their oars as they dash from one side to the other, seeking their victim.

"Hush! What was that? Surely a gondola has entered the waterway." He hears a gurgling splash, that comes nearer and nearer, too soft for a boat, more like a swimmer going with the tide, and yet unlike that, too. Now it ceases for a moment, and then again it starts; and Paul, catching hold of the stonework of the balcony, leans across to see, gently rocking from side to side in the muddy waters, a body, in the costume of a masked Pierrot, and looking like a reflection of himself in the water. He draws back into the shadow, and again, clinging to the stonework, waits.

At last the grim procession, with its

smoking, flaring torches, enters the canal. The light radiates in a circumscribed circle round the boats, flashes high up upon carven stonework dark with age, but does not penetrate into the deep recess where Paul has forced his gondola. Suddenly the carnival-clad body, mocking at death itself, and looking grotesquely hideous with its black-fringed mask, surges up against one of the boats, and the searcher leaning over the side loudly calls for "Lights!" A circle of torches contract towards one point, and, as if burning at some Italian obsequies, flare and flicker over the man far beyond all vengeance. Shrieks of exultation, mingled with blasphemous oaths, now rise upon the air. "He is dead, the traitor is dead!" they yell in chorus. "So perish all spies." Then from the further end of the canal beyond them, the blackness grows into a haze of light, and from the haze spring more torches, and, stalwart and erect in a barca propelled by two gondoliers, comes Saturn in all his crimson glory.

With one mighty shout, the whole crowd forms into procession once more, every light is dashed into the water, and far away in the east a silver-grey line is all that relieves the blackness of the scene, and the cloudy fury of the wind-swept sky.

The silver-grey line is widening into a ribbon of light, the shadows are flying before the rising dawn.

Paul leaves the hiding-place, where he has grown cramped and stiff with his long vigil, and, trusting to chance, wends his way by devious alleys towards the centre of Venice.

"They are more powerful than I thought," he mutters, "but I shall yet succeed. Fortune, that seemed at first to frown, is favouring me now; they will believe that I am dead, and, when resting content in their fancied security, the capture of Del Oro and his gang will be easy. I wish I could take the fellow himself single-handed. Ah, what glory, what reward to rid mankind of this pest! To crush the organization beneath one's feet, trample it into dust, and scatter its fragments for ever; and I—I, Paul Dacheaux, should be great and honoured. Fail? I cannot fail—I dare not go back to the Rue Jerusalem and use that word—never! a thousand times never! If I could but meet Del Oro now, I would chance all and seize him. Aristocrat or Anarchist, he shall not escape me."

Ahead of him, standing in the shelter of a narrow doorway, two men seem to be on the point of parting, and he can just overhear the conclusion of their conversation.

"IN ALL HIS CRIMSON GLORY."

The shorter of them speaks :—

"The three spies are dead, and, for the present, we are safe from surprise."

"For the present, yes," Del Oro replies ; "but we must shift our quarters. To-morrow night the Grand Council meets ; till then, *au revoir*."

The men separate, and Paul, keeping well behind, follows the taller, whom he knows is Saturn and—the Prince del Oro !

Shall he make a rush for him now, he wonders, make one fierce onslaught, and trust to fate who shall be victor and who vanquished? Perhaps better to wait—wait, follow, and track the Anarchist leader ; follow and see where Saturn merges into the Prince, and, in the very act, surprise and take him. Instinctively his hand goes into the pocket of his jacket and fastens itself upon the handcuffs.

"It shall not," he mutters, "be ignominious defeat after all ; it shall be success — success alone and single-handed."

Saturn at last halts before a house standing upon the very verge of one of the canals, and, taking a key, opens the heavy, iron-clamped door. As it gives, with one mighty bound Paul covers the few yards between and, hurling himself upon Saturn, locks his arms around him like a vice, and bears him backwards, then, catching at the hands that wildly clutch the air, there is a short, sharp tussle, a smothered curse, and Saturn the Anarchist, Del Oro the aristocrat, lies helpless on the ground.

"Ah, Prince," says Paul, sarcastically, "the game is up ; you have had your day ; but you will not leave all your friends behind, for to-morrow night we raid the Grand Council."

Paris. The crowd waits in the Place de la Roquette, waits as it has waited for days past, for the last grim act in the tragic justice of France, to see vengeance meted out to Anarchy ; it has waited, and to-day the time is ripe.

Afar off, over the sea of heads, there gleams the arrow of light which is to flash once more ere long, and with it, like a destroying angel, bring death. The crowd sways and murmurs as the great door of the prison is thrown open, and a tight, compact knot, with one man walking bareheaded and bare-necked in its midst, appears.

For an instant there is dead calm ; then, so swift the eye can scarce perceive it, the silver arrow rushes through the air, and with its flight a thrill passes through the whole multitude, like the leaves of a poplar shivering in the breeze.

Then the crowd melts away.

"LOCKS HIS ARMS AROUND HIM LIKE A VICE."

# *Thieves v. Locks and Safes.*

EVER since man has been possessed of anything worth keeping, some other man has been at work to get it away from him without paying for it. When the property was cattle and tents, then he took who had the power, and he kept who could—with a club or other means of solid argument. But when jewels and money came into fashion, and people used houses with doors to them, things became more orderly, and a gentleman who wanted another gentleman's portable property had to go about the matter quietly. As experience taught him that it saved trouble to select a time when the owner was out or asleep for making selections in a strange house, the owner naturally began to fasten his door—with a bolt. He would put a staple in his doorpost and two more on his door, and slide a wooden beam through the three.

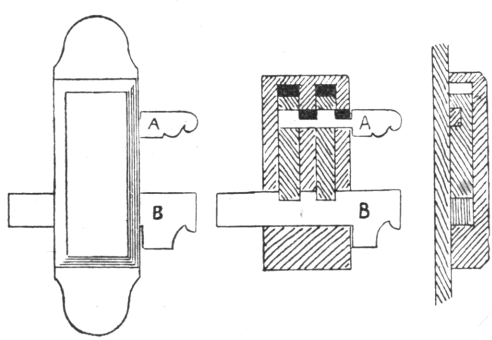


FIG. 1.—PRIMITIVE WOODEN TUMBLER LOCK.

We do precisely the same thing now with an ordinary iron bolt on the same principle. This was a capital arrangement to sleep behind, but didn't admit of going out shopping with security, so that soon a hole was made in the top of one of the staples, and another corresponding to it in the bolt. Then a pin was dropped through these holes, and held all fast. This was done from outside through a hole in the door, the forerunner of our own keyholes, with an instrument conveniently shaped both for dropping and lifting the pin—the ancestor of our own familiar key of the street. With a handle to slide the bolt to and fro, the primitive lock was complete. Wooden locks of this kind are even now in use in certain remote parts of Austria and in the Faroe Islands; whence it may be inferred that in those happy spots man has a singular trust in his neighbour.

Almost anybody could open a lock of this sort, so that an improvement was wanted. The illustration (Fig. 1) shows the first improvement. Two or more falling pins were used—they were afterwards called *tumblers*—and these pins and the part of the bolt into which they fell were inclosed in a box, shown in the outer view. The key (*a*, Fig. 1) was provided with certain projections which fitted into notches cut into the bolts, so that when inserted at the side of the box, and lifted, it raised the tumblers from the holes in the bolt (*b*), and allowed the withdrawal of the latter.

Now, it is obvious that unless this wooden key were made with its projections at such a distance apart as exactly to correspond with the notches in the tumblers, and of the same number, one or more of these would not be lifted, and the bolt would remain immovable. So that here was some sort of security against other keys than those held by the owner. Identical in principle, though rather neater in application, is the wooden Egyptian lock, still in use, shown in Fig. 2. Here the bolt (*b*) is made hollow, and the loose key (*a*) is provided with little pegs with which the tumblers are pushed up, when the bolt is drawn back in the direction indicated by the arrow. This is all done with the key, so that this lock possesses the advantage over the previously-mentioned one of only demanding the work of one hand.

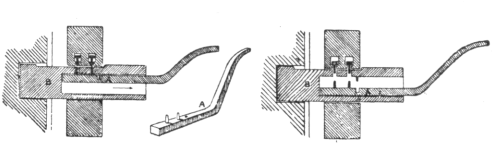
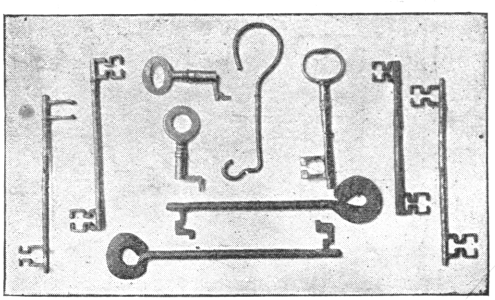


FIG. 2.—EGYPTIAN WOODEN LOCK AND KEY.

Although it was possible to make these locks and keys in any number of different patterns, it required the expendi-

ture of very little ingenuity on the part of the Bill Sikes of early ages to dodge them. A simple picklock, with a movable peg or two, and a little patience were all that was required. The Romans made a gallant attempt to defeat these picks by making the tumblers of all sorts of sections—triangular, square, semi-circular, etc.—but the device was scarcely worthy of the Roman genius. Obviously a mere peg, if only thin enough, was enough to lift a tumbler, no matter of what section. One improvement, however, the Romans made. They kept the tumblers down by springs, instead of allowing them to rest by mere gravitation, and thus, with the addition of a revolving key, produced in all its essential parts the common tumbler lock to which we moderns went back within the last century or so.

But in order to secure these locks against picks it became customary to interpose all sorts of obstacles, of various shapes, cutting each key to a shape to pass these obstacles. This gave rise to the system of *warding*, which, during the Middle Ages, was almost exclusively relied upon, tumblers being scarcely used. A revolving key was made to act upon and shoot a bolt direct, but the way to this bolt was guarded by a complicated system of wards. Now, it is impossible to devise wards which skeleton keys and picklocks cannot defeat. You make a great key cut into a perfect fretwork, and in the lock provide complicated wards which this fret-work just passes. Immediately there comes a burglar with a mere wire frame of a key, which overcomes all these wards by simply ignoring them, passing its thin frame round, behind or before the whole system, and easily shooting the bolt. So that a hundred and fifty years ago or more the old tumbler system (modified) was returned to.



PICKLOCKS AND SKELETON KEYS.

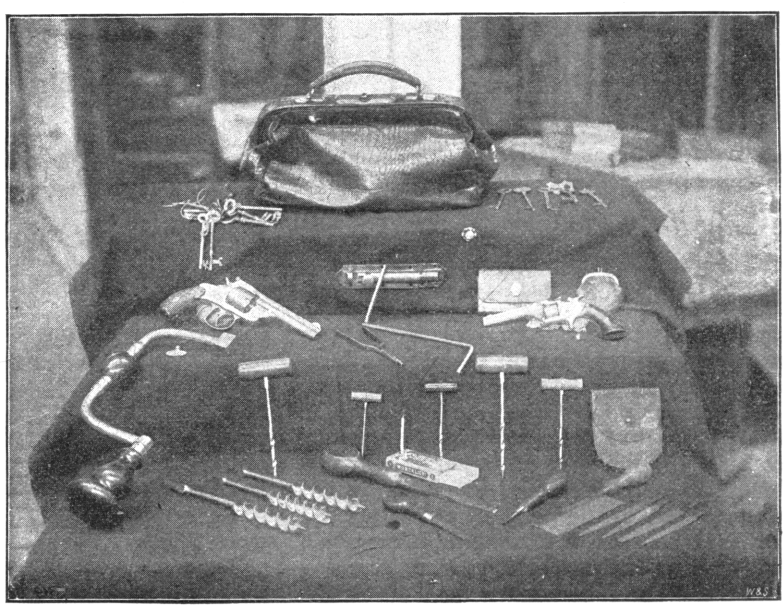
Here the tumblers were mere horizontal pegs pressed down by a spring into notches on the bolt. This was still guarded by certain simple wards, and such a lock as this is the ordinary cheap door-lock of to-day—scarcely more secure, however, against the picklock and skeleton key than a simple warded lock. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of certain skeleton keys and pick-locks actually used by burglars upon ordinary modern locks. The more common skeleton key is an ordinary key with all the wardings filed out of the bit, as is the specimen on the right of the wire picklock shown in the centre of the group.

In making a skeleton key of this sort, it is a principle to file down the shank and bit as thin as possible, consistent with strength; because no matter how much thinner these parts may be than those on the proper key, they will still do their work, while the least excess in thickness will either prevent the instrument entering the lock or cause a jam. For this reason, too, a barrel shank is filed down flush with the last arm of the bit, as is seen in the two small keys here represented. The double-bitted picklocks shown on either side are, of course, specially made for portability and convenience, and designed to suit the various usual types of warding. The two bits of each instrument are commonly of very similar patterns, with a little variation in size or measurement of warding, so that when a lock is tried which one end will almost pick, but not quite, the other end is handy and almost certain to act. The principle of keeping all the parts thin as well as strong and stiff is well exemplified in these double-bitted picks. A pick of stiff bent wire is a very handy, quickly prepared, and commonly used article. The one here shown is used for shooting the plainer kind of bolt, lock or latch, and is also convenient for pushing through the keyhole of a small latch, and moving the finger-catch on the inner side.

Skeleton keys are, of course, to some extent defeated by the well-known modern lever-lock. In this a number of small levers, fixed at one end and held down by a spring, must each be lifted to a certain (different) height before they will allow the bolt to be withdrawn. Any number of combinations are possible, and the least inaccuracy in any part of the key is enough to prevent action, since one or other of the levers must be lifted too high or too low. But a skilful man will get at the bolt, and applying pressure to free it back, deal with each lever in succession with a wire pick till the projection from the bolt will pass. But he will probably prefer to break the door—a much simpler task; which brings us to the matter of safes.

An impregnable lock is useless on a weak box or door. And in almost any case it is a simpler matter to use force in breaking or cutting through a door, or breaking the lock away from it, than to use patient guile in picking the lock. So that safes and strong rooms came into being. At first these were the coffers of romance and the Middle Ages —either strong oak boxes with bindings of iron, or made entirely of metal and fastened usually with a padlock. But in these later days criminals became more effective and systematic workmen, and the safe (which meantime, for convenience, had been set on end, with a door instead of a lid) assumed the shape now familiar to us, being made of various designs in iron and steel, and fastened as to the door with many bolts shooting from every side.

Now, the tools of the modern housebreaker are many and varied, and consist of many things beside skeleton keys. Here is a copy of a photograph of a very simple set, taken, not from a burglar, but from a mere hotel thief, whose practice was to take a bedroom in such an establishment, and to pay quiet visits during the night to other customers' bedrooms. One of his most useful tools was the small pair of pliers shown in the middle of the group, near the muzzle of the revolver on the left. This was a long-nosed instrument with a cylindrical grip. When a visitor with valuables in his possession locked his bedroom door on retiring, and like a careful man left the key in the lock to prevent anybody trying a picklock, he saved our *chevalier d'industrie* a lot of trouble. That worthy simply placed the long nose of his pliers in the keyhole, gripped the shank of the key and turned it. The door was open and free for him to enter very quietly and make his judicious selection. After doing this it was only necessary to retire and lock the door again with the victim's own key in the same manner. The surprise of the said victim on rising and finding the door locked and the key on the inside, and all his valuables gone, may be imagined.

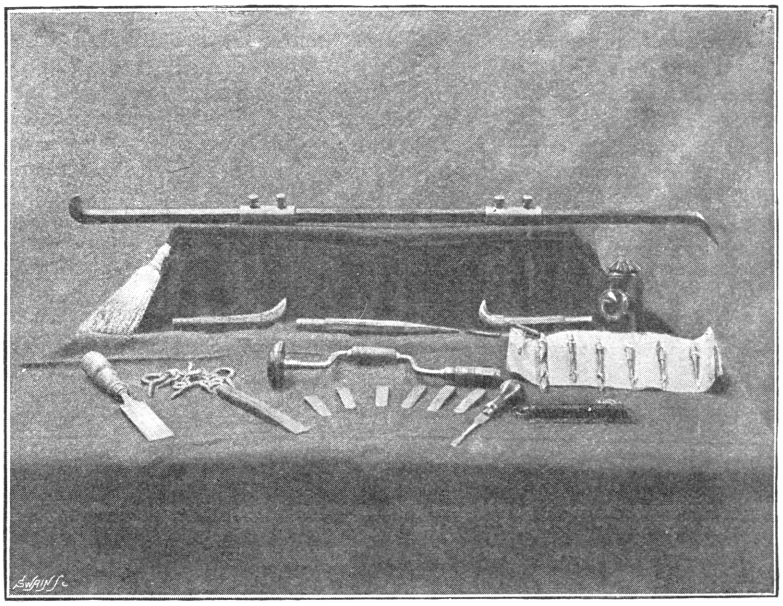


COMMON HOUSEBREAKER'S TOOLS.

The crooked metal rod almost touching the pliers is another interesting implement; it was used to unfasten small bolts—the small brass bolts (one is shown just above) fixed half-way up a door. At the angle nearer the pliers is a hinged joint, so that the two pieces may be straightened out like one rod. This being thrust through a keyhole, the hinged end is allowed to fall across the bolt-fastening; a very little firm and skilful handling is then necessary to push back the bolt. The small bolt here shown, by the way, was used to fix temporarily on the door of any unoccupied room in which the gentleman might be pursuing his profession, to prevent intrusion or surprise. The other articles—comprising silent matches, a brace and bits, gimlets, a saw, screw-drivers, files, picklocks, pistols, and a neat crocodile-hide bag to hold them all—have uses too obvious to need explanation.

None of these tools, however, are designed for the attack on an iron safe. Here is a different group—a group of tools of the very first quality. They were found hidden in certain empty rooms in Cannon Street over a post-office, together with a quiet little syndicate of two or three gentlemen who were

anxiously awaiting nightfall. It is sad to observe that not only were these gentlemen deprived of the possession of these admirable instruments, but that an unsympathetic administrator of the law sent them to gaol. The long article at the top is the most splendid jemmy ever captured. Five feet in length, it is made of the best tool-steel procurable, in three pieces: this partly for convenience of carriage, and partly to enable "beaks," or business ends, of various shapes to be used. The three additional beaks are shown on the ledge below, and the joints are fastened by collars and set screws, these being tightened by a little steel "Tommy," which lies, in the picture, close by the point of the extra beak in the centre. So well, however, is the whole thing made and fitted, that mere screwing with finger and thumb will suffice to hold the entire five feet as rigid as a single rod. There is also a brace, with bits, for drilling iron or steel, a carpenter's chisel, a cold chisel, a screw-driver and half-a-dozen steel wedges of graduated sizes, certain staples with which to improvise door-fastenings and guard against intrusion, a bull's-eye lantern, and a neat brush with which to remove any unseemly dust caused by the operations contemplated. Charming little set, isn't it? You see, by drilling a hole or two in any ordinary safe—supposing it to be of the sort known as "fire-proof only"—and inserting the jemmy, with one of the loose beaks shown on the right or left, which have both sharp edges, the sheet-steel could be ripped open like the lid of a sardine tin.



HIGH-CLASS SET OF BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Supposing the safe to be of stouter construction, then the thinnest of the wedges would be driven between the edge of the door and the frame of the safe. By the side of this, one a little larger would be insinuated, and the first would be withdrawn to make room for one a little thicker than number two, and so on until the round-ended beak of the jemmy—shown fixed—could be introduced, when the jemmy would become a long lever, and moderate force applied to the other end would fetch out the door, tearing it away from the lock, case and bolts. Not very many of the common safes ordinarily sold, no matter how good might be the locks, could long resist one or two clever burglars with this little bag of tools. Still, it is reassuring to know that safes can be built, and are built, which are, practically speaking, impregnable. These, however, as it is natural to expect, are expensive safes by the very best makers, such as Messrs. Chubb, a visit to whose works will teach the curious inquirer many things.

These are great workshops, where is kept up a continual roaring and clanging, for iron and steel are here being rolled, bent, planed, cut, drilled, and riveted in large quantities. Here and in the adjoining workshops everything in the way of a lock or safe is made—from a little casket like a small ordinary cash-box, with a delicate lock the size of a sixpence, up to a strong room weighing a hundred tons and more, with many dozen great locks and many score of great bolts.

Mr. Harry Chubb, the presiding mechanical genius of the firm, takes us in hand and, under his guidance, we learn all that a man

may learn of locks, safes, and burglars in an afternoon's study.

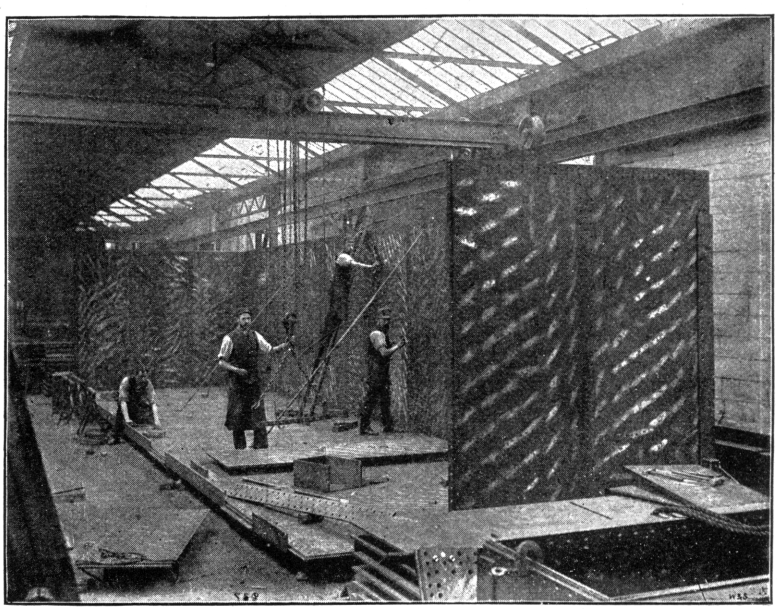
Now, to understand the matter of safes, it must be borne in mind that a fire-proof safe and a thief-proof safe are two different things altogether. It is often required to place books and documents in a place secure from fire, without any special protection against burglars, to whom the books and documents would be valueless and worse, and who, consequently, would never carry them away. A merely fire-proof safe, then, is made in the familiar pattern of sheet-steel, or tough wrought-iron, the walls being hollow and forming a surrounding chamber for the reception of fire-resisting composition. This is a compound of alum or saltpetre with either sawdust or fine sand, which, when heated, generates steam, and keeps out heat on the same principle that the water in a tin kettle prevents the bottom from burning.

In the best safes, the door, too, is made air-tight round the joints. There is, of course, a steel or wrought angle-iron frame, and a good safe of this kind will often withstand considerable violence, but still it is not a thief-proof safe. A thief-proof safe must have walls which resist drilling, punching, and tapping; which, nevertheless, are not so hard as to crack under heavy blows; and the door must be secure against wedges and forcing from the edge. Then a combination safe may be required, both fire and thief-proof; in this case the fire-resisting chambers go inside the thief-proof walls, or in some cases a safe is built within a safe, the outer being fire-proof and the inner burglar-proof.

Now, wrought-iron and mild steel are tough, and will not crack at a heavy blow; but then they are soft and can be drilled through. There is a most ingenious burglar's tool which was used not very long ago at Nottingham, which renders a safe-door of wrought-iron or mild steel quite useless as a protection. It is simply a steel lever. Near the edge of the door a screw-hole is tapped, and into this is screwed a bolt with a hinge-shaped top. On this the long steel lever hinges, the short end taking a fulcrum against a steel block placed against the edge of the safe side-wall, close to the hinged bolt; and the other end, stretching away across the front of the safe, is provided with a screw arrangement which applies a great outward dragging power, so that the door is torn clean away from the bolts and lock in the lock case.

The obvious means of defeating this is by having a steel door so hard that it cannot be drilled or tapped; but then steel so hard as this is brittle, and will crack and smash, so that a compound plate is resorted to, in which layers of mild steel or wrought-iron and hard, undrillable steel alternate. Thus the enterprising burglar, drilling through the soft outer steel or iron, goes a mere eighth of an inch or so, and is brought up by steel which simply takes the point off his drill, and any attempt to smash this sheet of hard and brittle steel is defeated by the protecting coat of tough soft metal in front and behind. But to roll sheets of compound metal in this way, which shall be undrillable in every part, is not so easy as it looks.

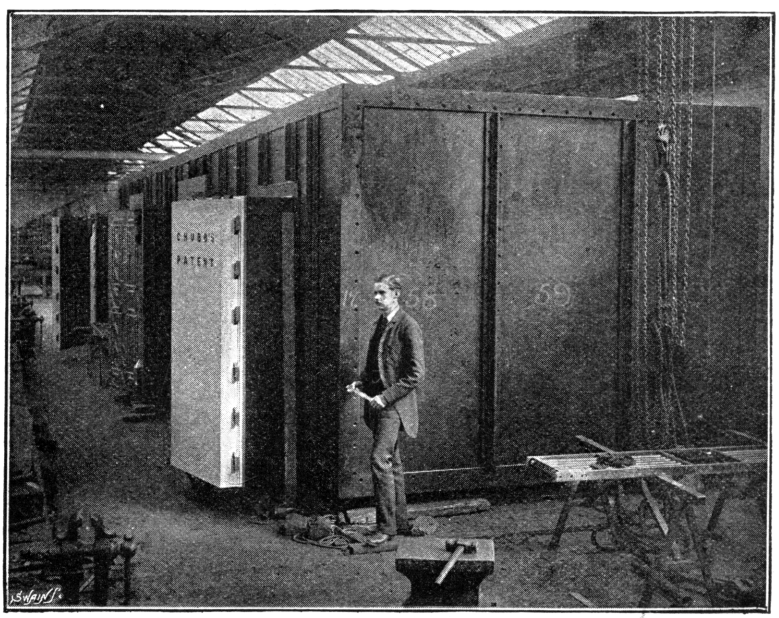
Messrs. Chubb made endless trials with every known material before arriving at a kind of steel which would roll to large sheets and retain its hard quality throughout. They



BUILDING A STRONG ROOM.

now use chrome steel (a steel containing, besides a high percentage of carbon, a certain proportion of chromium) laid with Siemen's mild steel in three-ply or five-ply sheets, and this has resisted whatever burglarious tests have been applied. Of course, everything *can* be punched through, with heavy machinery and time, but the comfort is that the ingenious burglar has neither.

Rolled out, hammered by hand to perfect flatness, and cut to properly sized sheets of the right thickness, the safe, or strong room, is built upon a proper frame of angle metal of the same composition as the sheets, and joined at the corners by massive cast-steel corner-pieces, dovetailed into their places. The building-up is, of course, done by riveting, and as a bad or unscientific rivet might prove a likely source of attack, a great deal of care is given to this work. The holes in the hard steel are made slightly larger than those in the soft, so that the hole through the complete thickness has irregular sides. The rivet is made of tough metal with several strands of chrome steel running through it, so that it cannot be cut. This rivet, having been made red-hot, is put into its place in the work and brought into the jaws of a hydraulic press, which flattens it out like so much putty, compressing the grain of the metal to a diamond-like hardness, and forcing it out at the sides in the layers where the holes are larger, so that the result is an utterly immovable, undrillable, unbreakable, dovetailed rivet. Then the ends of these rivets are neatly ground off under a large emery buffer, making any number of thousand revolutions in a minute, in the midst of a crackling pyrotechnic display of sparks, which envelop the grimy workmen and are unpleasant to the bare skin. The accompanying illustration will give a good idea of the amount of this riveting work to be done on a large piece of work. It represents the strong room made for the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, in course of erection. This little box is fifty feet long and weighs, complete, something over a hundred tons.



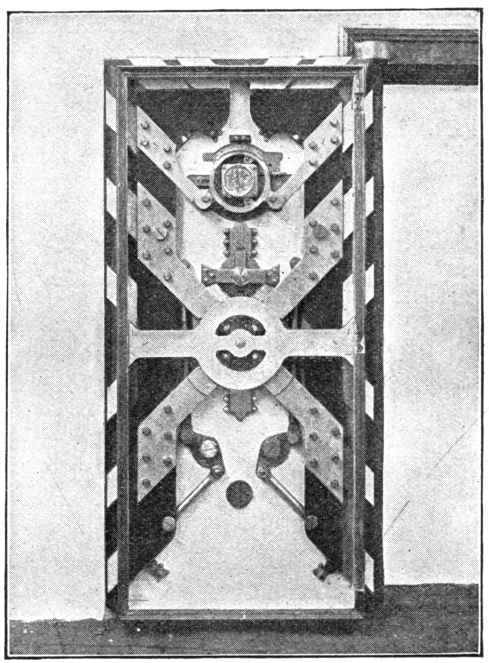

STRONG ROOM COMPLETE.

To get into a safe of this sort any way except by the door is out of the question—that way madness lies. There remains the door. On the outside this is just as uninviting as the other parts. It cannot be drilled or tapped, of course. Let us peep behind the scenes and look at the inside. Here is the inner view of a Chubb door fixed to a strong room belonging to the Security Company, of St. James's Street.

The first noticeable thing is that the bolts, instead of shooting horizontally as usual, emerge and retire in an oblique direction, and are made in a corresponding shape. This is the subject of one of the makers' two-score of patents, and a valuable feature. An ordinary horizontal bolt is a simple bolt and nothing more, having no actual *hold* of the safe-sides; a diagonal bolt has a firm grip on the sides, and attempts to force by wedges only increase this grip. The whole of the bolts from each corner are fixed upon a strong, heavy frame. In other safe doors bolts shoot from the bottom as well as from the sides; in this particular door, for special reasons, this is not the case. All these bolts are shot simultaneously from the centre, to

which the arms of the frames converge; here they are geared with a wheel-lock—a simple metal disc, so pierced with curved slots, in which pins slide, that half a turn either way will propel or retract the whole set of bolts. The bolts and their frames in this door weigh a quarter of a ton, but are so accurately balanced together that they are all worked with the greatest ease with one hand. The balance-levers are shown in the lower part of the door, between the bolt frames; these frames, moreover, run on rollers.

The bolts being shot, the door must be locked. This is done by a lock which shoots its bolt into a recess in the "wheel-lock" already mentioned, and thus holds it from revolving and retracting the bolts. In the door depicted two of these locks are shown, one above and one below, each with a different key, and these key-locks are governed by a "time-lock" set in the upper part of the door; of this "time-lock," more anon. The jambs of all these safe-doors are, of course, "stepped," or provided with many solid rebates to prevent the successful use of wedges. But suppose all these obstacles to be overcome (one can scarcely comprehend the possibility) and strain brought to bear on the bolts, there is an ingenious piece of mechanism of which the ring encircling the time-lock is a conspicuous part, which actually converts this strain into a resisting pressure, driving the bolts the more firmly outward than ever. In addition to all this, the door may be provided with electric wires, so that any opening during prohibited hours will start a bell, which bell, if desirable, may be placed in the nearest police-station. Here is a solid, adamantine problem for the scientific burglar worthy his jemmy.



INTERIOR OF STRONG ROOM DOOR.

Now as to the locks to hold the bolts of these safes. Here in England we still largely use the key-lock, in which a key is used in the ordinary way. In parts of America, however, where wealth and enterprise are a great deal ahead of public order and security of property, a key-lock does not do. The key-hole is the vulnerable point through which some powerful explosive may be introduced to blow the lock to splinters. The key-locks fitted to the safes we have been looking at in these works are gunpowder proof, but nobody in "these States" would think of using gunpowder when dynamite and nitro-glycerine are so easy to procure; and locks won't stand dynamite.

In the gunpowder days, the Yankee burglar would stop all round the crack of the door with putty, leaving only two openings. To one of these openings he would attach an air-pump and proceed to draw the air from the interior, while his persevering partner held a card to the other opening, upon which card he poured fine gunpowder. This was drawn in by the air-suction, and lay between the body of the safe and the door. A sufficient quantity having been deposited a blow-up was effected, which either burst the door from its bolts, or drove it sufficiently forward to admit of the introduction of the jemmy. The remedy for this is, of course, an air-tight joint; the joint also is so accurately fitted that wedges are kept out. Being defeated in this way, the dauntless burglar introduces his explosive by the key-hole. Gunpowder, we have seen, would be ineffectual with the locks we have described, but not dynamite. Therefore in safes made for the American market—and, indeed, in the very best made for England—a keyless lock is employed. One of these is the "combination lock," in which a brass dial turned by a knob is fixed on the outer side of the door. This dial is marked with numbers up to 100. Before the safe is shut the lock is set to any three numbers in succession, so that, after shutting,

it is necessary to turn the dial until each of these particular numbers in the proper order rests opposite a fixed arrow-head mark before the safe will open. Besides being used as sole lock to a safe, this lock is sometimes fixed in addition to the ordinary key-lock, preventing the key being used until the combination has been worked. With this lock in use, of course picking cannot be attempted, nor can solid explosives be introduced. Still, an American burglar has been known to carry a small phial of nitro-glycerine, and, having poured a quantity of that seductive fluid behind the close joint of the dial, to blow out the lock. Again, in the land of the free it has been picked—with a revolver; the muzzle of the instrument having been insinuated into the ear of the resident cashier or manager who has shut the door, in order to persuade that functionary to re-open it. But even these things are got over by the time-lock.

Refer again to the illustration of the strong-room door interior; the time-lock is seen in the upper part of the door. In its face it has three watch movements. One is enough to work the lock, but three are used in case one should get out of order. This time-lock is set each evening to the time in the morning when it is desired that the safe shall be opened by the legitimate opener.

The time-lock governs the key-locks, and until the time fixed even the proper key will fail to open the door. When, however, any attempt is likely to be made with explosives, the time-lock may be used alone, with no key-locks or key-holes. In this case, as the set time arrives, the door opens automatically. Thus it will be seen that no number of loaded revolvers will enable the cashier to open the door before the proper office hour in the morning; and there is no hole for the introduction of dynamite or nitro-glycerine. What then is to be done? Obviously drill a hole through the safe and get the explosive in that way—a good powerful explosive which will yield a volume of gas about double that of the cubical contents of the safe, and burst every possible lock and joint. But then we have just been examining the walls of these Chubb safes, and know that drilling is out of the question. Useless all. Life is made a thing of bitterness for the poor burglar, and the way of transgressors is rendered lumpy even past endurance.

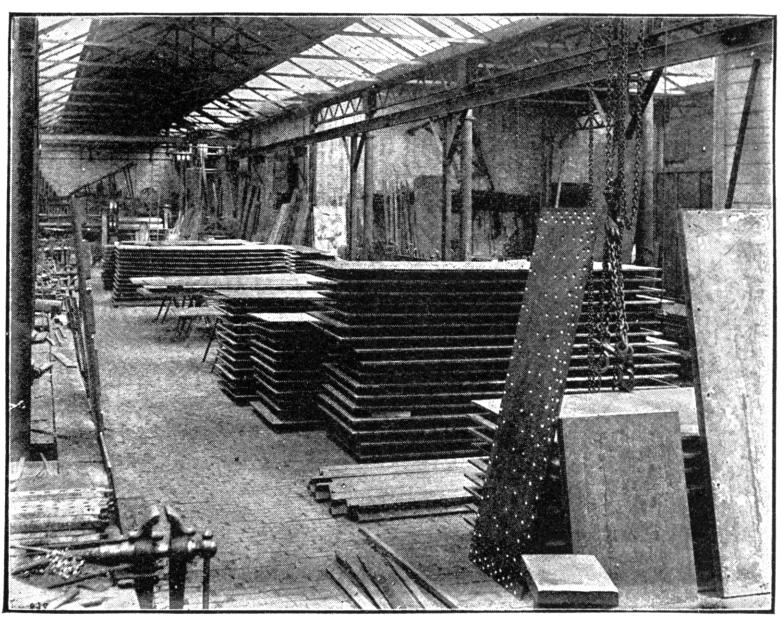
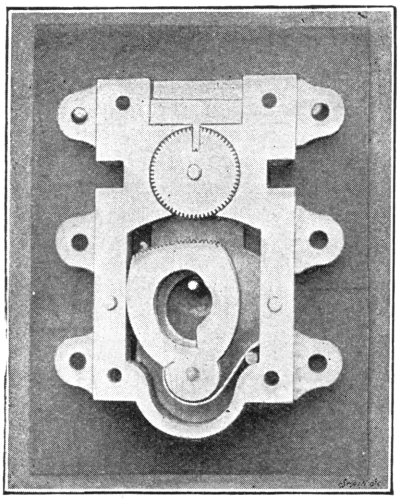


PLATE STORES: MESSRS. CHUBB'S SAFE WORKS.

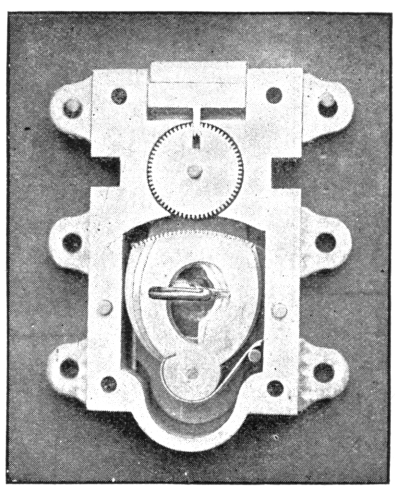
We pass on through the great plate store; the smith's shop; by the drilling machines, which peg away unceasingly, each drilling fourteen holes at a blow; by the planing and cutting machines, which treat hard steel in the most disrespectful manner, as though it were cheese or cardboard; past the hydraulic riveter and the emery grinder to the lock-finishing shop, where stand rows of mechanics whose exact skill is a thing to marvel at, fitting and completing specimens of all the hundreds of different sizes, patterns, and classes of locks for which this firm is famous—from the tiny desk-lock, the key whereof, in gold, is concealed inside a finger-ring, to the biggest fastening a church door ever carries. Here are all the locks we have had occasion to mention in speaking of safes, and many more. The original "detector" lock, invented by the first Chubb, fifty years ago, wherein an attempt at picking throws the



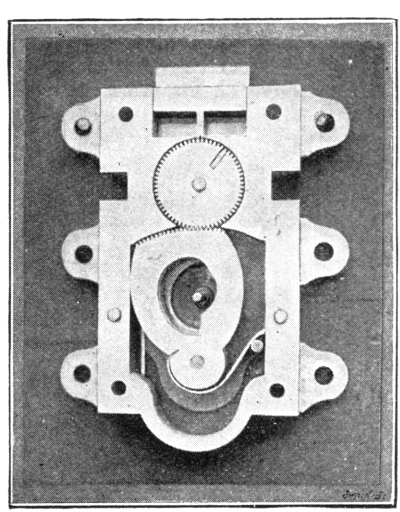
1.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. UNLOCKED.

levers out of order and jams the lock altogether, so that the rightful opener may discover, by being obliged to use his key in a special way, that the lock has been attempted. A lock ordinarily used for safes, which is "dogged against detent"—that meaning that the levers are cut saw-shape at the end, to be caught by a claw, and held immovably at any attempt at picking; and many others, including a lock with a very simple and pretty movement indeed. This lock may be fitted with a dozen, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or any other number of different keys, the number of combinations being practically unlimited. Each of these keys is different to all the others, and yet each will lock this same lock. But once locked, only one key will open it—*the key it was locked with.* So that if a man come to your office and steal your key, hoping to use it against your safe at night, you need take no trouble to recover it—you have only to use another key. Also you may use a different key for every day in the month, so that a wax impression of the key the thief observes you using will be of little use.

If several clerks have keys to a safe, you know who has been there last—the man whose key fits. Here is the lock—simplicity itself. Observe, it is unlocked. A number of thin brass cog-wheels are threaded on a spindle, each with a slot into which fits a projection from the bolt, holding all rigid. The levers are all fixed to the bolt, and their ends are all cogged to correspond with the equal number of wheels. The key is put in and turned, as in the second of the three illustrations. According to the shape of the key, the levers are pushed out to all sorts of different positions, all different for each key; at the same time they pass along with the bolt till the cogs on the levers—all irregular, according to the shape of the key—engage with the cogs of the wheels; also, at the same time, the bolt moving out, the projection slides from the slots in these wheels, which are left free to revolve on their spindle. The turn of the key is completed, and the levers all spring back level with each other, but as they engage with the cog-wheels each of these is turned to a more or less degree, *according to the degree which the key lifted the corresponding lever.* Thus all the slots in these wheels are thrown into different positions, so that the bolts cannot be forced back, since the projection will simply jam against the edges of the wheels. This is shown in the third of the illustrations. When the same key is used to unlock, of course, in lifting the levers once more,



2.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. KEY SHIFTING LEVERS.

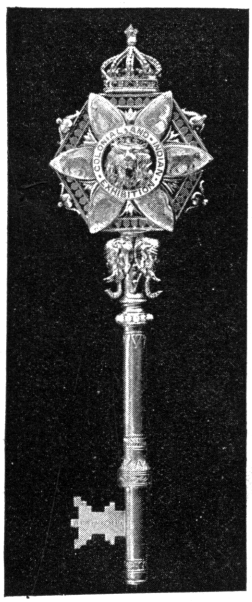


3.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. LOCKED.

*each to exactly the same irregularity of position*, the cog-wheels are forced round again till the slots all coincide and the bolt with its projection slides back, as shown in No. 3, to the unlocked position shown in No. 1. But equally, of course, a wrong key will not lift the levers to the same position, and so the slots in the cog-wheels will never coincide to admit the projection from the bolt, which, therefore, cannot come back. So that each key, so to speak, *moulds its own lock*.

But, as we have said, a burglar rarely attempts a safe-lock: he acknowledges that a good one usually beats him. And now, with all the wonderful improvements made in the best safes, there may be reason to hope that he will begin to get honest altogether. Wherefore, in taking leave of Mr. Harry Chubb, we congratulate him on his prospective reformation of the dishonest, and terminate an instructive chat.

We have shown some very pretty burglars tools earlier in this paper, and some very primitive keys. Here, as a tailpiece, are two keys which are anything but primitive, and perhaps prettier than the burglars' tools. They were made to commemorate the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and that of the Brussels Exhibition.



KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

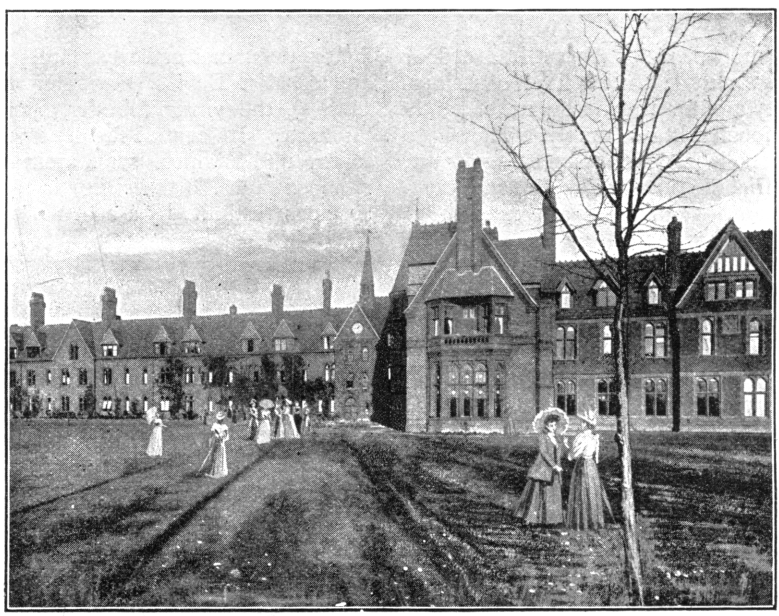
*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*


KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

# *Girton and Newnham Colleges.*

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.



*From a Photo. by]* GIRTON COLLEGE. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

How often do we not hear the expression, "Sweet girl graduates!" Would you be surprised to know that they do not exist at Cambridge? I do not mean to say that the adjective is misapplied: that would be both ungallant and untruthful. All I postulate is that the designation is inaccurate. The University of Cambridge does not confer degrees on ladies. This is why ladies have to work much harder while at college than men, for unless they go in for honours they have wasted their time. There is no degree examination for them. Consequently, the young ladies at Girton and Newnham are not called undergraduates, but students, and they do not wear cap and gown, for they can never hope to win the hood of the M.A. or B.A.—from Cambridge, at least. The University of London, for one, is more liberal in this respect. But I am informed that the certificated students are almost unanimous in feeling it to be a hardship that their work should not receive the same recognition as that of members of the University.

Of the two colleges devoted to the higher education of women at Cambridge, Girton is the more expensive: hence the students are more wealthy; some of them keep their horses, even. I have not heard of the Girton or the Newnham boat, though that, no doubt, will come in time, for—and it is with pleasure that I write it—the lady students are athletic. They work hard, and, fortunately, they likewise play hard. The consequence is that they are all remarkably healthy-looking young women, with clear, transparent complexions, forms erect, and a graceful carriage. It is quite a mistake to suppose that blue spectacles, cropped hair, and round shoulders predominate among them: on the contrary, they are conspicuous by their absence.

Another popular delusion is that Girton and Newnham girls are mannish blue-stockings, unfeminine in appearance, harsh and awkward in manner, rude and self-sufficient, contemptuous towards the opposite sex—in short, female prigs. Nothing can be more misleading. Those whom I have seen, and I have seen very many, have been invariably gentle and diffident, graceful and courteous, and thoroughly girlish and ladylike. The reason is obvious: The more people know,

the more conscious they are of their own shortcomings; the more real they are, the less pretentious they become. It is so with men, and it is certainly so with women.

Neither at Girton nor at Newnham do they smoke or even play billiards. They are simple, unaffected girls. They play at lawn tennis, golf, hockey, and fives, with the ardour of schoolgirls, and devoid of all self-consciousness. They are, for the most part, elegantly dressed, though always simply. They have not come to college for amusement, to swagger, and make friends, but to work, in some cases to obtain a means of earning a livelihood.

Let us see what becomes of them after they have left college. Looking through the printed lists of former students, we find that they obtain positions as schoolmistresses principally. They are scattered about the world. Some are in Canada, some in Australia and New Zealand, some in South Africa, others in India. The large provincial schools have secured the services of many. Occasionally we find some at the observatories, Greenwich, for instance; and still a few are able to continue their life of study and even to contribute to the stores of universal knowledge by original research.

*From a Photo. by]* STUDY FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MISS RAMSEY—GIRTON. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

The "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society and other scientific publications contain many papers to-day from the pens of former Newnham and Girton girls. Wherever they go they bring with them that refinement and humanizing influence which is the peculiar attribute of the student. Some of them marry, and marry brilliantly, like Miss Ramsey, who is now the wife of Dr. Butler, of Trinity. But they are all workers, and not butterflies.

Girton College is a handsome red brick building, some three miles out of Cambridge. It is situated on the crest of a slight elevation overlooking a vale of corn and meadow land, bounded by Madingley Rise, with its windmill beacon and associations with Hereward and Charles Kingsley, and stretching away under a vast expanse of sky to Godmanchester and Huntingdon on the north-west.

It was built in 1873, and among its benefactors the names of Lady Stanley of Alderley and of Miss Davies (the sister of Llewelyn Davies), the virtual founder, stand out prominently. Its central feature is a handsome tower, under which is an archway and the main entrance. The visitor is received in a spacious vestibule by a neat maid-servant, in cap and apron, for Girton is something of a convent, and during my visit I beheld only one male person, and that was a curate. The ground floor is devoted to the reading-room, in which is a collection of old Italian Folk Songs, copied out and illustrated by Miss Alexander, and presented to the college by Professor Ruskin; the library, which boasts 6,000 volumes, principally works of reference; the dining-room, or hall; lecture-rooms, etc. But I will let Miss E. Dixon describe the buildings; she was formerly herself a student of Girton, and is intimately acquainted with its routine and structure:—

"The buildings are in three stories, known as the Top, Middle, and Bottom Corridors

respectively. On the two lower corridors, and in some parts of the topmost, each student has two rooms, furnished by the college with all that is absolutely essential in the way of furniture (students add to this whatever they please in the way of pictures, etc.), and communicating by folding doors. On the top corridor many of the rooms are single, but more picturesque in shape, and divided into two portions by a heavy curtain.

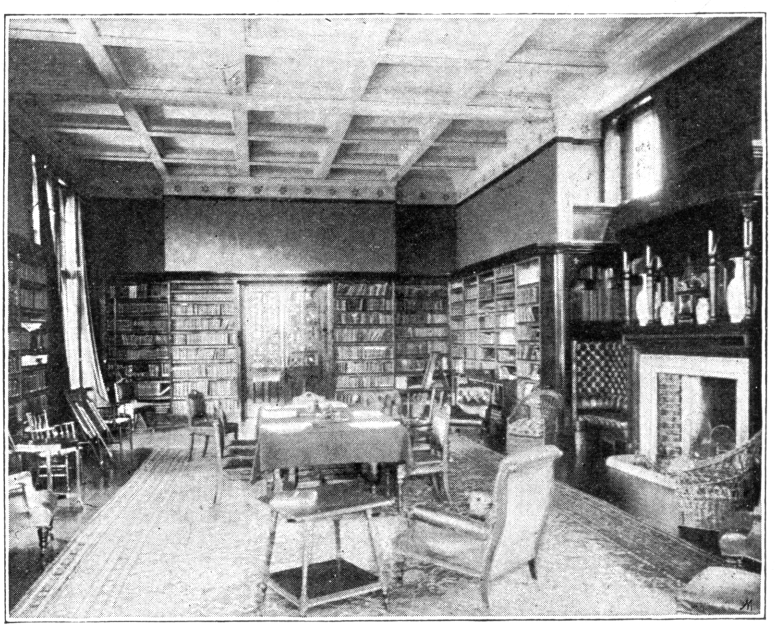
"Of these little sets of students' chambers there are in all a hundred and five, most of which have been very tastefully arranged by the students, besides the rooms for the Mistress, Vice-Mistress and librarian, six resident lecturers, bursar, and an entire wing for the housekeeper and the kitchen staff. On the bottom corridor are thirteen lecture-rooms, library, laboratory, hall, and reading-room. The corridors are connected by four staircases, besides that in the servants' wing.

"The Hall is a fine large room, which has been enlarged to almost double its former size within recent years. It contains several tables, four long ones for students, the 'High' table at the end for the Mistress and resident lecturers, and a small round one in a deep bay window which is sometimes used as a guest-table by students who have visitors. All the three principal meals are taken in common in Hall—breakfast between 8.15 and 9, lunch between 12 and 3, and 'Hall' or dinner—the only formal meal, where all sit down at once—at 6.30.

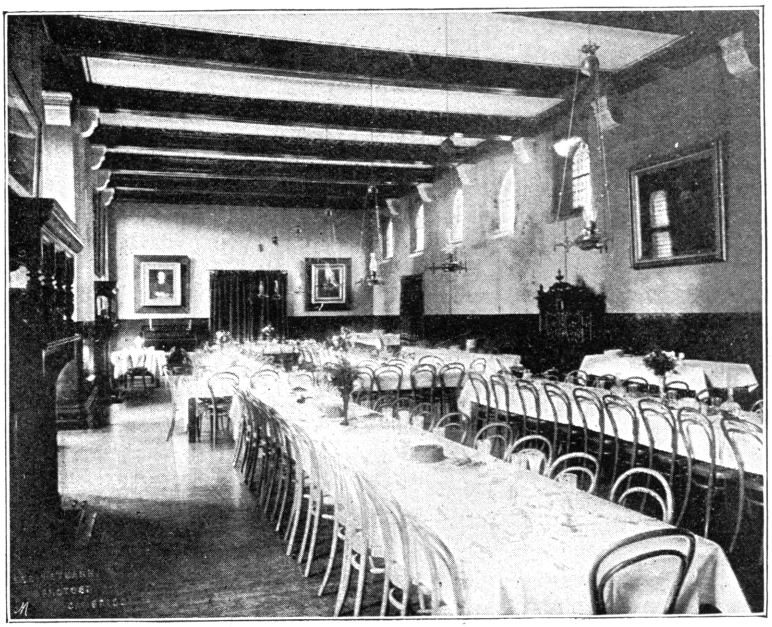
"Afternoon tea is carried round by the college servants at four o'clock to students' rooms and lecture-rooms. This last item is especially appreciated by out-college lecturers of the masculine gender, who give most of their lectures and general tuition at Girton during the afternoon, and are not accustomed to the luxury of having ready-made tea brought to them in the middle of a long lecture in their own colleges, any more than they are accustomed *chez eux* to lecture-rooms with tablecloths.

"Students at Girton have to pass the usual University examinations on or after entering upon residence. Of these the first is the Little-Go, officially termed the 'Previous.' It consists of elementary classics and mathematics, with, for Honours' students, a further examination in mathematics, with French and German as alternatives at choice. The Little-Go once disposed of—as soon as possible—the student chooses in which branch of study she will settle down to read for her Tripos three years hence: whether in Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Moral Science, History, Law, Theology, or in Mediæval with Modern or in Oriental Languages.

"The results of the students' choice in the past may be somewhat surprising, and it may be added that exactly the same tendencies are at work at the present moment. It is found that the subjects which are most popular are just those for which the ordinary curriculum of the average girls' school gives the very least preparation. Classics is a good first on the list with 97 in the twenty-four years; Mathematics second with 75; then come Natural Science with 46, History with 29, Moral Science with 19, Mediæval and Modern Languages with 9, and Theology with 1. Besides these, there are a few



*From a Photo. by*] THE LIBRARY—GIRTON. [*Stearn, Cambridge.*



*From a Photo. by*] THE HALL—GIRTON. [*Stearn, Cambridge.*

students who have taken double honours, viz., two in Mathematics and Moral Science, one in Mathematics and History, one in Mathematics and Mediæval with Modern Languages, and one in Natural Science and Moral Science.

"The hours devoted by Girtonians per day to 'reading'—the common Cambridge term which includes writing and thinking and sundry other things—vary somewhat, according to the subjects they are engaged in. It is generally agreed that more than about six or six and a half hours per day at mathematics is unprofitable, while an average of eight may be put in at natural science, including, as it does, a good deal of practical work in laboratories.

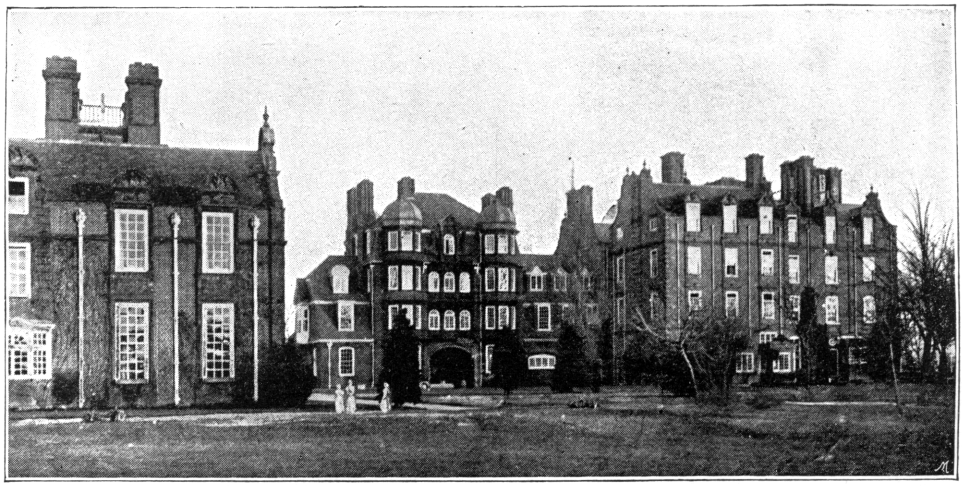
"But, taking the various subjects one with another, an *average* of seven or seven and a half hours per day throughout the term is pretty hard reading, and nothing is gained by exceeding it. Of course, a large number of Cambridge undergraduates never approach anywhere near this record, but women students come to Cambridge especially to work, and only incidentally to play so far as health and the *esprit de corps* of college life demand. For it must not be supposed that Girton students are at all lacking in the healthy open-air instincts which are natural to vigorous and common-sensible young women of twenty.

"Tennis-courts abound on both sides of the college buildings. There is a ground for hockey and one for golf. Some students have a predilection for long walks across country in search of wild flowers or 'beasts.' Small clubs and societies — debating, musical, reading—abound. There is a fire brigade, whose officers are elected on the most democratic lines from among the students themselves (no lecturer or other college authority *ever* stands for election as officer), and whose members are systematically drilled under strict discipline at the pumps, buckets, ladders, and ropes.

"Perhaps most enjoyable and least formal gatherings of all are the small tea, coffee, or cocoa parties to which individual students invite their friends in the evening after Hall."

These parties take the place of the "wines" to which the grosser male undergraduate is addicted. The life of the students is free and unconstrained. They go out when they like and come in when they please. Those who have to attend lectures at Cambridge itself are conveyed thither in cabs at the cost of the college. All have to be in for Hall, and they are not allowed out at night except by special permission, and then they must be in by eleven. Nor may the Girton girl go unchaperoned to dances. There is no chapel, but prayers are said in the library. Marking takes place three times a day. The handsome grounds have a sheet of ornamental water, and there is a gymnasium in the building.

The beginnings of Girton were humble, and represented by six students in a small house at Hitchin, in 1869. In those days it was almost an act of heroism to join that small band; to-day it has become the smart thing to go to Girton, and already the building, large as it is, is scarcely large enough to afford accommodation to all its students, and occasionally some have to be boarded out in the vicinity.



*From a Photo. by]* NEWNHAM COLLEGE. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

The interior of Girton presents a picture of neatness, cleanliness, and order which affords a pleasing contrast to the more time-honoured colleges in the town, but then the hand of woman is known to beautify all it touches. The view from the windows is pleasing, without being wildly picturesque.

Architecturally, Newnham is a much finer building than Girton. It is composed of three halls, called respectively Clough Hall, after Miss Clough, the founder; Sidgwick Hall, after Mrs. Sidgwick, the principal; and Old Hall. With the latter is incorporated a new structure only lately completed, the Pfeiffer Building, commemorating Mrs. Pfeiffer, whose bequest defrayed the cost of its erection. These three halls are all connected and form two sides of a quadrangle, in which are inclosed the college grounds, where hockey and tennis are played.

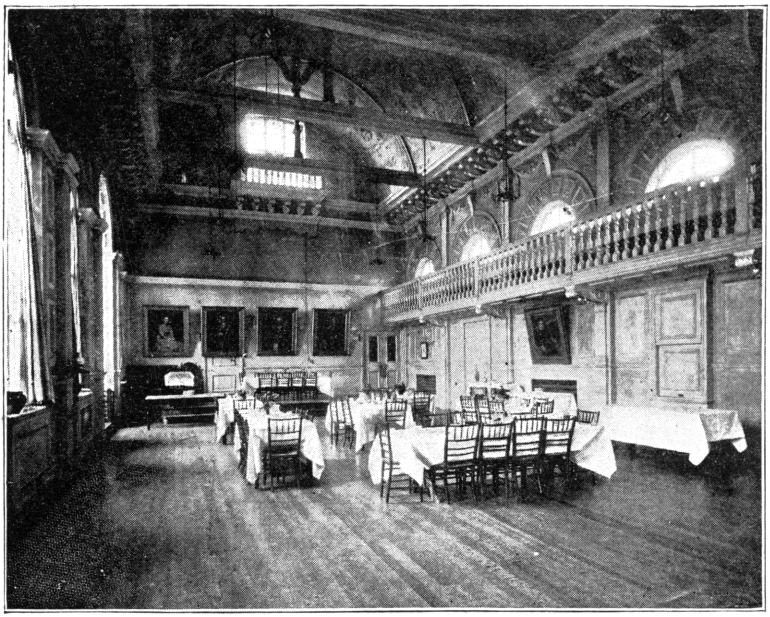
The main entrance is through an archway in the Pfeiffer Building. The architecture is Flemish, or Queen Anne, as it is the fashion to call it, and the buildings are suggestive of comfort, dignity, and learning. They are nevertheless cheerful and bright, being in red brick, the window-frames picked out in white.

The halls are presided over by vice-principals: Miss Helen Gladstone, a daughter of the Grand Old Man; Miss Jane Lee, a daughter of Archdeacon Lee; and Miss Katharine Stephen, a daughter of the late judge of that name—Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the wife of Professor Sidgwick, being the principal. In the hall there are portraits of this lady and her husband, and of the late principal, Miss Clough, by Mr. Shannon, which, through the courtesy of Messrs. Gray and Davis, photographers, of Queen's Road, Bayswater, I am able to reproduce.

Newnham, like Girton, has had a slow growth, and began humbly. In 1870, lectures for women were first started in Cambridge, and in 1871, in consequence of the demand from women at a distance to share the lectures, Miss A. J. Clough took charge of a house in Cambridge, with five students; but in 1875 Old Hall was opened, and since then the growth of Newnham has been steady and rapid. The Pfeiffer Building has been lately erected at a cost of £5,000, bestowed by the trustees of the late Mrs. Pfeiffer.

Mrs Sidgwick, the amiable and courtly lady principal, was so good as to escort me personally through the little kingdom over which she holds sway, and graciously explained to me all the points of interest. The college library, part of which was bequeathed to the college, in 1887, by Mr. Coutts Trotter, contains about 8,000 volumes. There is a magnificent laboratory, which could challenge comparison with that of Dr Koch, in Berlin, when I saw it in 1891.

From the laboratory, Mrs. Sidgwick took me across the grounds to the handsome hall, showing me the diminutive observatory by the way. Girls were playing hockey with vigour as we passed the hockey-ground. The hall is a large and capacious building, prettily decorated, the walls and ceilings being white and ornamented with mouldings. Along one side of the hall and at one end there is a commodious gallery, and at the other end there is a raised dais, on which is the "High"



*From a Photo. by]* THE HALL—NEWNHAM. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

table, and a piano. For occasionally the Newnham girls unbend and indulge in concerts. "I suppose it would be profane to suggest smoking concerts?" I asked my guide. She replied, with tranquil dignity: "It would be profane." I then learned that Newnham students did not smoke.

At Newnham students are not allowed two rooms, as at Girton, but only one, and it is pretty to see how tastefully these are furnished, though here and there I saw rooms that had all the austerity of a barrister's chambers in the Temple.

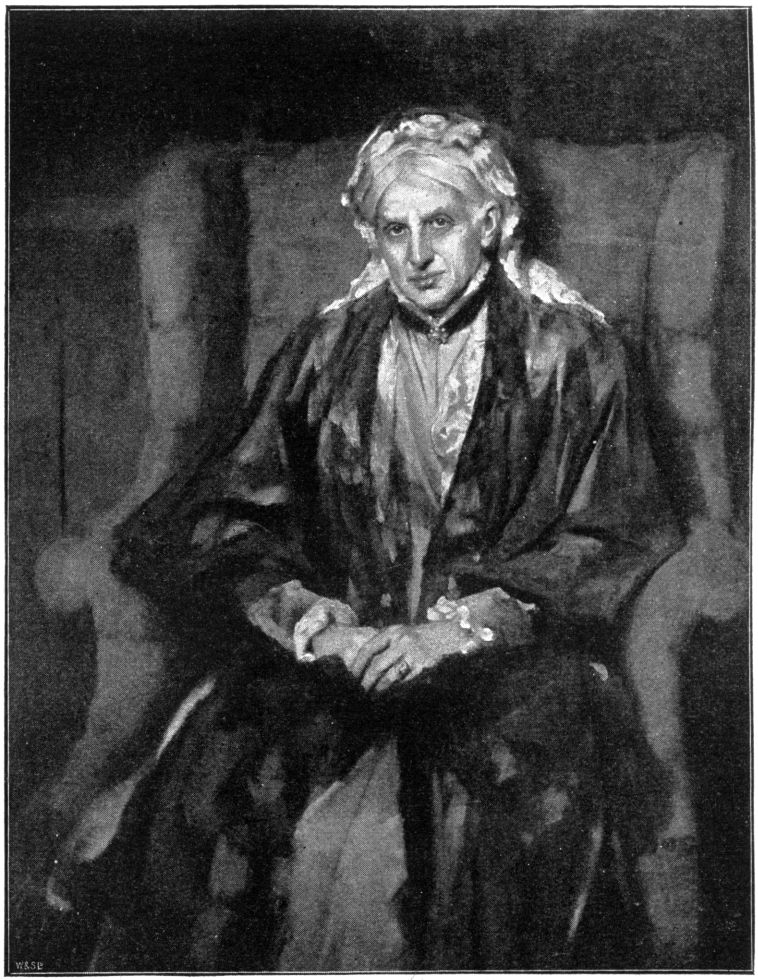
But in order to present a picture of the life at Newnham, I think I will let a student who has been so kind as to favour me with the following description speak for herself:—

"It may be as well to remark at the outset that each of the three halls among which our hundred and fifty students are distributed has its own Vice-Principal, its own dining-hall and common rooms, and to some extent its own customs, but these latter do not diverge widely enough to prevent a description of one hall from serving as a type of all three. Choosing, then, for obvious reasons my own hall, I should like to introduce you to it under one of its pleasantest aspects, and to show you a scene that always rises before me when I try to recall my first impressions of Newnham.

"Imagine one of those bright October mornings, with a touch of frost in the air, which show autumn tints at their loveliest in 'the Backs' and college gardens. It is half-past eight, and breakfast is in full swing in our pretty dining-hall. Fires burn merrily in the big fireplaces, at one of which a kettle is singing; through south and east windows the cheerful sunlight falls on the 'High' and other white-covered tables gay with chrysanthemums, on creamy panelled walls and on the polished floor, the pride of our head table-maid's heart. From each and all of the tables comes a lively buzz of conversation, though without prejudice to the proper business of the hour.

"It is early in the term, and we are all eager either to hear or tell some new thing about our adventures during the long vacation, while the more virtuously disposed are making friendly overtures to our new arrivals, an obligation which the less conscientious consider only binding at dinner. I confess, for my own part, to getting up much earlier in the day than my social instincts, and to rejoicing in the informality of breakfast and lunch, which does away with any necessity for 'general conversation.'

"Custom decrees, however, that one's seat at *dinner*—unless the Vice-Principal calls one to the 'High'—should be taken without premeditation, and that everyone should then do what in her lies to promote 'the general joy of the whole table.' Of course, none but the most hardened offenders are ever heard to talk 'shop' at meals. By the way, classics and natural science, poles asunder otherwise, both seem to develop this tendency in their votaries. The hours between breakfast and lunch are variously filled up, according to the arrangement of your work; some have much coaching, some go to lectures in Cambridge, others have all their lectures at Newnham. But all the morning there is a perpetual *va et vient* between the college and the town, and a stranger, finding himself in Silver Street about ten o'clock, might be tempted to exclaim:



*From a Painting by]* MISS CLOUGH—FOUNDER OF NEWNHAM. *[J. J. Shannon.*

'There is sure another Flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Ark!' for it is mostly 'two-by-two' that we are to be seen wending our way, armed with note-books of every size and hue, to sit at the feet of our Gamaliels.

"You can lunch in Hall, either at 12.30 or at 1.15, and you are in private duty bound to devote the time between lunch and Hall tea, which goes on from three till four, to air and exercise. Whether you will play hockey, fives, or tennis, or go for a constitutional, will depend on your tastes, but there are few points on which college opinion is stronger than on the expediency, nay, duty, of doing one or the other. And here a word on our games. What would Newnham be without them? The real reason why some of the maidens whom Tennyson's Princess gathered round her were discontented and *ennuyées* must have been that there were no *games* worth mentioning at her college. Those damsels would never have 'lain about the lawns' of an afternoon and 'murmured that their May was passing' if there had been tennis matches between their halls to play in, or if the rival colours of Blanche and Psyche had been sported on a hockey-ground. In the Michaelmas term, of which I am speaking, hockey and fives are very much in the ascendant, though tennis is also played all the winter.

"Hockey is not usually considered a graceful amusement, but one need only see it played at Newnham to realize that it can be at once exciting and pretty to watch; in fact, it was as an admiring spectator of our team practices that I first learnt the error of supposing that the female form divine is unadapted for running gracefully. Devotees of this game will not hear of anything else being compared to it; it throws a spell over its votaries as potent, though less unaccountable than that exercised by golf. Like golf, too, if you do not love it madly it will have none of you: you had better not play at all. Fives was immensely popular last year, but it is too brief and concentrated a game to be anyone's sole form of exercise. Tennis is our most catholic diversion, being played and enjoyed by high and low in the ranks of our college and house clubs, and the extremes of good and bad play are often to be seen at once on adjoining courts.

"At this time of year there are not the same temptations to remain out of doors that make it so hard to work between tea and dinner in the May term. But when one has time, what

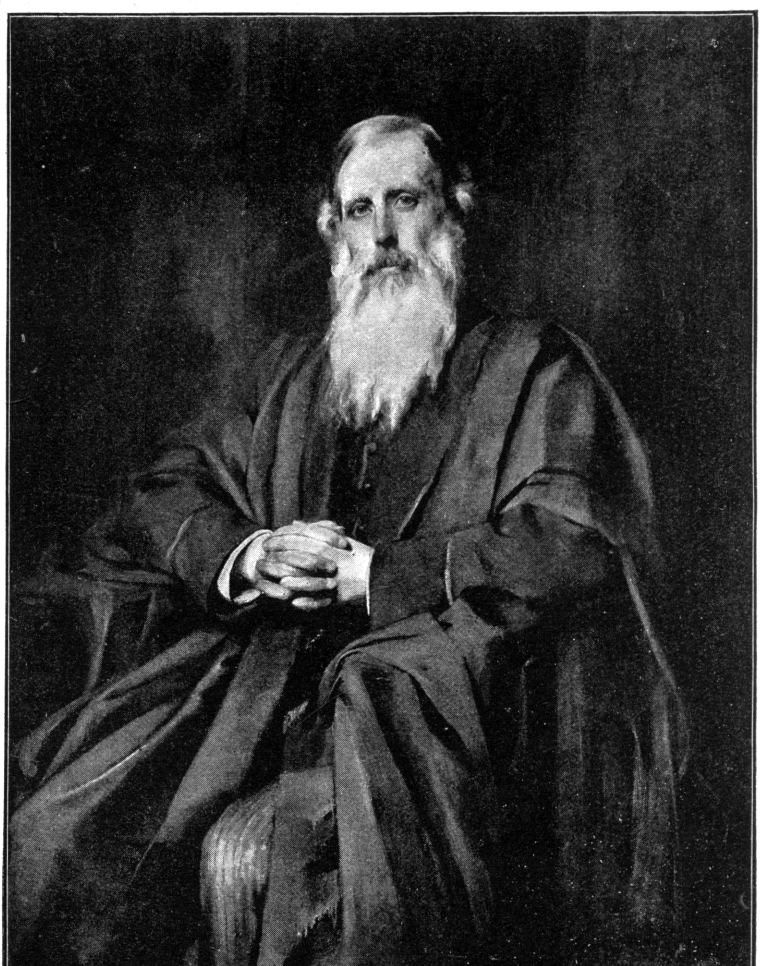
more pleasant than to go to King's for evensong; to walk under the yellowing trees of 'the Backs' in the early twilight, and then to watch the twinkling lights and great overarching gloom of the chapel, 'and hear the mighty organ rolling waves of sound on roof and floor'?

"Our dinner, or 'Hall,' at half-past six is the next event to be mentioned, but I have already said enough about our meals while on the subject of breakfast, and will pass on to the important hour between dinner and evening tea. Most college societies hold their meetings at this hour, and their name being legion, nothing but the inconvenience of being in two places at once prevents one from attending a couple of societies almost every night of the week.

"The largest and most important is the Debating Society, whose meetings, held twice a term, are our chief social events. A Newnham debate is always a pretty sight; the great hall is brilliantly lit; the daïs, where the President graces her chair of state, is further decorated with groups of small palms and flowering plants, while the body of the hall is thronged with members and visitors, and looks like a bright-coloured parterre. The scene from the gallery, especially during the dancing that follows debates, ought to convince anybody that when lovely woman stoops to book-learning, she does *not* lose all interest in her personal appearance.

"All sorts and conditions of speakers are to be heard on these occasions, but few do themselves full justice in the rather trying positions of proposer or opposer of the motions discussed. The presence of visitors, the general air of pomp and circumstance, the fact that even one's own familiar friends look less familiar than usual *en grande tenue*, cause most people to feel a little shy and constrained, at least on commencing their remarks. Decidedly the best speeches are to be heard at our Political Society, which meets once a week, and models itself, at a humble and respectful distance, upon the House of Commons.

"We have, of course, a Speaker, a Government, and an Opposition; but tenure of office is with us a matter of amicable arrangement between the leaders of the Conservative, Gladstonian, and Liberal Unionist parties, who usually take it in turn to form a Ministry, which then flourishes, careless of majorities, for a couple of terms.



*From a Painting by]* PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK. *[J. J. Shannon.*

*From a Painting by]* MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK—PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM. *[J. J. Shannon.*

"And now comes the very witching time of night when not only churchyards, but the industrious student, may begin to yawn. From eight till ten o'clock she has laboured in her vocation, secured, perhaps, from intrusion by our substitute for the 'oak' of other colleges—a slip of metal bearing the legend 'Engaged,' which can be displayed at pleasure on her door.

"Now is the time when lights are put out in the corridors, which, though dimly lit from within the rooms by glass ventilators above the doors, are filled in certain corners with a darkness that may be felt very distinctly by the shin or forehead of the inexperienced voyager after cocoa. To carry a candle would be a confession of incompetence that is universally disdained; but it is quite *en régle* for a 'fresher' to strike an occasional match outside rooms that give forth sounds of revelry, in order to discover from the name on the door whether she has come to the right entertainment or must quest further.

"The word 'cocoa,' like the word 'poltics,' of immortal celebrity, 'surprises by himself,' and I must try to supply its context for the uninitiated to whom it merely suggests a cup which cheers quite as little as it inebriates. Perhaps the simplest plan will be to follow one of the above-mentioned 'freshers,' who is bidden to a cocoa, and see what becomes of her.

"The scene changes to a bright and pretty room, where you will first be struck by the inhabitants, who, to the number of ten or fifteen, are all laughing, talking, and drinking cocoa; and next by the climate, which has a tropic zone near the fire and an arctic one by the open window.

"Your hostess will be too busy making and dispensing the cocoa (assisted by a *fidus Achates*) to say much to you herself, but she will take care that you get embarked on the stream of vivacious talk about half a hundred subjects dear to the heart of girls in general and Newnhamites in particular. If you have not much to say yourself you will find it very good fun to listen and look on.

"Contrary to the received opinion of novelists, the sweet girl graduate has not one but many types, and college life, by giving free play to the athletic, the social, the musical, the managing, the hard-working, and half-a-dozen other instincts, tends as much to turn out women with a redeeming leaven of in-

dividuality as 'good society' does to make every girl an exact replica of every other in dress, language, ideas, and character.

"But come, it is long past eleven, and time to be going, for that student who looked in just now and casually remarked that we were making a good deal of noise, did so in the official capacity of 'J.P.' We elect justices of the peace from among ourselves, and, on a well-known principle, it is the noisiest people who are oftenest chosen for the office of maintaining comparative quiet during work hours and late at night. Strange to say, I have been a J.P. myself; but that was for quite a different reason."

I will conclude this record of a most agreeable visit with that base ingratitude which is characteristic of wicked man by telling an irreverent story.

There is a legend that some time ago Mr. Gladstone planted a chestnut tree in the grounds at Newnham, but the naughty undergraduates from the neighbouring college of Selwyn managed by stratagem or bribery to spirit it away. They also sent cards to all the principal photographers of Cambridge instructing them to come and photograph it. The unsuspecting photographers arrived and found great lamentation, but no tree. Mr. Gladstone, however, was good enough to repeat the experiment, and the second tree is happily intact.

*From a Photo. by]* A GROUP OF NEWNHAM GIRLS. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## No. XXXVII.—LORD AND LADY BRASSEY.

By M. Griffith.

PARK LANE is the most aggressively aristocratic spot in London. The very houses have an insolent air of not being compelled to keep up appearances, or to ape the vulgar uniformity of modern structures. The architecture is delightfully erratic, and belongs to no known style.

Some of the houses are low, some high, some bay-windowed and gay with flowers; others have hideous verandas; some face the road and the park, others turn their backs on it, while a few compromise matters by giving only a side view to the passers-by. In one part several houses are clustered closely together as if anxious to take up as little room as possible, with often a small bijou residence tightly sandwiched between two gaunt sombre ones. Some have lawns or gardens, with massive iron gates; others shabby little doors, which look as if they were never meant to open, and are guiltless of bell or knocker.

The numbering has been done upon the same chaotic principle. You will find, say, No. 7, and naturally expect that No. 8 will come next. Nothing of the kind; the next is 16, and No. 8 will probably be in some other street. The eminently respectable police who patrol Park Lane have evidently given up the problem of solving these trifling eccentricities, for if a puzzled stranger were to question one of them on the subject, he would doubtless reply, "I am not sure," and—with a comprehensive wave of his white gloved hand—"but it ought to be somewhere 'ere's about." So it ought; but, alas! experience has taught us that "it is the unexpected that always happens."

I was not a stranger to the little complexities of this haunt of the moneyed great, so on one of the about seven tropical days which constitute an English summer, I leisurely wended my way to 24, Park Lane, to see Lord and Lady Brassey, and to gather material for an article for The Strand Magazine. What a relief to enter that cool hall, with its walls hidden by trophies and arms of all kinds, and the wide, crimson-covered staircase, at the top of which a recumbent statue gleamed ivory-white against a background of growing plants.

Lady Brassey's private rooms are on the second floor, reached by the lift. I was ushered into the boudoir, and graciously received by the fair *châtelaine*, a tall, handsome woman of stately presence, with a very winning smile. Lady Sybil de Vere Brassey—as her full name runs—is the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden, granddaughter of the late Earl of Essex, and sister of the present Earl. Her father—she informed me—died before succeeding to the title. So she never lived in her beautiful ancestral home, Cassiobury Park, Hertfordshire.

*From a Photo. by]* LORD BRASSEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Lady Brassey was married in 1890, and has one dear little girl, the Hon. Helen de Vere Brassey. In the course of

*From a Photo. by]* LADY BRASSEY. *[Alice Hughes, Gower St.*

conversation, I learnt that before her marriage she lived very quietly, had travelled but little, that her uneventful home-life had developed a great taste for reading, and that she was an enthusiast about sculpture, a great walker, an accomplished horsewoman, and very fond of punting.

"After my marriage," Lady Brassey said, "we went for a six weeks' cruise in the *Sunbeam*, visiting Spain and Italy."

In reply to my question if she was a good sailor, she smiled and said, "Not at first, but now I am getting better, and am beginning to enjoy it."

The next voyage was in the following spring. A visit was paid to the Gulf of Spezzia, where Lord Brassey has large interests in lead-smelting works.

"On the 1st of January, 1893," Lady Brassey continued, "we set sail for the West Indies. We had a large party of guests on board, including my relatives, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Dorothea Murray, Mr. Spencer Lyttleton, and Major Seymour Finch. In going out we had very rough weather; we were only away about three months."

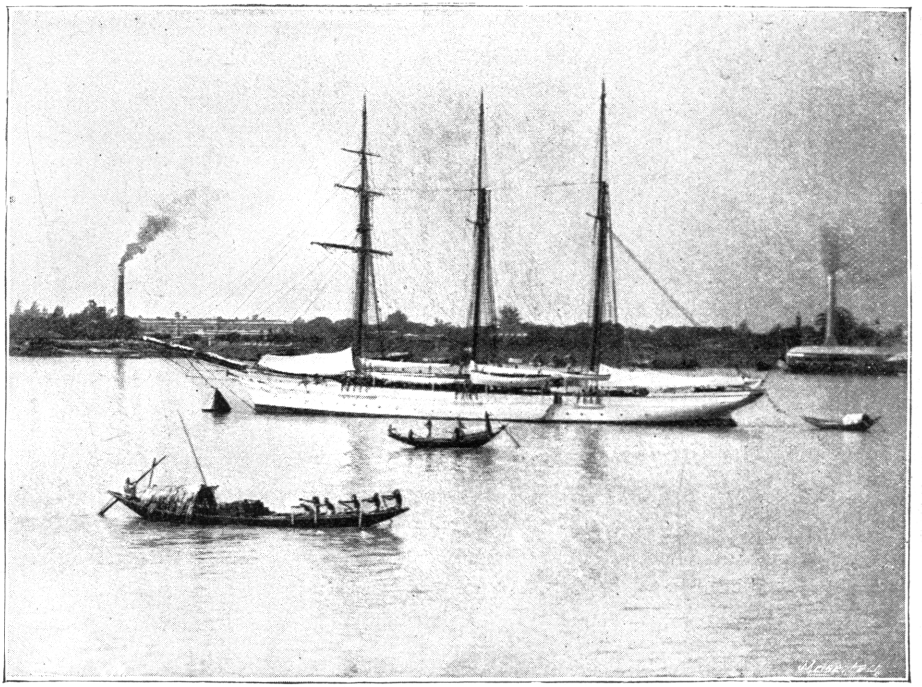
"I described the *Sunbeam* some three years ago," I said; "are her decorations still the same?"

"She was rearranged and refitted," Lady Brassey replied, "so as to be in readiness for a voyage to India, where we went last year. The photograph I have given you of the yacht was taken in Calcutta. You see the native boats round her."

The *Sunbeam* was in Calcutta for about two months when Lord Brassey was President of the Royal Commission on Opium. They stayed over Christmas there, entertaining a great many friends on board. The *Sunbeam* was then sent to Bombay, where Lord and Lady Brassey rejoined her.

The deck-house is the most frequently occupied of all the cabins, being used as a drawing-room. I also give an illustration of the dining saloon, with the table laid. The walls are of chintz, covered with choice water-colour drawings. The paint is white, relieved with gold, and the mirrors are surrounded with lattice-work upon which ivy is twisted. The mast, which is in one corner of the room, is also twisted with it. The table swings on gimbals. In Lady Brassey's cabin the walls are covered with chintz, and the fittings, including book-

HON. HELEN DE VERE BRASSEY.
*From a Photo. by George Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.*



*From a]* THE "SUNBEAM."—TAKEN IN CALCUTTA. *[Photograph.*

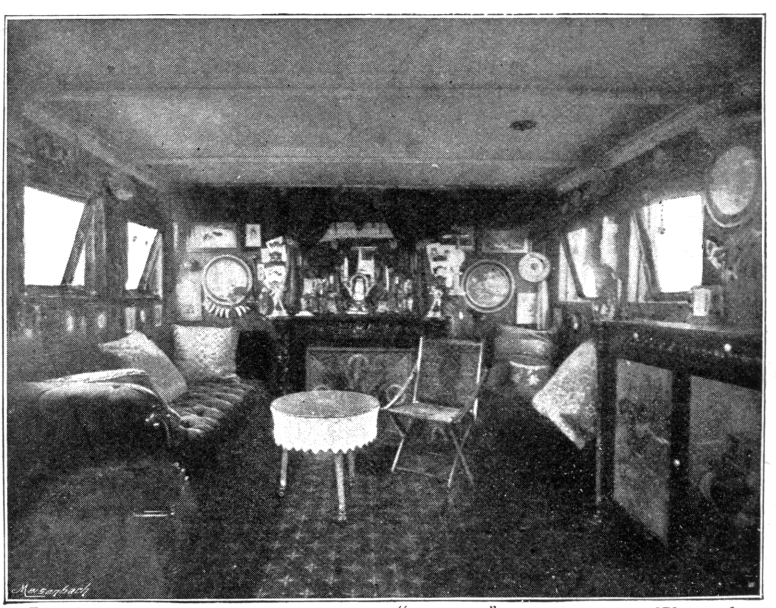
shelves and wardrobes, are of ebony, and many choice water-colours adorn the walls.

All the cabins on the *Sunbeam* are beautifully fitted and arranged, and but for the size one could imagine oneself in a splendidly furnished house.

"Are you fond of hunting?" was my next question.

"Yes, very; and so is Lord Brassey, and we keep horses at Leigh.ton for that purpose. We spend the autumn at Normanhurst Court, the season in town, and I generally go to Scotland for about six weeks every year."

Lady Brassey has a horror of publicity, and it was only by occasional remarks that I was able to learn a little more of her life outside society circles. For instance, that during the pressure of the London season, with all its attendant gaieties and consequent fatigue, the dinner parties, balls, and fortnightly musical reunions at which she has to enact the hostess, she still finds time and inclination for benefiting and personally visiting the poor and suffering. She has founded a convalescent home for children at Bexhill, Sussex, and is a frequent and



*From a]* DECK-HOUSE.—"SUNBEAM." *[Photograph.*

*From a]* LADY BRASSEY'S CABIN.—"SUNBEAM." *[Photograph.*

welcome visitor at the Seamen's Hospital near the Victoria and Albert Docks, with which Lord Brassey is also associated.

"Is not that rather far for you to go?" I asked.

"Yes, but no one else will go on that account," replied Lady Brassey.

I also learnt that she was on the Committee of the Mayfair Union for the Rescue of Young Girls.

My attention was attracted by a beautiful Dachshund, named "Grâfin" (Countess).

"I am very fond of dogs," Lady Brassey said, "and have always two or three about me; but this one is my favourite."

"Grâfin" evidently was fully aware of the fact, for she took both admiration and caresses quite as a matter of course.

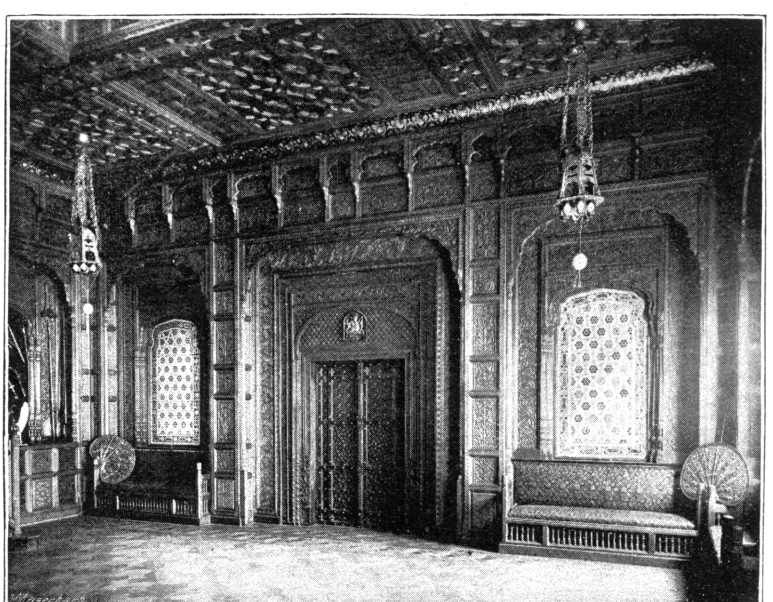
During a temporary interruption of our conversation, I tried to take a mental picture of the boudoir, but utterly failed. I remember that it was a long room divided by arches and pillars, with chintz-covered furniture and walls rich with lovely Eastern fabrics and draperies, many palms, and flowers and priceless objects of all kinds, gathered from many lands. The writing-table at which Lady Brassey was seated had the top covered with photographs, and it was furnished with all the dainty appliances which make writing a pleasure, yet withal it bore an appearance of being used for a great deal of systematic and serious work. I may add that the room was most harmonious in colouring and arrangement; no one object thrust itself upon you—it was not as if furnished to order, but a reflex in many ways of the tastes of the owner. If I had the necessary space I would describe the ball-room at Park Lane, with its parquet flooring; the two drawing-rooms—the one red, the other yellow—the curtains of which are of Eastern material, gorgeously embroidered; the smoking-room, with china-decorated walls on a red background, and door and ceiling painted in Moorish style. In the dining-room are several large paintings, all modern, and all by English artists, including, among many others, "A Calm Day on the Scheldt" and "The Goodwin Sands," by E. W. Cooke, R.A.; "Grassmere," by Copley Fielding; "Ripening Sunbeams," by Vicat Cole, R.A.; "The Woodland Mirror," by R. Redgrave, R.A.; "On the Road to Mentone," by Cecil Lawson; and "Gibraltar," by Keeley Halswelle.

Lord Brassey's study is green-walled, with painted ceiling, the furniture is of light oak

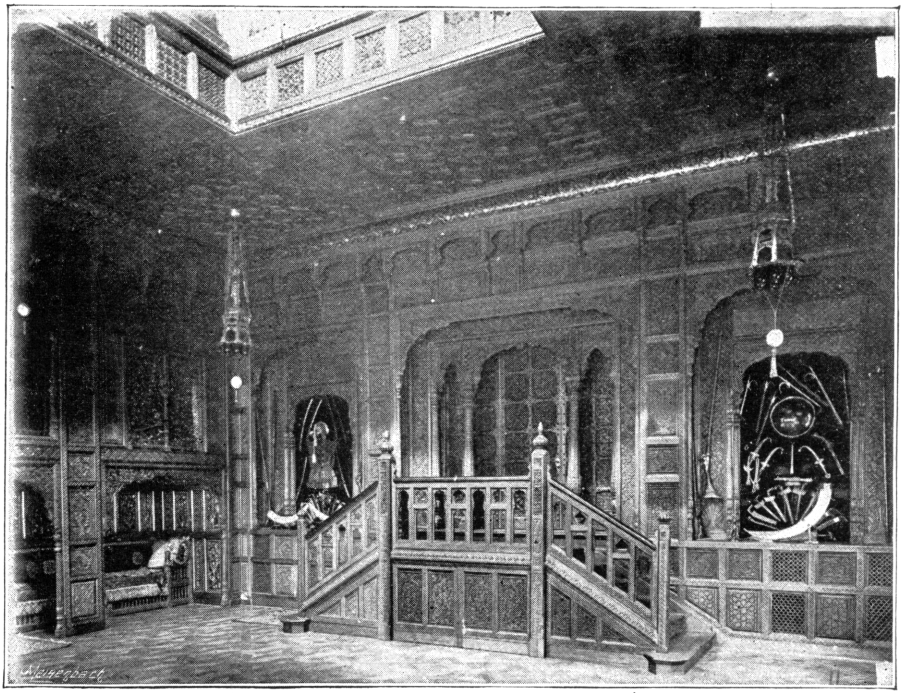
*From a]* SALOON, WITH TABLE LAID FOR LUNCH.—"SUNBEAM." *[Photograph.*

inlaid with black, and covered with peacock-green leather. It is not necessary to describe the owner; that strong but benevolent face, and the genial, kindly manner, are well known not only in political, naval, and social circles, but everywhere where a cheering word can encourage, or wealth succour, if the cause be good.

Lord Brassey was born at Stafford, in 1836, where his father, the late Mr. Thomas Brassey, was living temporarily while superintending some important railway contracts. The first school that he went to was at Dieppe, during the construction of the Rouen and Dieppe Railway. He was afterwards sent to Temple Grove, East Sheen, then to Rugby, and finally to University College, Oxford. He is an Hon. D.C.L. and M.A. It is impossible to do more in a short article than to just mention his various public appointments from 1866 to the present time. He was successively Member of Parliament for Devonport and Hastings; a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Sussex; from 1880 to 1884 a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and the



*From a]* FOLDING-DOORS OF CARVED TEAK IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. *[Photograph.*



*From a]* CARVED DOOR, PILLARS, AND STAIRCASE IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. *[Photograph.*

following year Secretary to the Admiralty; President of the Statistical Society for the year 1879–80; and in 1886 he was raised to the peerage. Lord Brassey is one of the directors of the British North Borneo Company; of the Naval Construction Armament Company; and the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company. In 1893 he was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting. At present he is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Opium, which has taken up a great deal of his time; but notwithstanding all these multifarious and arduous offices, Lord Brassey takes a personal interest in philanthropic work, such as Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of both of which he is president, and is a large subscriber to the funds of the Missions to Seamen; having quite recently given the munificent sum of £5,000 to assist the completion of the Sailors' Institute at Poplar.

I ventured to inquire the annual amount of his donations and subscriptions, and learnt that he considers it a duty to give at least a tenth part of his yearly income in charity. But I afterwards gathered from Mr. J. Potter—who has been Lord Brassey's secretary for twenty years, and was also a valued friend of the late Lady Brassey—that this was far too low an estimate, and that the whole amount is always greatly in excess of this.

Lord Brassey's beautiful yacht, the *Sunbeam*, is well known in almost every port in the world; she is a composite three-masted schooner of 532 tons, designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool.

Under the skilful management of her owner, who is also her captain, and holds a Board of Trade certificate as such, she has gallantly weathered the fiercest storms. In her handsome saloons visitors of all ranks and nationalities have been right royally entertained, and the rippling waves have danced to the merry jests and laughter of happy groups lounging on her deck. But even over the *Sunbeam* dark clouds have occasionally gathered, and there were intervals of storm, danger, and deep affliction, of which the year 1887 has left a record. For it was in this year, and during a voyage to India and Australia, after the yacht had left Port Darwin and was a thousand miles from the nearest land, that the late Lady Brassey died, and was buried at sea.

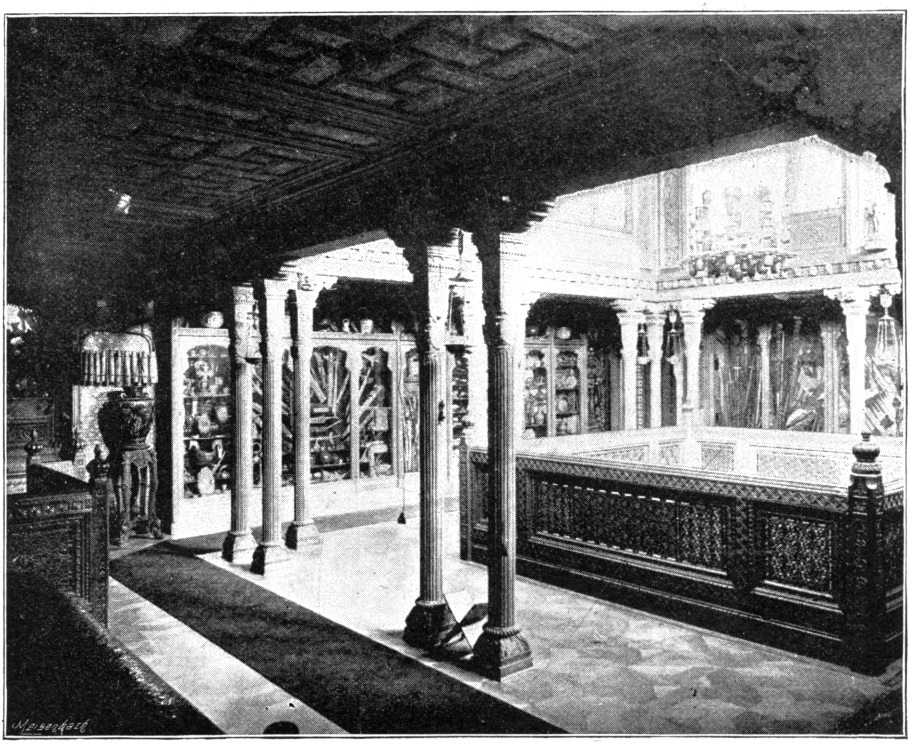
In addition to the *Sunbeam*, Lord Brassey owns a very smart yawl, of 120 tons, called the *Zarita*. He is a notable exception to the old saying that a sailor makes a bad horseman, for he is difficult to beat in the hunting-field.

Lord Brassey has distinguished himself, also, as a writer, his "Naval Annual" being a standard work of reference on all naval

matters; and there has been lately issued, in two large volumes, a collection of his papers and addresses on matters naval and maritime during the last twenty years. His opinions on these subjects are of great value, as they are based on sound knowledge and practical experience.

I cannot leave Park Lane without giving a brief description of "The Lady Brassey Museum." It is a dangerous place to visit unless you are prepared to break the tenth commandment. We will start with the ground floor, which is entered through beautifully carved folding doors made in Bombay, the pillars in front of them being of Lahore workmanship. The greater part of this lower room is what was known as the Durbar Hall of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The woods used are teak, pine, and shittim, and the greater part of the carving has been done by two natives from the Punjab. It is lit electrically, and from the centre hangs a beautiful brass lantern, suspended by eight brass chains. Another pair of folding doors of teak, of exquisite design, lead into the street. An alcove, cushioned with rich embroidery work, purchased in Cairo, and originally intended for Sultan Abdul Aziz, occupies one side of this room. The panelled walls are covered with fine specimens of Eastern arms, elephant goads, Bornean brass chain armour, and tusks. At the top of the staircase leading to the second room are cases of tropical birds, a collection of boats, models of boats, and a child's toy boat picked up by the *Sunbeam* many hundreds of miles from land.

Equally rich in carved work is the second room; the pillars and screens are works of art. Round the walls are glass cases, in which the electric light is shaded by pearl mussel shells from the Bay of Naples. Each case is filled with curios that would make a collector tear his hair with envy. Every article has its history, but space, and a stern editor, will only permit me to enumerate a few of the most remarkable among these treasures. One case contains reminiscences of voyages and personal souvenirs of the late Lady Brassey. Among other things—a lock of Queen Pomare's hair; a wooden drinking bowl, presented to Mr. Gladstone by the farmers in Norway while on a cruise in the *Sunbeam* in 1887. In another case specimens from mines, and a number of interesting objects recovered in 1886, from the



*From a*] A PART OF THE GALLERY ARCADE IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. [*Photograph.*

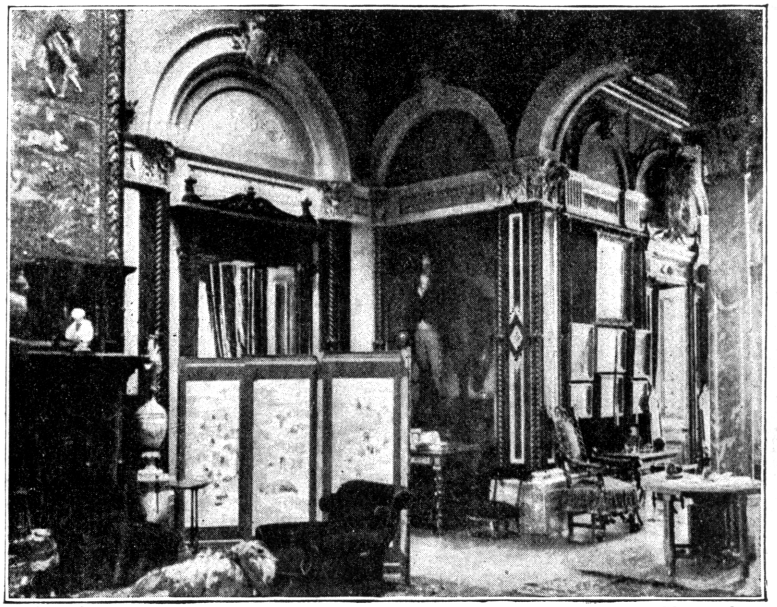
*From a]* NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

Dutch ship *Jan Thomas*, wrecked in Table Bay at the close of the last century. Then there are all kinds of Indian jewellery and brass and silversmith's work. Pottery and porcelain from various countries, curios from New Guinea, South Sea Islands, and other uncivilized countries; natural treasures from the bottom of the sea, and a very interesting and valuable collection of antiquities excavated for the late Lady Brassey in Cyprus of "peoples extending from the Phœnician and Greek to the Roman time," consisting of lamps, bowls, and gold ornaments; the foot of a mummy picked up by Lady Brassey, funeral crowns of gold leaves, spiral glass hairpins, and paintings on glass. A great variety of savage ornaments, of Indian gold ornaments and feather work; the rarest specimen among the latter being an Aleutian Island chief's cloak, made of the feathers of the great northern loon, and trimmed with sea-parrots' bills.

I was greatly interested in the doorway of a Buddhist monastery, from Tibet, of dark, highly-polished wood, grotesquely carved. In the museum lobby and library are ninety volumes of photographs, copies of every edition of the late Lady Brassey's and Lord Brassey's works, and Mr. Pritchett's paintings and drawings and original sketches for the illustration of the late Lady Brassey's "In the Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties." The subdued light, the rich odour of fragrant sandal and cedar, the exquisite colouring, remind one more of an Indian palace than a London mansion. Putting aside the monetary value of this unique collection, which is so magnificently and appropriately housed, it is a lasting memorial of the popularity of Lord Brassey, as well as of the energy and fearlessness of the late Lady Brassey.

I must now carry my readers from Park Lane to Normanhurst Court, near to Battle, which was built for Lord Brassey by his father in 1886, from designs by Mr. Habershon, of the firm of Habershon and Brock. The style is what is called "François Premier," and the material Kentish rag-stone. It commands a magnificent view of the adjacent country, rendered historical by the Battle of Hastings. Normanhurst is some six miles from the sea as the crow flies, and the whole estate covers, roughly speaking, about 5,000 acres. As we ascend the flight of steps leading to the door, we are reminded that from these steps the late M. Waddington delivered his first public speech in England, on the occasion of the visit of a party of working men to Normanhurst, where he happened to be on a visit.

The central hall is very grand and picturesque; it is surrounded by fine oak galleries with iron balustrades. Here hangs a magnificent tapestry worked in floss silk from designs by the celebrated



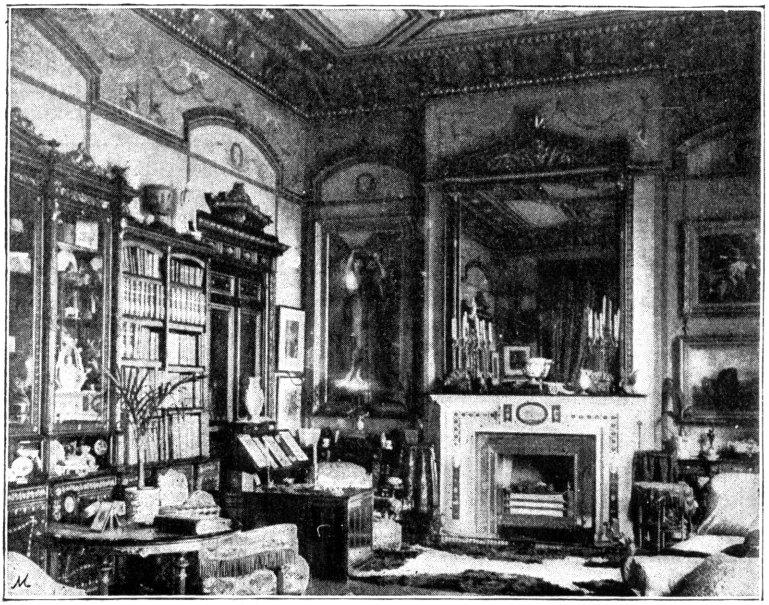
*From a]* CORNER OF HALL.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

Italian painter, Perino del Vaga. It once covered a throne in the Ducal Palace at Palermo. A beautiful cabinet of lacquered wood is decorated with ornaments in relief of ivory and mother-of-pearl, while the interior has *applique* work in silver filigree, and is incrusted with turquoise and other gems. The high-backed ebony chairs in the anteroom are from the Contarini Palace, in Venice; here are also several fine specimens of modern and antique china, frames of rare coins, and pictures, one entitled "Little Buttercups," by G. A. Storey, being a portrait of Lord Brassey's little daughter, who died when only six years old. Very striking is the life-size seated figure of a woman in white marble. It is "The Song of the Shirt," by Marshall Wood.

The furniture at Normanhurst is all modern, but every room is a perfect museum of rare and beautiful objects, including some of the finest specimens of ancient and modern Japanese art-pottery, china, jewellery, ivory and silver work, etc., weapons, engravings, and medallions, collected at an immense cost. Many of these treasures, of historic value and interest, are gathered into what is known as the Pompeiian Room, which has a painted ceiling, by Cendron, the subject being "Fortuna." On one side of the room is a very handsome book-case and cabinet combined, which was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1867; and it was this piece of furniture that suggested the particular style of decoration of the room.

Among the thousand and one curios of which the room is full, it is difficult to select the most wonderful. Several beautiful lacquer boxes ornamented with beaten gold were formerly the property, and bear the crest, of the "Tycoon," the supreme ruler of Japan, now termed Mikado. A hand-screen of arrowroot-fibre was presented to the late Lady Brassey by the Dowager Queen of Huahine. A ghastly necklace is composed of braids of human hair cut from the heads of enemies killed in battle by King Kamehameha of Honolulu. Fish-hooks of mother-of-pearl are from the South Sea Islands; they require no bait, their glittering beauty serving to attract the fish.

Very interesting is a cabinet containing forty-eight reduced reproductions in plaster of the Elgin marbles, being the result of twelve years' diligent labour of John Henning, who was the son of a carpenter at Paisley, and one of the founders of the Society of British Artists. My attention was next attracted by a frame containing decorations conferred on Lord Brassey's father, consisting of the Iron Crown of Austria, the Order of SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro (Italy), the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour (France). The Imperial Decree, nominating the late Mr. Brassey Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, bears the date of January 12th, 1856; then there are four medals also presented to him—of the Duke of Orleans, Victoria Bridge, Canada, Great Exhibition, 1851, and Birkenhead Docks. Two plateaux of dragon china are extremely rare—it was forbidden to export this china, so these two specimens were smuggled away on board ship under cover of the sailors' beef by the late Lady Brassey's great-grandfather, who commanded a man-of-war in the last century, one of the first British men-of-war that ever entered a Chinese port. A teapot of white earthenware, painted with flowers,



*From a]* POMPEIIAN ROOM.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

bears the following inscription: "The elder Brewster teapot. The original was brought to America in ye *May Flower*, A.D. 1620, and has been exactly copied and reproduced by Richard Briggs Boston, from ye Aramic collection of Gov. Lyon, 1871." Very fine are the engravings of portraits in the room.

The drawing-room ceiling is painted by Barras, and represents "The Apotheosis of Alexander"; the portières are of plum-coloured velvet with coloured silk hand embroidery. Four of the panels on the walls are covered with hangings of white silk, richly-worked, the principal design being a peacock of gorgeous plumage. These hangings were made for the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and were hidden away during the Revolution, and were only discovered during the Commune of 1871. A Venetian mirror, bordered with flowers of crystal, is one of a pair made for Louis XIV., and presented by him to Madame de Maintenon; the companion one was at the Palace of St. Cloud, and was shattered by one of the first shells fired from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. Here may be seen a pair of vases painted by Queen Charlotte Matilda of England, who married Frederic King of Wurtemberg. The china-room I dare not begin to describe, much as I would like to. I will only mention one thing—a dejeuner set, in a case. The tray or plateau has in the centre the imitation of the original sardonyx cameo, representing the "Apotheosis of Alexander." This was the property of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of George IV., and was purchased at the sale in 1818.

In the dining-room hangs an excellent portrait of Lord Brassey, by the late Frank Holl, presented by his constituents and friends at Hastings and neighbourhood. There is also a full-length portrait of the late Lady Brassey, by Sir Francis Grant, painted about thirty years ago; and a remarkable picture of "Dinant on the Meuse," by Robert Browning, son of the great poet. The Brassey presentation shield is worthy of special mention. It was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1857, and is of silver-gilt, 36in. in diameter, and weighing 500 oz. On it are portraits in ivory of the engineers under whom the late Mr. Brassey executed railway works, and enamel paintings of the twelve greatest engineering works carried out by him.

The shield bears the following inscription: "Presented to Thomas Brassey, Esq., with portraits of Mrs. Brassey and himself, to express the gratitude, respect, and good wishes of his agents, sub-contractors, and workmen, and to perpetuate the association of his name with some of the greatest works and most eminent engineers of his country. 2 April, 1857." In the late Lady Brassey's room are a washstand and console table that were a part of the furniture in Napoleon I.'s bedroom at St. Helena.

The boudoir is octagonal in shape, with dome ceiling decorated like those of the Alhambra. Here are several fine tankards and cups won by Mrs. Brassey's horses and dogs. A ribbon of white silk was sent to the late Lady Brassey by the Crown Princess of Prussia when her eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte of Meiningen, was married. Another valuable gift is a gold and pink enamel locket, set with pearls and diamonds, presented by Chulaboukoum Paranca Rajadhiraja, King of

Siam, and containing his portrait. His Majesty visited Normanhurst in 1859. A beautiful gold cable bracelet, weighing thirty sovereigns, is a gift from the Maharajah of Johore. A native woman's dress of white linen came from Queen Kaiulani, of the Sandwich Islands.

Mounted on a chair are the head, feet, and plumage of an ostrich, whose flesh formed a part of the menu of a dinner at Normanhurst. There are a great number of pictures from the Alnutt collection, including several by David Cox, and a water-colour, "Solitude," said to be one of the largest in the world, by G. Barrett, and a valuable collection of the engraved works of Raphael Morghen.

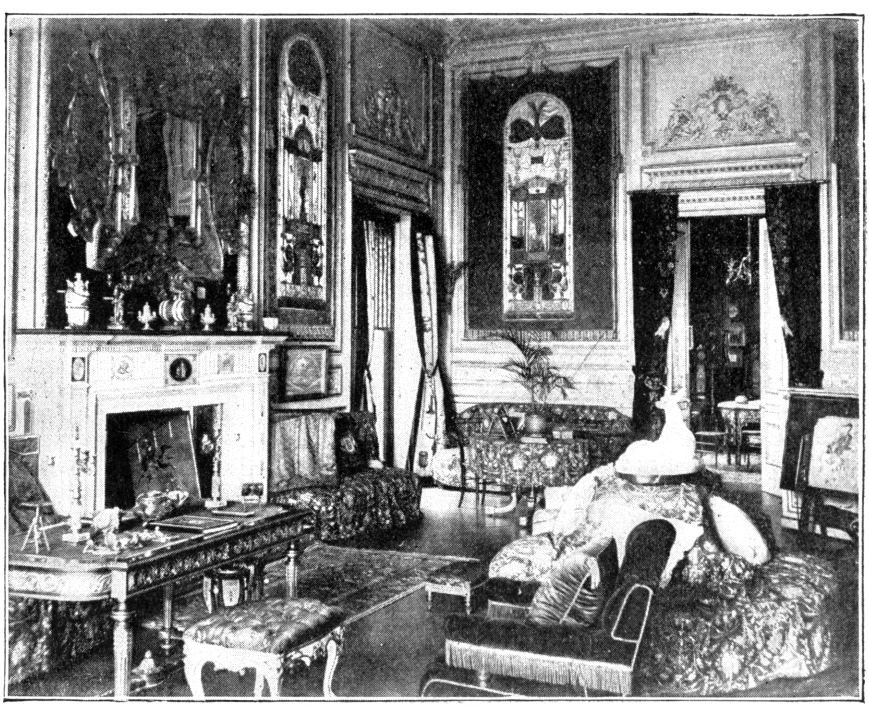
Very beautiful and rare is the royal feather cloak. When the king of the Sandwich Islands visited Normanhurst in 1881, he greatly admired it, and said that he was then trying to collect sufficient feathers to make a new royal robe for Queen Kapiolani, and offering a dollar for every single feather. So the monetary value of this cloak can be imagined. The feathers of which it is composed are scarlet and yellow, arranged in diamond-shaped pattern. An exquisite piece of gold brocade was presented by Take-hito, nephew and heir-apparent of the Mikado of Japan. A mother-of-pearl ivy-leaf candlestick, mounted in silver, was one that was placed at the foot of Marie Antoinette's coffin, having been previously given by her to one of her ladies-in-waiting.

The late Lady Brassey acquired a large collection of gold ornaments from the graves of some aboriginal races of the north-western province of South America. They include not only personal and religious ornaments but also rare implements, and show how thoroughly the goldsmith's art was understood and practised by the Indians. Some of these graves contained ornaments worth from £4,000 to £13,000.

A written description can never do justice to the exquisite works of art with which every room, both at Park Lane and Normanhurst Court, is enriched. Days and weeks might be profitably spent in studying them.

A beautiful painting of Lady Brassey, by Mr. Ellis Roberts, will shortly be completed, and added to the Normanhurst collection of portraits.

Normanhurst Court is a lovely spot; and its lord and lady are as noted for their lavish hospitality as they are for their courteous kindness to all with whom they come in contact. I forgot to mention that Lord Brassey has three daughters married. And — strange coincidence—all to masters of hounds who reside within a ten miles' radius of Normanhurst.



*From a]* DRAWING-ROOM.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*


By Mrs. E. Newman.

"A HUNDRED and ninety-nine pounds nineteen and ninepence for cigars — in only a couple of terms! Confound it all, what does the man take me for?"

"He takes you for the son and heir of Sir Anthony Dane, and he knows he will get his money," said Charles Clifford, glancing at the "little account" the other had thrown on to the table by which he sat, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his legs stretched out.

"Not so easily as he imagines, perhaps. He will have to render a more circumstantial account than that, any way!" ejaculated Dane; adding, with some vexation: "To make its appearance just now, of all times!"

"Oh, come; it can't be so bad as all that," said Clifford, beginning to look a little surprised at the other frowning down at the paper. "I should be glad enough to change places with you, old man."

"Because you look at it from an outsider's point of view," returned Dane, taking up the "little account" again, throwing himself into the window seat overlooking the college quad, and proceeding to once more go over the separate items.

It was not that there would be any difficulty in obtaining the money. He knew that the bill would be settled by his father at once, and probably without a word of comment. It was, in fact, a question of honour with him, and his pride was touched. Bills had accumulated before; and this, not because he was in an extravagant set, or had luxurious tastes and habits; but that, from a disinclination for business details, he had got into a way of leaving them to arrange themselves. This had occasioned his father some anxiety, and he had pledged his word that it should not occur again.

Leonard Dane would succeed to a large property; and Sir Anthony's keen sense of the responsibilities attaching to the position rendered him desirous that his son should be more executive than he seemed inclined to be. He would, indeed, have been more ready to excuse laxity in almost any other direction than this. Inclined as he was to studious pursuits, Dane none the less heartily subscribed to his father's views as to the duties devolving upon the owner of large landed estates, and he was not a little annoyed at the thought that this debt would seem to prove that he had broken faith. That it

should have accumulated through carelessness did not mend matters. It was precisely the carelessness that his father complained of.

He had been under the impression that during this last year of his residence at the University he had kept well within his liberal allowance, and had congratulated himself upon being able to meet his father with a clear conscience. His own ambition seemed about to be gratified. He was leaving the University with every prospect of taking a good place, if he did not come out one of the first on the list, and with the reputation of being likely to do his college some credit. But what he wanted was to be able to say that he had kept his word, and was out of debt, when next his father and he clasped hands.

He sat pondering over the bill, beginning now to see that cigars represented barely half of what was charged for. He recollected, too, his careless nod or half-assent to the suggestions that certain silver cigarette-cases, match-boxes, expensively mounted pipes, and other luxuries that went to swell the amount should be sent on approval, and seeing them afterwards lying about his rooms, although he had gone on using the shabby old aids and appliances to which he had got accustomed. Nor was he a great smoker. The cigars had been consumed by his friends—chiefly Clifford—an occasional pipe sufficing for his own needs.

"It's no use, I can't face the old father just now," he said, unconsciously speaking half aloud. "If I kept away a couple of weeks the half-year's cheque would come in, and I could pay this off without——I have more than half a mind to——"

"I wish you would run down to our place with me for two or three weeks, Dane," put in Clifford, unmistakable earnestness in his fair, handsome face, the habitual expression of which was somewhat mercurial, in contrast with that of the other's—Dane's penetrative grey eyes and firmly-cut features seeming to indicate a stronger mental fibre.

"Very kind of you, Clifford; but your people might not exactly see——"

"Oh! you would be ever so much more than welcome, if that is what you mean. You would find us as ready as the rest to kow-tow to the heir of Redlands."

Dane regarded him a little dubiously. Cynicism did not come naturally to Clifford. Were things going wrong with him, too—again? He was in the habit of spending a great deal of his time in an uncertain, desultory fashion in Dane's rooms. Widely as their tastes differed in some respects, each found something which attracted him in the other. Their acquaintance had begun at Eton, where Dane, the elder by two or three years, had been of some service to Clifford in the way of helping him out of scrapes. At the University, Clifford had had the same aptitude for getting into difficulties, and appealing to Dane for help. Naturally frank, high spirited, and open-handed, he was always crippled in means, the allowance he received from his father being too small to admit of his doing as others did; although he, too, was the son of a wealthy man.

Dane took all the more interest in the other from being under the impression that the father was a wrong-headed old martinet, who did not understand, and could not make allowance for, his son's peculiar temperament. Worse still, the father made no attempt to appeal to the evident good in the young man. Dane knew no more of the other's people than he had gathered from Clifford himself, and from certain letters from an anxious, tender-hearted sister, entreating her Charlie to be "brave and strong. Granted, he found it difficult to please father, what then? Who was the worse for doing difficult things?" And so forth.

Captain Clifford, a retired naval officer, was a widower with two daughters, reckoned as "only girls," and this one son, for whom his ambition was high. By a process of drill and training, peculiarly his own, he had early begun his endeavours to eradicate the tendencies he objected to in the boy, and to build up an entirely different nature. With all his defects, Clifford was something better than his father's training would have made him.

"Make up your mind to go with me, Dane," went on Clifford, who had risen to his feet, and stood with his eyes fastened eagerly upon the other. "You like the sea; our place is close to it, and my father has a capital little yacht, which would be at your service when you were inclined for a sail. I think you might manage to get through two or three weeks with us, and—if you could only know what a different going-home it would be for me, old fellow! To tell the truth, I am in a worse fix than ever, and your being with me would make things so much easier."

Dane was not disinclined. It would be a means of getting through a couple of weeks, and afford him a reasonable excuse to send to his father for not going home at once.

He made some slight demur about the shortness of the notice which the other would be able to give to those at home—the possibility of spare rooms being taken up, and so forth—objections which were very quickly disposed of by Clifford.

"I can guarantee all that; there will be a spare room, and a hearty welcome. Why, I shall get a sort of reflected glory from you, old fellow. I am not sure that my father has ever quite believed in your friendship for me, and this will prove that it has not been all brag. It will do me no end of good! I will write a line to them at once, and we will go by the two o'clock express to-morrow. I wrote to my sister this morning, telling her to be sure to have someone there the first evening, to serve as a buffer between me and my father. But, whether she does or not, it will be all right for me now," adding, as he caught up his cap and made towards the door, "don't forget the train leaves at two, sharp; we shall be down there in time for dinner."

Dane nodded: "I will be there."

He was at the railway station the next day in good time, as was not Clifford, who rushed on to the platform just as the train was about to move off, put his last shilling into the impatient guard's hand, and sprang into a carriage with Dane, heated and excited by a last skirmish with someone outside.

"Well to be you, Dane, not bothered as I am," he ejaculated, as they were whirled swiftly away.

"That precious cigar bill, to wit."

"Don't expect me to condole with you about that when it has brought you to my rescue once more. I should have done something desperate—enlisted, perhaps, or gone out of the country—disappeared altogether, rather than face the welcome awaiting me at home. If it were not for the little sisters, who—— But where's the use of going into that now? I shall tide it over this time, and the future must take care of itself," proceeding to make the most of the present, and causing the time to pass pleasantly enough for his companion with his lively sallies *àpropos* of any and every thing.

Dane noticed that his gaiety evaporated as they drew nearer their destination; his dread of the coming meeting with his father seeming to return with redoubled force.

At the station they found a dogcart awaiting them, and to this themselves and their trunks were speedily transferred. Clifford took the reins, the groom sprang up behind, and they were presently whirling along the high road leading over the hill towards his father's place, situated some three or four miles from the town.

Dane was not much impressed by his first view of Clifford's ancestral halls. A large, square-built, bare-looking house, with everything about it kept in very trim order, prettily situated between two hills, and opposite an opening in the cliffs which faced one side of a large bay. The country round, with its stretches of velvety downs and woody declivities leading down to a fishing village, was picturesque enough. But the best that could be said of the house and grounds was that the first was substantially built, and that the last were somewhat extensive and well laid out.

"HE SPRANG INTO A CARRIAGE."

Nor could much be said for their reception. No one came forward to welcome them. A servant, who made his appearance at the hall door as they alighted, informed Clifford that

the Blue Room had been prepared for Mr. Dane; adding, with a meaning glance, that Mr. Charles knew the master's ways, and dinner would be served in half an hour.

With a word to the servant about the train having been late, Clifford led the way upstairs. Passing along a corridor from which opened several doors, he ushered Dane into a good-sized and well-appointed room.

"I hope you will find all you want, Dane," he said, in a nervous, constrained way. "Excuse my asking you to be ready as soon as you can; my father does not like dinner being delayed. And—would you mind going down when you are ready?—the first room to the right when you reach the hall. You'll find me there, and," with a little laugh, "the first amenities will be over. Only, don't give us too long for them."

"Time enough, but not too much. I see, old fellow," realizing more fully what the meeting between father and son was likely to be.

He made such good speed in the process of getting into his evening clothes as to be ready to descend within the time. Passing along the corridor, he went slowly down the broad oak stairs, speculating as he went on what the Cliffords were going to be like.

He had reached the hall, and was crossing it towards the room on the right, when his attention was attracted to a maidservant standing just within a baized door, leading apparently to the domestic offices, and making signs to him.

He paused a moment, regarding her with some surprise; then, recognising that she was in fact beckoning to him, went towards her.

She glanced round, as though to make sure there was no one else near; then, with a mysterious air, drew a note from her pocket and presented it to him.

"For me?" he inquired. "Are you sure?"

"Yes"; adding in a low voice, "I was to give it to you when you were quite alone; and ask you to read it before you go into the drawing-room, if you please."

He nodded assent, thinking now that he understood, and the girl retired, letting the door swing noiselessly to.

"A warning from Master Charlie. Something I am to be specially careful to mention, or not to mention, I suppose," he thought, unfolding the note. He saw at once that the writing was not Clifford's—a few lines written in pencil.

"Go down to the Laurel Walk as soon as you leave the dining-room—alone. Not a word of this to *anyone*."

He stood for a few moments gazing down at the words with bewildered eyes. How could such a message be meant for him? It must be a mistake. And yet—no, surely not—the girl had seemed to have no doubt whatever. Should he——?

He heard footsteps descending the stairs; hurriedly thrust the note into his pocket, and turned to enter the room Clifford had indicated to him. There could be no question as to its being the room in which was his host. The raised voice within could be no other than Captain Clifford's, thought Dane. Nor had he any scruple on the score of interrupting the discussion. Evidently Clifford was already in difficulties; and he, at any rate, would welcome anything that created a diversion.

Captain Clifford, his son, and another, subsequently introduced to Dane as "our neighbour, Mr. Palmer," were the only occupants of the room.

With a look of relief at the sight of him, Clifford hurriedly began: "Father, my friend of friends. My father, Dane"; adding, with what the other felt was a desire to make the most of him, "as I told you, father, Dane is the big man of his college—all sorts of things are expected of him. Double first, eh, Dane?"

Captain Clifford, who had been in the midst of a tirade against his son, swallowed down his wrath, and advanced to meet his guest with outstretched hand, the colour in his face becoming a little less vivid, its expression more cordial, and his voice softening.

"Glad to welcome you here, Mr. Dane. My son is honoured by your friendship. Double first! We don't grow such crops here. Wild oats, chiefly!"

"We were at Eton together, and are old friends, Captain Clifford," returned Dane; adding a small witticism anent the division of honours, which served to put the other as nearly into a good humour as he was, just then, capable of being.

Giving utterance to a croak, which did duty for a laugh on the rare occasions he indulged in one, Captain Clifford turned to introduce Dane to the ladies, who had just entered the room. "Mr. Dane, Miss Palmer. My daughters, Viva and Alice, Mr. Dane."

Dinner being announced, he allotted Miss Palmer to Dane, saying, with a grim smile, "You must put up with Viva, I suppose, Palmer. And you," to his youngest daughter,

"CAPTAIN CLIFFORD SWALLOWED DOWN HIS WRATH."

who looked almost too much of a child to have arrived at the dignity of dining with her elders, "with Charles."

She seemed barely fifteen, sweet and fresh and guileless looking; a little awed, too, at finding herself for the first time in the position of an "emancipated" young lady.

She had pleaded so hard to be present this first night of her brother's return.

Dane courteously did his best to keep up something like a conversation with Miss Palmer, but, ready enough as she was to do her share, he found it rather hard work.

She looked about five or six and twenty, and was fair, slight, and not unattractive. But her good looks were certainly of a very different type from those of the young girl sitting opposite to her, who had been summarily introduced as Viva, and whom he had at once credited with being the writer of the letters Clifford had shown him, begging her Charlie to be brave and strong. Brave and strong she herself looked, as well as something else—her quiet, self-possessed bearing and expressive face, with its clear, reflective eyes, indicating that she was capable of the thorough good sense, as well as tender love, so evident in every line of these letters.

She was listening constrainedly—a sad look in her eyes belying the smile upon her lips—to Mr. Palmer, a short, stout man, seemingly about forty years of age, with a large, flat face and prominent, no-coloured eyes.

Dane could understand now a hint Clifford had thrown out: that the Palmers had come into their property too late to supply the deficiencies of early training. Mr. Palmer was talking to the young girl by his side in a lowered tone, his eyes dwelling upon her dainty loveliness with an air of proprietorship which was, even then, an offence to Dane.

He found it, too, increasingly difficult to listen and reply to Miss Palmer's lively sallies, in the distraction of his thoughts caused by the sad, sweet face opposite, and his speculations as to what might be the import of the missive so mysteriously worded and conveyed to him.

"We were delighted to hear we were to meet you, Mr. Dane. We have heard so much of you from Charlie, that it seems quite like meeting an old friend!"

"We" and "Charlie!" She seemed bent upon showing him the intimate terms she and her brother were upon there, thought Dane.

He murmured something about being honoured, and, to ward off the repetition of any eulogistic speeches "Charlie" might have made, he went on: "Clifford is some years older than his sisters, is he not?"

"Yes; five or six. Dearest Viva is not quite eighteen, and Alice fifteen"; going on to dilate upon her attachment to "dearest Viva" and "dearest Viva's" attachment to her in effusive, school-girl fashion, less charming at six-and-twenty than at sixteen. But this was a topic which interested him, and he listened now with a better grace.

"Dearest Viva is staying with us just now, and we have driven over to dinner. Our place, 'The Park'"—with a very large P—"is about four miles from here; and, as I

daresay Charlie has told you, we are hoping it will be Viva's home by-and-by."

"No, I have heard nothing of the kind," he replied, putting more disbelief into his tone than it was quite courteous to do. He was becoming less and less charmed with Miss Palmer.

When the ladies rose to leave the table she gave him a gracious smile, and a half-whispered word to the effect that she hoped his host would not detain them too unconscionably long there.

As it proved, Captain Clifford was as little desirous of detaining the young men as were they of remaining. They none of them, their host excepted, cared to ventilate their opinions; and he soon became drowsy, and ready enough to take their hint about leaving him to his nap.

Mr. Palmer crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room. Dane lingered behind, and, with slow, uncertain steps, made his way towards a side glass door, opening to the garden. He stood debating with himself as to whether he would make any attempt to keep the appointment, or leave the writer to find out that the note had been delivered to the wrong person, as he once more suspected to be the case.

He presently came to the conclusion that he ought perhaps to go, if only to let it be seen that there had been a mistake, since he was to take no one into his confidence. But how was he to contrive it without attracting attention to his movements, and which was the Laurel Walk?

Clifford, who had followed him to where he stood, unconsciously gave him the information he wanted, as well as the opportunity of acting upon it.

"There are good land and sea views from the end of that side-walk—the Laurel Walk we call it. You must look at them to-morrow, Dane."

"You do not care to go now?" returned Dane, with a keen, tentative glance at him.

"If you wish it, I will," said Clifford, some surprise in his eyes frankly meeting the other's. "But you won't see it at its best now; and we are due in the drawing-room, I suppose."

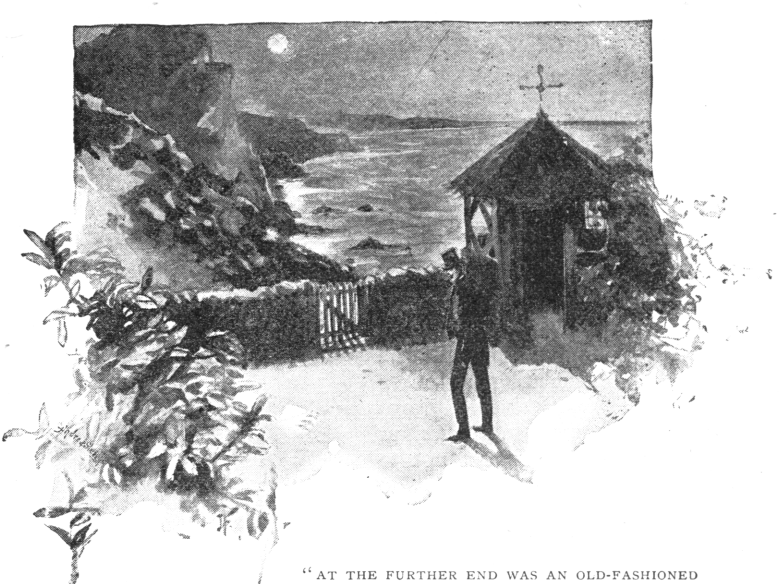
Evidently Clifford had no reason for desiring to visit the Laurel Walk, thought Dane, as he replied, "You are; but I may well be spared for a few minutes. And—I have a fancy for seeing the view by this light, if you don't mind"—the moon was at the full, and not a cloud to be seen. "A whiff of sea air would be welcome just now."

"All right," easily falling in with the proposition that it cost him the least trouble to accede to. "The path to the left under the arch," opening the door for Dane to pass out.

He descended three or four terrace steps, crossed the lawn to the left of the house, and out of sight from the drawing-room windows, and struck into what was unmistakably the Laurel Walk. It slightly descended the part of the cliff jutting out towards the sea, and at the further end was an old-fashioned summer-house commanding the "view."

The finest view in the world would have had little interest for Dane just then. No one was in sight; not a sound broke the silence, save that of the slow, heavy wash of the sea as it went lazily in and out of the cove far down below, dragging the pebbles to and fro over the beach.

He looked towards the summer-house. Was anyone awaiting him in there? He recollected that Clifford was rather given to playing practical jokes, and a suspicion



"AT THE FURTHER END WAS AN OLD-FASHIONED SUMMER-HOUSE."

crossed his mind that there might possibly be an attempt to make him the victim of one now. This aroused his combative powers, and rendered him on the alert.

He entered the summer-house and peered about in the darkness, everything there being in deep shadow.

"Is anyone here?" he asked.

Silence.

He turned to ascend the path, persuaded now that the message had been intended for someone else, and that the mistake had been discovered and set right. He had taken but a step when he suddenly paused, and drew back into the shadow again.

The slight figure of a woman, muffled up in some shawl or wrap drawn over her head, hurriedly crossed the lawn, and came running with fleet steps down the path towards him out of the white moonlight into the shadow where he stood.

On she came without a pause, and in another moment the slight, panting figure stood before him, and a small, trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"No one must know! For my sake, you must never let it be known!"

With a quick, nervous movement, what seemed a letter was pressed into his hand, as she added in hurried, broken accents, as if to prevent his speaking — although, in his utter amazement, he did not attempt to do so—"Hush! not a word. What would be thought of my doing this?"

He was about to say something now to the effect that her secret, whatever it was, would be safe with him, when, with the repetition of the words: "No one must know. Remember—ah, remember!" she turned away, and sped swiftly up the path again.

Following her with his eyes, he saw her go round by the stable yard, as though towards the servants' entrance. He stood for a few moments utterly bewildered, unable to think of anything but the little, trembling hand that had lain upon his arm. But he was presently speculating again as to who his mysterious communicant could be. The appeal to his honour would, of course, be found not to have been made in vain; but who was she?

Could it have been Miss Clifford, who had mistaken him for her brother? This could hardly be. Where would have been the necessity for making a mysterious appointment by letter between brother and sister, in the same house together?

Suddenly he became conscious of the letter crushed in his hand. To be wasting the time in idle conjecture there when he had the clue to the mystery in his possession! He darted up the path, and into the house again by the garden door. Crossing the hall, and passing the drawing-room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, unobserved, he hastily made his way upstairs to the room that had been assigned to him.

Shutting the door, he went towards the window, drew up the blind, and by the bright moonlight streaming in, proceeded to open the envelope.

Bank-notes! They dropped from his fingers, fluttering to the carpet at his feet.

"Money!" he ejaculated, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, all his new-formed, pleasant anticipations fading at the sight. But, as the first excitement a little abated, he began to ask himself for what purpose this money could have been intrusted to him.

"MONEY!"

The suspicion that there had been some mistake once more forced itself upon him, reluctant as he was to accept this as an explanation. He would have preferred to think that the words which had stirred his heart by their appeal to his chivalry—and there had been an under-current of hope in his mind that Miss Clifford had meant to ask his advice—had been intended for him. Could her purpose have been to intrust this money to him to be used in the service of her brother?

He gathered up the notes again, and turned them carefully over in the hope of coming upon some scrap of paper—some written word—which might afford a clue to the writer's intention.

Not a line—not a word!

Had Miss Clifford intended to place the money in his hands in trust for her brother there would have been some intimation of it, either from her or with the notes. "No, it could not be she."

As he turned them over—bank-notes had surely never been so little appreciated before—he noticed that there were ten for twenty pounds each, two hundred pounds.

The remembrance of that vexatious bill of his crossed his mind. This sum just covered the amount. Could it be——? Was it that someone was desirous of putting it into his power to pay that two hundred pounds and went that way to work about it? No, absurd, impossible! Who could have got to know that he owed the money, or, knowing it, would have had the will as well as the power to give him such a sum? Certainly no one there.

More disappointed than he was inclined to acknowledge that he was, and not caring to ask himself why, he impatiently rolled the notes together and thrust them into his portmanteau out of sight. He began to suspect that he was getting mixed up in some unpleasant mystery, and that his implied promise of secrecy might turn out to be a fetter and annoyance to him. It had been all very well as adding a little zest in the way of romance to a confidence—but now! There was no romance about bank-notes. The more he thought of it, the more disillusioned and annoyed did he feel. Yet his hands were tied. He had been put upon his honour, and could make no attempt to solve the problem until the other side had made a move.

There was a tap at the door, and Clifford came lounging in, a moody expression on his naturally frank face.

"I have been looking for you, Dane. Began to think you must have got so ecstatic over the view as to forget where you were, and had tumbled over the cliff."

"I am not given to be so ecstatic as all that," returned Dane, who had, in fact, only glanced at the expanse of heaving waters. He took up first one thing and then another lying on the dressing-table, in aimless, desultory fashion, only half conscious of what he was doing.

It had suddenly occurred to him that there was one question he might put without, at the same time, breaking faith with the incognita of the Laurel Walk, and he was casting about in his mind as to the best way of putting it.

"Did you chance to mention a word to anyone about my owing that money to Blair, Clifford?" he presently asked, telling himself that no confidence would be broken, and no harm done by this inquiry.

Clifford broke into a short laugh, and a little confusedly replied, "Why do you ask?"

"For the same reason people generally ask questions: because I want to know."

"Well, yes, I did to one person—only one. Don't be offended, Dane; you can afford to have it known that you owe a trifle like that. I knew that my mentioning it could not hurt you, and I thought that it might be of some assistance to me."

"Assistance to you! How could that be?"

"How?" repeated Clifford, reddening and hesitating again. "Well—to tell the truth, I thought that if you were made to appear a trifle brown, I might not seem quite so black. You don't suppose I had any worse motive, old fellow?"

"How did you put it—that I was in straits about this money?"

"Something like that. I mentioned that you were bothered just now about a bill for a couple of hundred."

"A couple of hundred! I see. To whom did you mention it? Pardon me, Clifford, I have a special reason for wanting to know."

"To whom? Oh, well—look here, Dane: I mentioned it in a letter I wrote yesterday to Sophy Palmer, which I suppose she got this morning."

"Miss Palmer!"

"You need not mind her knowing it, old man. She is such a good-natured creature. She has done all manner of things for me, and there are heaps of money. She would think nothing of giving you a couple of hundreds, if you would only take them."

"Confound her good nature," thought Dane, seeing nothing but bad taste and false sentiment in her seizing the opportunity to put an entire stranger under an obligation to her in this way.

She must have those notes back as soon as possible, and be made to understand what he thought of her good nature. He was annoyed at having been made to play a part in such an exhibition of bathos, but he could see that it was just the kind of thing a woman like Miss Palmer would delight in bringing about. He saw, too, that it was quite impossible Miss Clifford could have appealed to him in that way. Had she, as he had at first imagined, wished to ask his advice as to how best her brother might be helped, she would have gone to work quite differently.

"Sophy is a thousand times better than her brother, any way," went on Clifford, beginning to understand by Dane's silence that she did not find favour in his sight. "He is an unmitigated little——But you can see all that for yourself."

"I thought Miss Palmer seemed to imply that there is an engagement pending between your sister and him, Clifford," gravely.

"Not so bad as that yet. But I suppose it will come. My father seems to have set his heart upon it, and he generally manages to get his own way in the long run. But they will be wondering——. We must put in an appearance now, if you don't mind, Dane. When you hear Sophy sing, you will at any rate be obliged to allow that she has a good voice."

Hardly inclined to allow anything in Miss Palmer's favour, Dane presently found something to object to in her style, if not in her voice. She did not manage her voice well, he told himself; and the sentiment was too pronounced. It seemed to him, too, that she was more desirous of ingratiating herself with him than she ought to be at a first meeting. The contrast between her and Miss Clifford would, indeed, have been evident enough to one less fastidious upon such points than he was.

When Viva Clifford quietly made an opportunity to say something in a few earnest, well-chosen words about her gratitude to him for what he had done for her brother, all that was best in him responded to her. He murmured only a word or two in reply, making as light of what he had done as possible; but he registered a mental vow that she should have better reason for appreciating his efforts on Clifford's behalf, if it were in his power to compass it.

When the Palmers' carriage was announced, her father patted the little hand put into his, and smilingly said something to the effect that he supposed she was teaching them how to get used to doing without her—a jest that seemed to afford Mr. Palmer great gratification.

Seeing the effect upon her—the look that came into her eyes, as, whitening to the lips, she silently withdrew her hand—Dane longed to knock Mr. Palmer down.

As soon as they had taken their departure, Dane, to give the father and son an opportunity to have it out, as Clifford had termed it, excused himself, and went to his room. There could be no helping him until he had made a clean breast of it to his father.

When they met at the breakfast table in the morning, it was evident that although the storm had burst it had not yet cleared the air. As they rose from the table, Captain Clifford made some curt remark to his daughter to the effect that he was going to drive into the town, and might not be back to luncheon.

"DANE LONGED TO KNOCK MR. PALMER DOWN."

With a muttered apology to Dane, Clifford followed his father out of the room. Presently were heard a banging of doors, and voices raised as in altercation. Clifford did not rejoin them, and Dane found he was left to go through the morning as best he might. He was a little surprised, as hour after hour went on, that Clifford did not make his appearance, but took it for granted that they would meet at luncheon.

His surprise increased when, summoned to luncheon, he found himself alone with the little sister. She was evidently not equal to the occasion—timid and nervous at having to play the part of hostess to a stranger, in addition to being troubled on her brother's account.

As they rose from the table, a servant put a note into her hand. Asking Dane's permission, she hurriedly opened the envelope, and presently showed that some new fear had been in her mind, as, with a sigh of relief, she ejaculated: "Only from Viva!" going on to explain that her sister had written to put off their visit until the next day. "Miss Palmer forgot that they had promised to go to a concert in the town this afternoon, Mr. Dane, and hopes to see us to-morrow instead."

Dane was a little annoyed. It was hateful to him to have to keep that two hundred pounds in his possession; and he had arranged a plan in his mind for obliging Miss Palmer to acknowledge she had been the donor, when the rest would be easy. He had fully calculated upon placing those notes in her hand that day.

Alice looked dubiously at him a moment, wondering what she ought to do; then, in a hesitating, frightened way, inquired whether he would like to go into the drawing-room and let her play to him, or —or, desperately —"anything else."

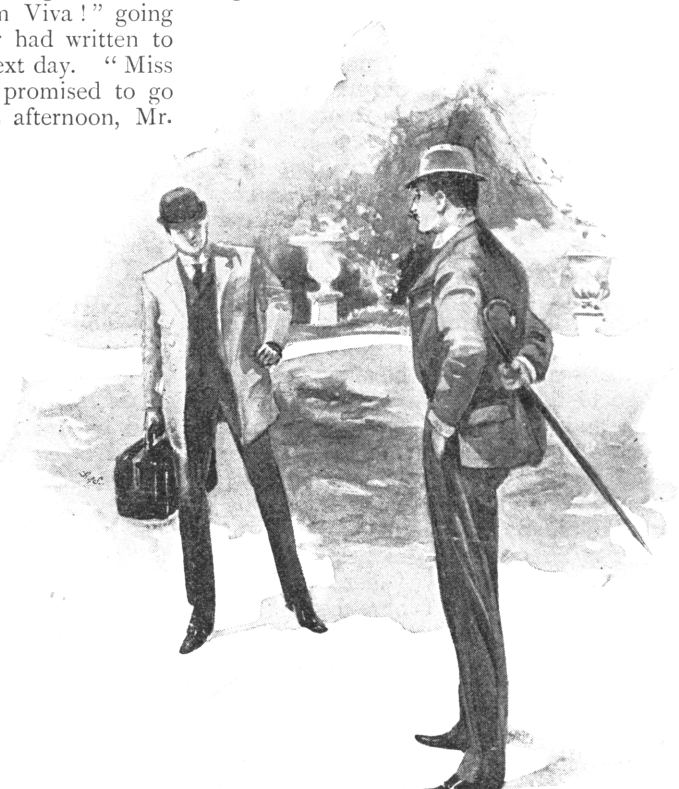
He smilingly came to her relief by saying that, if she would excuse him, he would go into the grounds again for awhile. It was so pleasant out there in the sunshine, of which he had not had his share lately.

It was about an hour or so before dinner. Dane was making his way back to the house in a not very cheerful frame of mind, when, chancing to glance towards a clump of trees, he suddenly caught sight of a man's figure hastily retreating, as though desirous of escaping observation. With an uncomfortable suspicion that it was Clifford, and that he was endeavouring to avoid their meeting, Dane walked on a few steps, but he presently felt impelled to turn back. If Clifford wished to avoid him, it was from no personal feeling, but because he was in some new difficulty. In any case, this was not the time for pride and standing-off on his side, he told himself. In two minutes he was on the other side of the clump of trees.

Clifford! And with a travelling bag in his hand!

"Only just in time," thought Dane, instinctively feeling what the other was about to do.

"Where are you off to, Clifford?" he began, in as careless a tone as he could assume. "I have been wondering where on earth you had got to, old fellow."



"WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, CLIFFORD?"

Clifford's face was white and drawn. There was the recklessness of despair in his eyes. "Don't attempt to prevent me, Dane. It

would be no use. I have made up my mind to go."

"Go! Where?"

"To the deuce!" with a bitter laugh. "Where I have been told to go."

"Tell me what has happened, old fellow. Come, Clifford, don't be absurd. You and I have contrived to get out of scrapes before now. You know you can trust me," taking the precaution to link his arm in the other's as he spoke.

"It is too late. You can't help me this time—no one could. Look here, Dane," he excitedly went on; "I promised to give a hundred and seventy to Grey this evening. He will be waiting in the town for it. I made a clean breast of it to my father last night—told him everything; and—and—I went down on my knees to him, entreating him to let me have this money, and give me one more chance. He knows I don't owe more than three hundred altogether; and I promised—where's the use of repeating all I promised? He refused to give me a penny—treated me like a dog. After breakfast this morning I plucked up courage again and made one more appeal to him. He flung away, bidding me 'go to the deuce.' He left me there alone in the library, with the drawer in which he keeps his cheque-book and money open. I don't believe he meant to put temptation in my way. You see, he was in an awful rage, and perhaps forgot. But—Dane, there was a roll of notes and a cheque for two hundred and fifty lying there; and—no, don't look at me like that—you need not be afraid. If I am to 'go to the deuce,' I will choose my own road; and it won't be that! I hurled his wretched notes across the room, left a line on the table, saying that I would obey him and 'go to the deuce,' and put a few things into my bag."

"Clifford, you must let me——"

"It is no use trying to help me, Dane. You do not know my father. But—yes, there is one thing. I have been keeping about here in the hope of seeing Alice. Would you say a word to my sister Viva for me, Dane? She knows what a friend you have been to me; and—to tell the truth—I wrote to her the day before we came away, begging her to try to get two hundred pounds for me somehow, to save me from disgrace. I thought she would, perhaps, ask Sophy Palmer to lend it; but I suppose she did not like to do that."

"To borrow it of Miss Palmer!" ejaculated Dane, the truth dawning upon him. "Your sister!"

"I am sorry now that I asked it, Dane. And I want you to tell Viva from me that I am glad she did not get it. It might have compromised her with Palmer, if he got to know. He is just the fellow to make it a reason for pressing on the engagement, and she looks unhappy enough as it is. I am not such a cur as to wish her to sacrifice herself for me!"

"She has done it!" was Dane's mental ejaculation. He saw it all now. It was Viva Clifford who had come to him in the Laurel Walk. She had put that money into his hands, imagining that it was to her brother she had given it. He and Clifford were about the same height and build, and he had, at sight of her, stepped back into the deep shadow of the summer-house. Moreover, he had, in his surprise, taken the envelope she pressed upon him quite silently, and she was, therefore, unaware of the mistake that had been made.

As he afterwards found, her note had, in the hurry of the moment—dinner being just about to be served—passed from one servant to another, a new-comer, who did not know Clifford and took it for granted that Dane was he. Miss Clifford had seen no other way of obtaining the money for her brother than to apply to Palmer; and the mean-spirited fellow had made it the occasion for pressing on the engagement. He found, too, that the reason she had made the mysterious appointment to meet her brother away from the house was because she was going to return with the Palmers, and feared she would not have an opportunity of giving the notes to him without being observed. She had hurried away so quickly afterwards to avoid being questioned as to how she had obtained the money, and in the fear that she should let it be seen what it had cost her to obtain it.

"No one must know—for my sake, you must never let it be known!" The words had been uttered in no spirit of sentimental romance, but in the bitterest shame and anguish. He made a mental vow that she should be saved, if it were in the power of man to save her; and he saw that there was not a moment to lose.

He hurriedly informed Clifford of the mistake that had been made, without going more than he could help into details. "I believe that the money was advanced by Palmer, and that he is pressing on the engagement in consequence. It must be given back to him at once, Clifford—the same notes."

"Yes, certainly," promptly returned Clif-

"THE MEAN-SPIRITED FELLOW HAD MADE IT THE OCCASION FOR PRESSING ON THE ENGAGEMENT."

ford. "Poor Viva. Did she think I would take it at such a cost? Tell her, Dane, how——"

"You must tell her yourself, Clifford."

"But——"

"No buts, old man. If your father holds out, you must not be too proud to take what you want from me. Nonsense; I can get a few hundreds easily enough, of course. It was not any difficulty about getting the money to pay that bill that bothered me. For any other purpose, or for that if I chose, I could get what I want in a few hours. We will meet Grey in the town to-night and settle all that. But I mean to try what I can do with your father, all the same; I want to see you on better terms with him. If he has got the note you have left, it may have had some beneficial effect in the way of showing him he has gone too far; and if I strike at the right moment——"

"It will be of no use," despondently, yet, as Dane was quick to see, a little hesitatingly now.

"Oh, yes, it will. Come to the house in half an hour, and I believe you will find the aspect of things quite changed. Come back this once, old man, to oblige me; and if your father has not relented, I will not attempt to prevent your going away in the morning. On the contrary, I will go with you. You must come to our place; and my father and I will do everything in our power to help you to get on. Leave your bag in the summer-house, and come in as usual for dinner—Promise."

"I can't refuse; you are my only friend, Dane. But——"

"In half an hour," called out Dane, as he went quickly up the Laurel Walk.

As he emerged on to the lawn, he paused for a moment or two, wondering what was going on at the side of the house where the stables were situated, and whence came the sound of an angry, raised voice.

A little anxiously—the voice sounded like Captain Clifford's — Dane turned his steps in the direction of the stable yard, where there seemed great commotion, a clattering of horse's feet on the stones mingling strangely with the hoarse tones of a man's voice.

What was going on? Had Captain Clifford been touched by his son's note, and was he already going in search of him?

As soon as he came upon the scene, Dane saw his host with angry, frowning face, giving peremptory orders, gesticulating violently the while to a groom who was slowly and sullenly saddling a horse, evidently in no haste to obey his master's orders. A frightened-looking maidservant was standing near, and on the bare stones by her father's side crouched Alice, sobbing her heart out in the bitterness of her despair.

"Not if he were twenty times my son! A thief! As fast as you can gallop to the police-station, if you want to keep your place here. He shall be stopped. He shall be in the hands of the police before——"

"Help Charlie! Don't let them take him!" ejaculated Alice, springing to her feet at sight of Dane, and running to him with clasped hands.

Captain Clifford turned towards him; and, although a little surprised at himself, Dane could not help feeling some pity for the man. He was looking at least ten years older than he appeared in the morning, white, haggard, and trembling, as, with a terrible humiliation, he broke out again: "Disgraced for ever! I am the dishonoured father of a thief, sir—a common thief!"

For the moment a terrible fear took possession of Dane. Was it possible that Clifford had, after all——? He put the thought away. No; a thousand times, no!

Suddenly there flashed upon him the remembrance of Clifford's words about having hurled the notes across the room. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. "Quite impossible, Captain Clifford!" striving to keep his wits about him, and to lead up to what he wanted to suggest to the other to do, without allowing his own motive to be seen. Charlie must be vindicated as openly as he was accused.

"It is true. I left him in the library myself, and on my return I found that he was gone, and a roll of notes and a large cheque had been taken from the drawer where he knows I keep my money. My son—my only son, sir!"

"He is not guilty, Captain Clifford—quite impossible! You are accusing him unjustly," put in Dane, with quiet decision. "You must have overlooked the notes, which might easily happen in the excitement of the moment. Look again, before you brand your son as a thief."

"Look again, papa—oh, pray, do look once more!" pleaded Alice. "Oh, Charlie—my Charlie!"

"You have made a great mistake, Captain Clifford."

"Would to God that I had!" muttered the father, turning to re-enter the house, a faint hope, perhaps, beginning to spring up in his mind.

With hurried, uneven steps, he returned to the house, crossed the hall, and entered the library. Dane had beckoned the maid-servant to accompany them, pointing towards her young mistress, as though he thought she might require help. In fact, it had occurred to him that it would be better to have an independent witness present, in order that there should be no doubt of Clifford at any future time.

As they entered the room, Dane glanced hurriedly round, and then drew a breath of relief. There lay a roll of paper crushed together on the carpet. The notes! Yes, Clifford had said he had thrown them to the farther end of the room.

"This is the drawer. Do you think it likely that I should overlook a roll of notes?" exclaimed the old man, hurriedly tossing about the papers, memorandum books, etc., etc., with trembling hands, and, as the young man noticed, eyeing them with feverish anxiety.

"Things seem a good deal scattered about," said Dane, picking up one or two papers from the carpet. Then, with the hope of drawing attention to the notes, he glanced about the room, letting his eyes rest for a moment upon them without appearing conscious of so doing. What he was hoping for immediately came about. The eyes of the maidservant, who was less pre-occupied than the others, followed his, and lighted upon the roll of paper.

"What is that little bundle of papers on the carpet, sir? It looks like——"

She hurriedly crossed the room, picked up the papers, and brought them to her master.

The missing notes!

Captain Clifford's jaw dropped, and his head fell forward upon his breast. They placed him in a chair, loosened his neckcloth, and applied what restoratives were at hand, almost afraid for the first few minutes of the effect which his sudden revulsion of feeling might have upon him.

But joy does not often kill. He was presently so far recovered as to be eager to explain to those about him that he and not his son had been to blame. Everything was now forgotten but the one fact that his son had shown himself incapable of the act of dishonour laid to his charge. His boy was a gentleman, and the family name was untarnished!

"I was hard upon him. He was pressed, sir. I drove him from his home; and for what? Because I would not give him the trifle, the nothing, he begged for. I told him he might go to perdition for ought I cared. He was left alone in the room. He saw the money there, and preferred to go forth a beggar rather than take a single shilling! I am the only one who has ever dared to doubt the honour of a Clifford! I am rightly punished!"

"And will be all the better for your punishment, I think," was Dane's mental comment, beginning to recognise that nothing could have happened more fortunately for Captain Clifford, as well as for those about him.

The old man was anxiously inquiring for his son. "He will come back, will he not?

"THE MISSING NOTES!"

He couldn't really mean to go away for good, could he, do you think, sir?" humbly questioning Dane. "Couldn't somebody—would you ask him to come back and forgive his old father? Perhaps he would, if you asked him—you who have been his friend all through!" piteously.

Dane glanced through the open hall door across the lawn. "I think your son is coming now, Captain Clifford," he said, hardly able to avoid smiling, as he noticed the young man's down-bent head and hesitating steps, and thought of the surprise awaiting him. The most Clifford would hope for was that his father's anger would be modified by his friend's intervention.

Captain Clifford went with faltering steps to receive his son at the hall door, his arms outstretched and tears running down his cheeks.

"God forgive me, I have wronged you! Forgive me, my son!"

"Father!" murmured Clifford in great bewilderment, quite unprepared for a reception of this kind. The most he had hoped for was toleration, and he little suspected what had taken place. But, astonished as he was, he was glad enough to avail himself of the change in his favour. He was not a little touched as well as astonished by his father's distress.

Drawing the old man's trembling hand over his own shoulder, Clifford supported him back to the library, where the truth was explained to him.

It was a crisis in the lives of both father and son, and from that time Captain Clifford's whole nature seemed to change for the better. Clifford's debts — neither heavy nor dishonourable ones, as his father was anxious now to point out — were paid, and he was allowed a good income. Captain Clifford began a system of liberality and trust, which he afterwards found helped a great deal more towards establishing the family honour than his previous course of action had done.

Not only was the borrowed money at once returned to Mr. Palmer—in time, as it proved, to save Viva Clifford, the signing and sealing of the engagement not having yet taken place—but Dane contrived to persuade Captain Clifford that his daughter's society was required at home just then.

She was brought home in triumph; and then began "a good time," as happy Alice termed it, for them all. Dane did not let the grass grow under his feet; and he very soon had the happiness of knowing that life was beginning to have a new meaning for Viva Clifford as well as himself.

The Palmers did not readily forgive her desertion of them, and were still less favourably inclined towards the man who had been the main cause of it. But as time went on, both brother and sister had their compensations. A certain major was making advances, and gaining favour with Miss Palmer; and her brother was about to marry a circus celebrity who had won his heart by her graceful dexterity in leaping through a paper hoop from the back of a horse—a feat by which Dane tells Viva she is eclipsed.

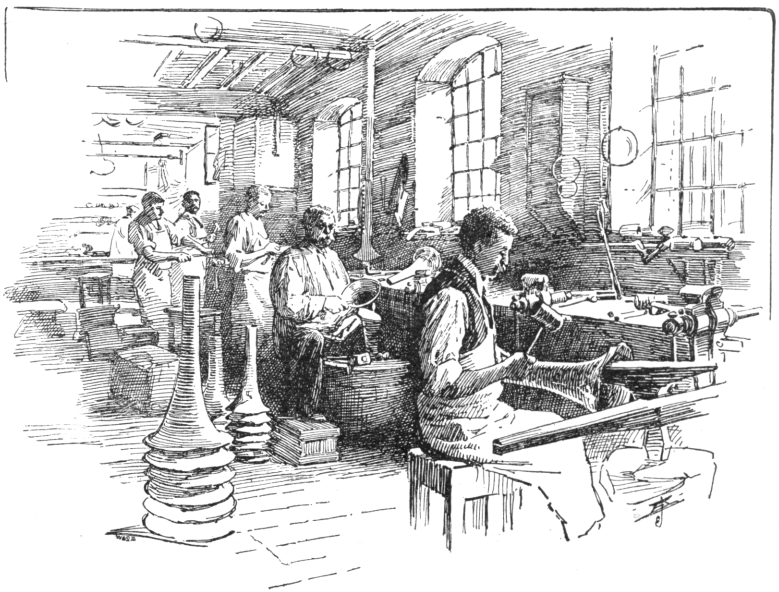
Happy Viva is quite content to be eclipsed by Mrs. Palmer.

# *How Brass Bands are Made.*

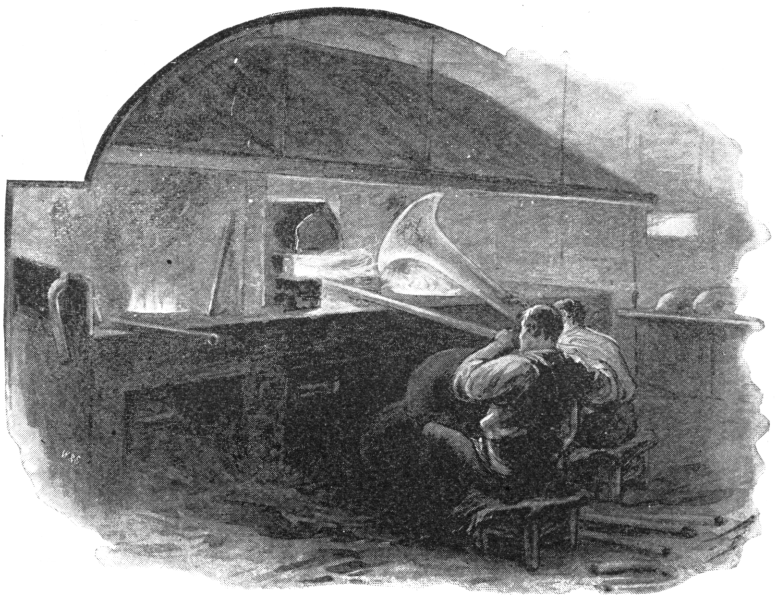
By Edward Salmon.

THE average citizen, asked to define his pet aversion, might conceivably indicate a brass band manipulated by German fingers. How many subjects of the German Emperor who have serenaded one inharmoniously under one's window at home or at the seaside have been consigned to the worst penalties of perdition it would be difficult to say, but the number with most of us is probably considerable. Yet there are brass bands and brass bands, and between an indifferent and a first-rate body of performers, with first-class instruments, there is as wide a difference as between the *vin ordinaire* of a third-rate French *café* and a bottle of '47 port. Those, indeed, whose teeth have been set on edge by a really bad band, or who have even heard a fairly good one, and have never heard a body of performers drilled and conducted by a Dan Godfrey, can have no idea of the gulf fixed between the two. Bad music is the very quintessence of horror, if, that is, bad music, like bad grammar, is not an impossibility. Either music is good or it is not music. The virtues of the brass band have not always been recognised, and thanks, no doubt largely, to the Teutonic terror, they are not known now as widely as they should be. The fact is that the Goddess of Harmony assumes no more seductive shape than that in which she is bodied forth by the best of brass bands, and in the last twenty years their popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. That this circumstance is due to the perfection which has been attained in the manufacture of the instruments, no one who has gone into the matter can for a moment question.

There is as much difference between the brass instrument of to-day and that of a quarter of a century since, as between the bicycle of the seventies and the "safety" of the nineties. It is, therefore, of considerable interest to inquire how a brass band is made, or to be more precise, how an instrument in a brass band is made, for one instrument, however much it varies in detail, is constructed on the same principle as another. If we say that Messrs. Besson stand at the head of all such instrument makers, we utter not merely our own opinion but that of the brass-band world. Messrs. Besson make for every government under the sun whose army avails itself of the thrilling and inspiriting effects to be obtained from these instruments when well played, and with Besson bands, many thousands of pounds have been won by amateurs in public contests, concerning which we shall have a few remarks to make. From China to Peru, it may be said that Messrs.



MAKING THE BELLS.



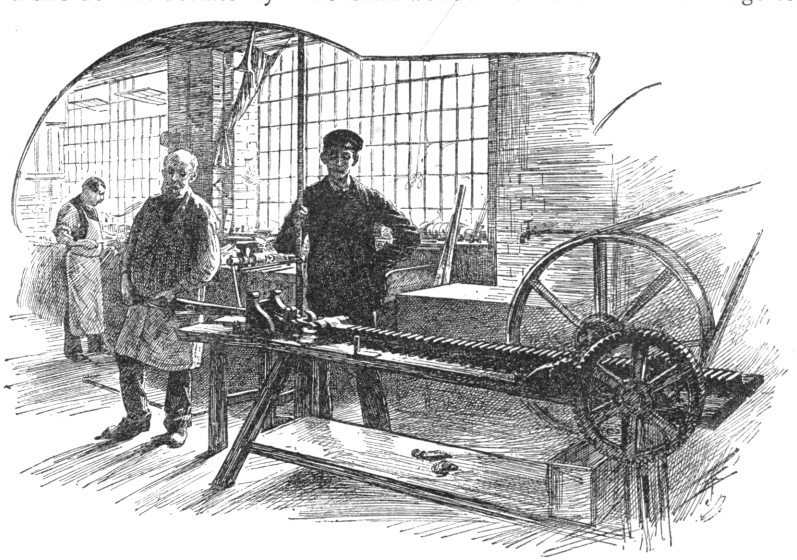
BRAZING.

will bear some resemblance to a bell. The soldering or "brazing" process takes place in a separate apartment containing several furnaces, which emit sufficient sulphur to supply the wants of a much less desirable region. Here the men are engaged in firing the bells, so to speak. Seated on stools, they hold the bell over the flame and look up it, turning it about as parts get red-hot. The experienced eye instantly detects the least flaw. When it leaves the brazier the bell is still uneven, and a mass of small indentations. Careful hammering reduces these till the bell is fairly smooth, when it is put upon a lathe and spun. On the lathe it assumes its natural brass colour once more and is brought to the utmost degree of smoothness and symmetry.

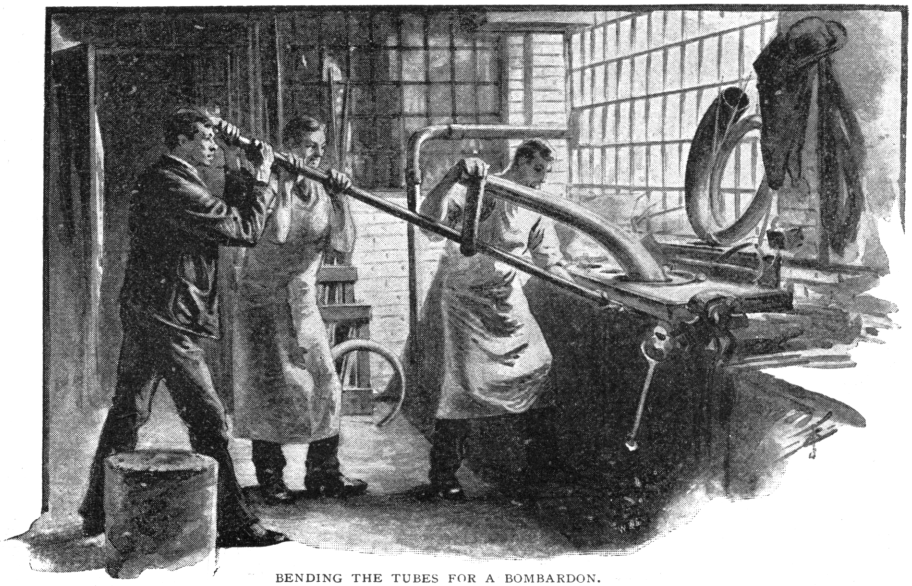
From the bell of a large instrument—a bombardon, say — run tubes which form half circles. If we reflect for a moment, we shall wonder how the makers manage to

Besson's instruments enjoy the reputation of pre-eminence. Perfection in construction has been attained, so far as perfection ever is attainable in things human, by an invention which is known as the prototype system. Messrs. Besson's instruments are the "prototype"—a name which adequately conveys an idea of the similarity of one to another. The prototype is a steel implement, long and spiral in shape, by means of which it is possible for the makers to guarantee that two instruments of the same class and size do not deviate by so much as a hair's-breadth from each other.

By far the most interesting stage of the manufacture of a brass-band instrument is the beginning. The first thing we are shown is a rough, apparently carelessly cut, piece of dull brass. It is suggestive of nothing in particular, but by-and-by its edges will be neatly soldered, and it

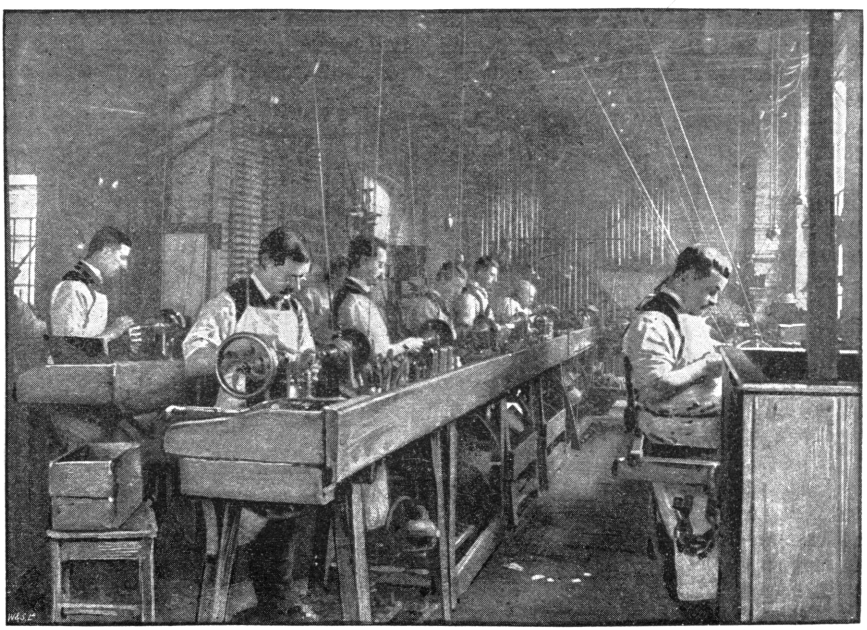


THE DRAW-BENCH.

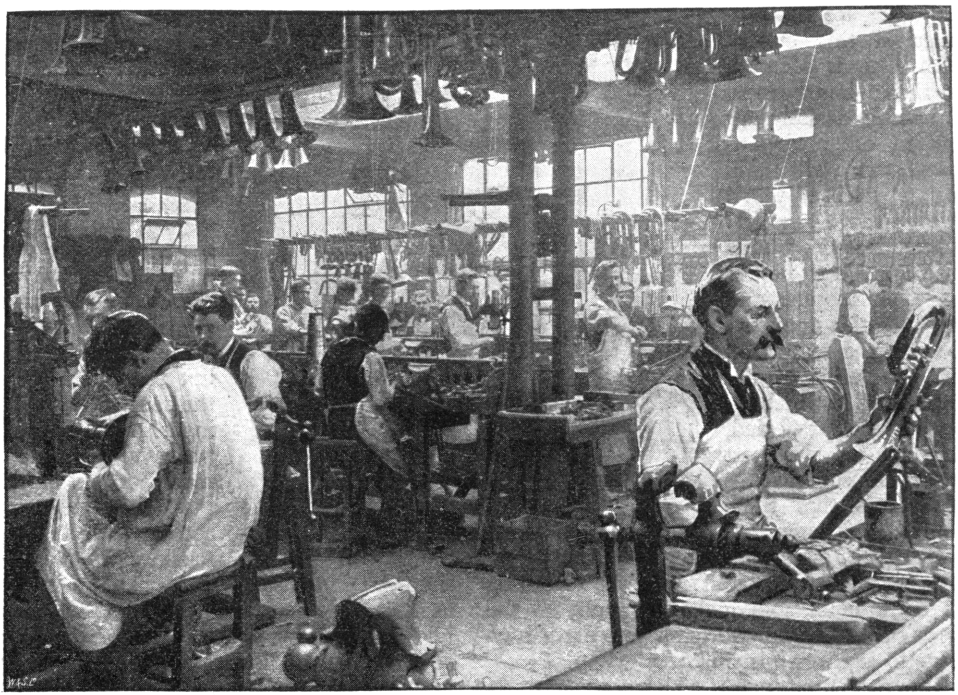


BENDING THE TUBES FOR A BOMBARDON.

effect the bending of the tubes without a crack or a bladder, or any defect to indicate that at some time or other these tubes were perfectly straight. In dealing with them, we soon realize the significance of the prototype. One is placed on a prototype, which is so hard as to be unimpressionable, the end of the prototype is put through a stout ring of lead and is affixed to a pair of nippers on a draw-bench. The prototype, covered with the brass tube, is then drawn through the lead, and as the other end of the prototype is a great deal larger than that first placed through the hole in the lead, which it exactly fills, it is easy to imagine the force which must be brought to bear to draw the whole thing through. But the machinery is all powerful; the lead yields,



MAKING THE VALVES.

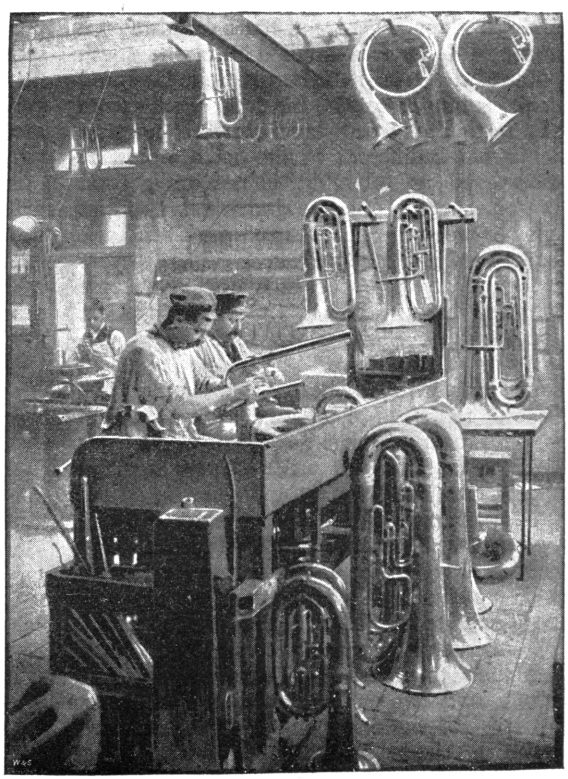


MAKING SMALL INSTRUMENTS.

and the prototype being released from the nippers, we see that, whilst the hole in the lead has increased from an inch to three or four inches in diameter, the tube itself has become absolutely smooth inside and out. This accomplished, it is now necessary to bend the tube to the shape required, and to the uninitiated, the means adopted will have all the charm of novelty.

Near by is a boiler full of molten lead. Some of this is ladled into the tube and, when cold, it is possible, slowly but surely and with infinite care, so that the brass does not pucker, to bend the tubing as shown in our illustration. Inch by inch the curve required is effected, and it is easy to understand the part the lead plays in preserving the tube from being seriously dented, and consequently spoiled. When the bend is complete, the lead is, of course, removed by a further application of heat.

All this takes place in the basement, where our artist has been busy with his camera and sketch-book, whilst we have made jottings, mental



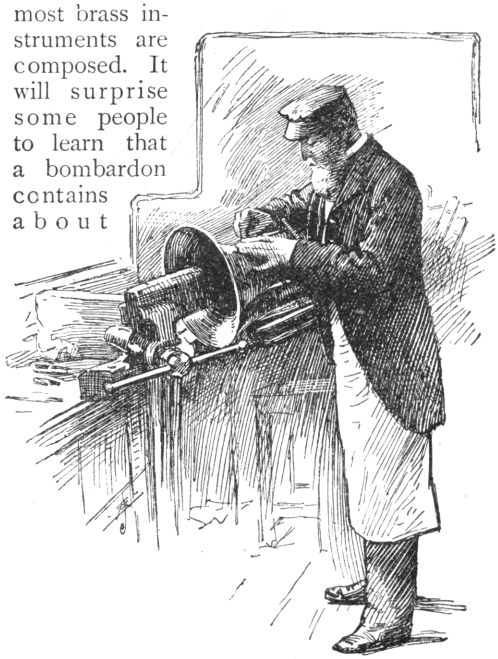
MAKING THE LARGE INSTRUMENTS.

and other, for the purposes of this article. Whilst he is securing realistic impressions, and before making our way to other departments, we will talk for a while with the manager of Messrs. Besson, who is good enough to be our guide, philosopher, and friend on this occasion. He enlarges readily on the popularity of the brass band to which we have already referred, and one of the best proofs he can give us of this is that there flourishes a newspaper—the *Brass Band News*—devoted to band interests, recording all band news, and giving publicity to the views of all band performers who have anything to say worth saying.

TRYING CORNETS.

It is a circumstance of which comparatively few people are aware, that the north of England and the south are as divided from each other in their regard for brass bands as the north of Ireland is divided from the south politically. Good brass bands are to be found in the south, of course, but it is not far from the truth that many bands, looked upon as somewhat indifferent in the north, would be considered as tolerably, if not very, good in the south. In the industrial counties lying between the Thames and the Tweed, the brass band is almost universal. Nearly every village of any size possesses one, and some of these bands—to wit, the "Besses o' th' Barn," the "Black Dike Mills," and the "Wyke Temperance"—are able to hold their own with the best in the world. The sons of toil, fresh from a hard day's labour, give up their evenings to practice, and their families and friends are as eager as they themselves can be that they should attain proficiency in the art and mystery of "the lip." In the north of England a band contest arouses the utmost enthusiasm, while it is noteworthy that "bonnie Scotland" is beginning to display a disposition to share. An instructor is usually engaged to enable the men to practise with a maximum of profit, and two or three guineas are paid by a band—of working-men, be it remembered—for a single lesson. No matter how severe a musical martinet the instructor they engage may be, everyone is prepared to render him implicit obedience, and it is recorded that an instructor once locked the doors and kept a band at practice for eight consecutive hours in order to get a certain difficult piece correct. One or two of the men grew rather fierce under the ordeal, but the instructor had the sense of the gathering with him, and knew what he was about. Nor must it be supposed that these men play second or third-rate music. They master the most abstruse pieces—such, for instance, as Berlioz's *Faust*—and when public contests take place, some of the leading bands play so well that the listener might close his eyes, and almost imagine he were present at a grand organ recital.

Let us now proceed in our inspection of the process of band instrument making. We next visit the valve makers' shop on the ground-floor. Here are made and perfected the various valves and multitudinous bits of which most brass instruments are composed. It will surprise some people to learn that a bombardon contains about



ENGRAVING.

200 pieces. In this room forty or more men are usually to be found busy at their benches, with gas-jet, blow-pipe, and instruments and implements necessary to the turning of valves of all sorts. Another floor is devoted to the men who are called makers, to whom the parts are sent after manufacture for the purpose of being put together, and a good deal of energy is noticeable as the men take piece after piece until the instrument in the rough seems perfect.

But it is probably a matter of appearance only. Certain of the parts temporarily brought together are not allowed to pass their days in union. It is one thing to fit an instrument of perfect pieces together, it is another to get the most perfect music out of it, and it is found by experience that two pieces identical in all respects, and more like each other than the proverbial two peas in a pod, will yet when linked with other parts that, from the mechanical point of view, make an equally good instrument, give forth sounds which to the trained ear leave something to be desired.

The mechanic may, therefore, propose the abiding union of two pieces; the tuner will dispose: and it generally happens that those which the former has brought together the latter will, in his wisdom, put asunder on the plea of incompatibility. The tuning shop of a brass band manufacturer is a sort of divorce court, with a delightful difference from that in which poor humanity cuts so bad a figure at times. When the tuner grants a *decree nisi* he never fails to display the utmost assiduity in finding partners for the divorced with whom both may go happily through the rest of their days, be they long or short.

From the tuners the instruments pass to the polishers, where, with the aid of a strip of emery-cloth, used fiddlewise, and plenty of grease, elbow and other, they attain a brilliancy which makes them as pleasing to the eye as their notes are to the ear. In special cases they go still further, and pass into the hands of men who engrave a design on them. The deftness and rapidity, the accuracy and effect with which a flower or an inscription will be engraved on the surface of the bell are wonderful, for, prone to mistakes even when indicting an ordinary letter as most of us are, we cannot but remember that on such an instrument a false line would be fatal. On a cornet or a bombardon, worth anything from £20 to £200, the designer has of necessity to be very confident of his skill before operating, or disaster may be the result.

POLISHING

# "*Extremely Agreeable.*"

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. VON WALD-ZEDTWITZ.

WHEN I left the University I had, as in duty bound, to go through my course of military service, and in due time found myself enrolled as a soldier in an infantry regiment then stationed at the town of Torgau, in Thuringia.

The officers were extremely kind to me, and invited me to become a member of the club they had formed among themselves, so that I was soon quite at home. In the morning there was the everlasting "Right, Left! Right, Left!"—at dinner the soothing perfume of the "Maibohle," and in the evening dreamy repose and excellent cigars in the shady Casino gardens.

The civil and military society mingled freely, contrary to the usual custom, and the legal world and such landed proprietors as lived in the neighbourhood made themselves particularly agreeable.

The chief magistrate, old Herr Hammer, was president of the club; he played a good game of bowls, emptying a good many "Schoppen" in the course of it, and kept the whole company entertained with his cheerful fund of humour. Of course I was presented to him, and he recognised in me the son of his old comrade in University and Volunteer days. He was delighted to see me, and at the close of the evening he took me across the gardens to the Casino veranda, where his wife and daughter were drinking true Thuringian mocha with a number of other ladies. I was presented to the fair circle. Frau Hammer was still a pretty woman; she knew my good mother, greeted me with warmth, and begged me with charming friendliness to come and pay her a visit as soon as my military duties would allow.

"No stiff evening call, dear Herr Eisenstein, I beg! When you have no better way of spending your evening, then come in and see us, and have a cup of tea with us."

"Well, well," muttered her lord and master, "you will get something better than tea, I can tell you, my dear fellow! Don't be afraid. Wife, you frighten all the fellows away with your tea."

We laughed at his comical expression as he uttered this warning. I thanked Frau Hammer for her friendly invitation, and decided at once to take advantage of it. Had I not looked into the blue eyes of the magistrate's seventeen-year-old daughter, the fair Agnes? Did I not read in those liquid depths that a visit from me would not be entirely disagreeable to her? Of course, I would seize the first happy chance that left me free to spend an evening in her society.

"I WAS PRESENTED."

The happy chance did not occur for some days, but at length I had a free evening, and decided to make prompt use of it. I called my soldier servant, who, as the stern captain of our company was fond of reminding me, was in reality my fellow-soldier, and sent him in the afternoon to the Frau Direktorinn with a carefully worded message, saying, if it would not inconvenience her, I would do myself the honour of calling on her that evening.

After much explanation, Gottlieb Feuerstacke at length understood where he was to go and what he had to do. In about an hour he returned, giggling in an idiotic manner, and informed me with a scarcely

suppressed smile that a visit from me at a quarter to nine would be "extremely agreeable."

It struck me that this was rather a late hour to fix for a sociable evening call, in fact, rather a ceremonious hour; but, no doubt, the Herr Direktor liked to stand on ceremony even in so small a matter as the present. I thought no more of it; but when the hour came for departure, I waxed my moustache in the correct style, cast a few drops of "new-mown hay" on my pocket-handkerchief, placed it in the pocket above my beating heart, and wrapped myself in my great military overcoat.

Thus armed I started off to see my new friends, not quite willing to confess even to myself how much I longed to behold the fair Agnes once more.

"Idiot that you are," I said, sternly, to myself; "what do you expect from those little hands? What, save a cup of Chinese tea?"

Torgau is a small place, and soon enough was I at the house of the chief magistrate.

At its half-open door was a woman's form, apparently a servant-maid. She conducted me into the dimly-lighted vestibule, said softly, with a shy simper, "Good evening," tripped upstairs and signed to me to follow.

The Herr Direktor lived in a flat, it seemed, approached by a common staircase, and up this I promptly followed my guide, my heels ringing clear and loud on the uncarpeted flags.

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake!" whispered the servant-maid, mysteriously.

I confess to a shock of surprise. I stopped.

"Is this not the right hour?"

"Yes, yes, but hush!" She placed a warning finger on her mouth.

"Good gracious! Is someone ill in the house?" I whispered, in a low voice. "In that case I will come another evening."

"No, no, only be very quiet, Herr Corporal."

And thereupon she seized my hand and drew me up the stairs with many warning signs.

I was utterly bewildered, and could make neither head nor tail of the business. We were on the upper floor. With a dexterity that looked suspiciously like constant habit, she caught the door-bell in her hand, so that its tinkle should not be heard. She certainly showed a wonderful knack in her proceeding. She opened the door and, before I knew where I was, I found myself in the kitchen. Then a bell rang, evidently in the sitting-room, whereupon she promptly pushed me still further into the kitchen, and left me breathless with amazement to stare about me.

A neatly-laid table stood in the middle of the room, which was but dimly lighted by two candles stuck in empty champagne bottles. I was still gaping and gasping when she returned.

"It was nothing! They have not finished yet. They sit so long at table. The master wanted more butter."

Then she reddened up, giggled shyly, and, with downcast eyes, continued: "I am very glad, Herr Corporal, to see you. It is a great honour," and there she paused, smoothing down the folds of her apron. She evidently expected me to say something.

A sudden light broke on my bewildered senses. I understood it all! The suppressed merriment in Feuerstacke's face, the warmth of my reception by the maid. That idiot of a man; that dense-pated Gottlieb Feuerstacke had imagined my message was for the maid-servant, and not for the quality. Was I not serving as a private soldier like himself? And was not a cook the object of his highest adoration?

I could have laughed aloud! The old mad spirit of University days rushed upon me—never even in those joyous wild times had I met with such a rare adventure as this; never, on my word of honour!

"How very kind of you, dear. By the way, what *is* your name?"

"BE VERY QUIET, HERR CORPORAL."

"Hannah," she whispered, with downcast eyes.

"What an adorable name! Hannah." I quite forgot all about the perils of my position and raised my voice to its natural pitch. She cast on me such an eloquent glance, imploring me without words not to let "them," as she called the family, get wind of my vicinity.

Now she glided gently hither and thither, collecting and placing on the table all manner of dainty fragments from the dinners of a week past, placing them in tempting confusion at my disposal.

Again the bell rang. Hannah was wanted. She obeyed the call at once, and presently returning, placed before me, with conscious pride, a smoking omelet *aux fines herbes*, seasoned with bacon sauce.

Good Hannah! What would she not do for a corporal?

It was all so sublimely ridiculous! Hannah, who was really a fine young woman, looked so pleadingly at me. I was getting hungry, the omelet filled my nostrils with so appetizing a perfume—I had already said A, so must say B. In short, I made quick work with that savoury omelet, and drank with much gusto the Seidel of beer she drew for me from the cask in the cupboard. She sat down on the bench she evidently reserved for the washing-up of dishes, etc.—her red, work-roughened hands rested quietly in her lap, artistically contrasting with the dazzling whiteness of her apron; her honest, ruddy face turned affectionately towards me, her watery blue eyes hung entranced on her corporal, watching every mouthful he took. She nodded gently, and evidently expected from my appetite many a blissful supper-time to come.

"A SMOKING OMELET."

But Fate was at hand. The sitting-room door opened—steps were heard in the passage. In another instant the kitchen would be invaded, but, thanks to Hannah's promptitude, the danger was averted. With immense presence of mind, she laid her great, coarse hand on my lips, blew out the candles at one breath, opened the door, closed it behind her, met her mistress in the passage, and conversed quite composedly with her about to-morrow's dinner.

I sat motionless in the dark and heard the whole "menu" gone through. The cold sausages of which I had just been partaking were to be sent up for the Herr Direktor's breakfast.

"Good-night, my love. I am going out."

It was the voice of the worthy man himself. His wife replied:—

"Don't be late to-night. Where are you going?"

"To the Casino. They have roasted crab and fresh maibohle there to-night."

A pressure of the hand, a kiss, and the Herr Direktor went downstairs. The good housewife had ended her consultation with the cook, and returned to the sitting-room. Only Bello, the faithful companion of his master—Bello, the black poodle—sniffed uneasily at the kitchen door.

"Come, Bello, come here, sir," called his master from half-way downstairs. Bello did not come, he sniffed still harder.

"Get away! will you?" said Hannah, clapping her hands at him, and pushing him away. The faithful animal resignedly trotted downstairs. I breathed again, and began to think love required rather too much of a sacrifice. Although it was highly impolite to leave in the middle of a meal, yet I felt my false position so acutely that I proposed doing so without delay. Alas! it was not so easy.

Hannah lamented that I had not done better justice to her banquet, and as a final temptation produced from some hiding-place a bottle containing some dregs of red wine, and would not, in short, hear of my going away.

"Only one little quarter of an hour more," she pleaded. "I must do my washing-up. The water is hot now." Here she paused

and looked roguishly at me. "If you would help me to dry the things, then it would soon be done. I am free after that, and we could take a walk somewhere. Ah, please! please! You need not be afraid: my young man may always come to the door downstairs; the mistress allows that. I always make that one of the conditions when I take a situation."

This privilege did not fill me with much joy, especially when I thought of the drying process.

"Won't you take a bit more bread and cheese? It is real 'Limburgher,' I can tell you. The master never eats any other."

It was very touching. The Herr Direktor was clearly no mean connoisseur in cheeses. But I could not eat another morsel. My hunger was more than satisfied.

"A good appetite to you, Hannah. You have treated me only too well." I forgot I had been the only partaker of the feast. "Now I must be off."

She pouted, casting imploring glances at me, and somehow, before I knew what she was about, she had enveloped me in a brand new apron to protect my uniform.

The house-door opened again, creaking loud and warningly; heavy steps—a man's steps—came up the staircase; the little bell at the entrance of the Herr Direktor's apartments tinkled. A horrible dread seized me — it was the Herr Direktor himself, and, merciful Heavens, of course, Bello, the irrepressible and suspicious Bello! He would make straight for the kitchen, I felt sure.

"IN A BRAND NEW APRON."

Once more Hannah's hand, damp and heavy, was laid on my mouth, out went the candles, and she flew to the entrance.

"So soon back, sir! Have you forgotten anything? Oh, the house key! I will bring it to you, sir. Go along, Bello, get out—get out, I say!"

The voice of the mistress of the house here joined in.

"Oh, Karl, is it you? I could not think who was paying us such a late visit."

"Is not Herr Eisenstein here?"

I turned cold as ice.

"Herr Eisenstein!" said a soft, clear voice, and now I turned burning red with shame. "Herr Eisenstein? No, he is not here, papa. How funny! Why should Herr Eisenstein be here?"

It was the fair Agnes who spoke—Agnes of the soft, blue eyes. I felt their limpid gaze resting on me even through the thick darkness.

"Hannah, has the Herr Eisenstein *not* been here to-night? Are you quite sure?"

"No, sir, I have not seen the gentleman this evening. No one has been here."

"I can't understand it!" said the Direktor. "I went over to Herr Eisenstein's rooms to ask him to come with me to the café, and his fellow was standing at the door, and he told me his master was gone out. I asked him where. 'Down to the big street to a magistrate's house.' He did not remember the name. He must have been coming here, for there is no other magistrate living in this street. He certainly must have started to come here and have missed the way. Well, good-night, dears, we shall soon see," and he evidently was preparing to leave the house again.

Thank Heaven! I was saved. I would escape the instant the coast was clear.

"Bello, come here. Come here, sir."

But Bello had entirely different intentions. The wretch began to scratch and snarl at the kitchen door. He ran back to his master. I heard distinctly the sound of his nails on the stone floor. He returned. I could not sit still another moment, my left leg had gone to sleep. I moved very, very slightly, but it was enough for Bello. Barking furiously, he leapt wildly up the door as high as the latch.

"What in the world is in the kitchen?"

Before Hannah could interpose her stout form between him and the door, the strong

hand of the master had flung it wide open, and the light of his candle fell full on my pale and agitated countenance. Wife, daughter, and maid-servant pressed after him.

I draw a veil over the scene. I hear once more the astonished exclamations of the ladies, the sobs of Hannah, the triumphant barking of Bello—detestable little brute—and find myself out on the staircase alone in the dark night, condemned to everlasting shame and contempt. Behind me echoed the scornful laughter of Herr Direktor.

Next morning Gottlieb Feuerstacke pondered thoughtfully over a blue kitchen apron that he had found on my sitting-room floor.

Many years have passed away since that terrible evening. I am a general officer and a star adorns my manly breast. A few grey hairs have crept like moonlight round my temples; my dear, fair-haired wife has the same soft, blue eyes as of old, and she discusses household matters every day with good old Hannah. On our marriage my mother-in-law sent her to us as general servant. Many and weighty are the consultations on the day's dinner. Very often they cannot settle on anything.

"Rudolf, what will you have for to-morrow's dinner? One does not know what to order. Do, please, suggest something, dearest!"

"THE LIGHT OF HIS CANDLE FELL FULL ON MY COUNTENANCE."

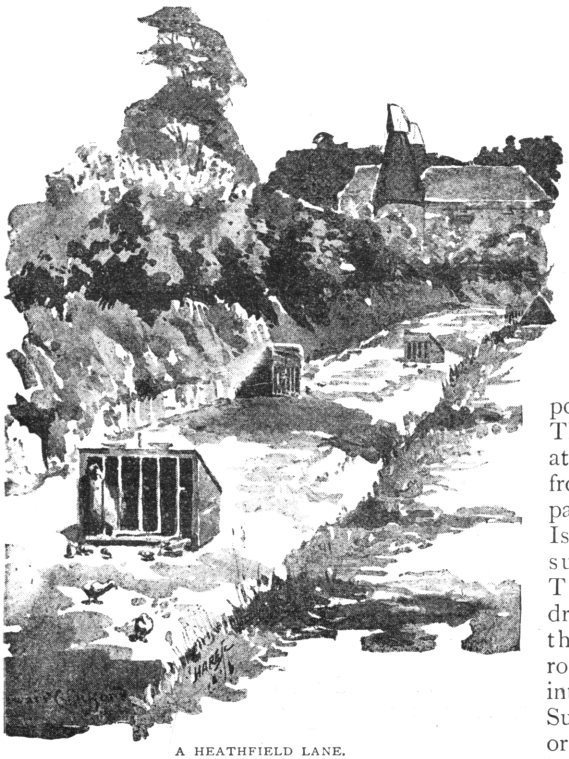
My countenance assumes a serious expression; I think deeply for a while; it is an important matter. Then I open my lips and say, softly:—

"Savoury omelet, with fine herbs and bacon sauce, is as good now as when——"

Good old Hannah has already got her apron up to her face and rushes from the room.

We eat in due time of that excellent dish which I tasted for the first time under the friendly roof of my father-in-law. Hannah gets her share, too, a goodly portion, for now she has no corporal to share it with her. The children, however, insist on giving many a dainty morsel of the self-same omelet to Bello, not the original Bello, but the grandson or great-grandson—I forget which—of that infamous, traitorous animal.

# *Chicken Manufacture.*



A HEATHFIELD LANE.

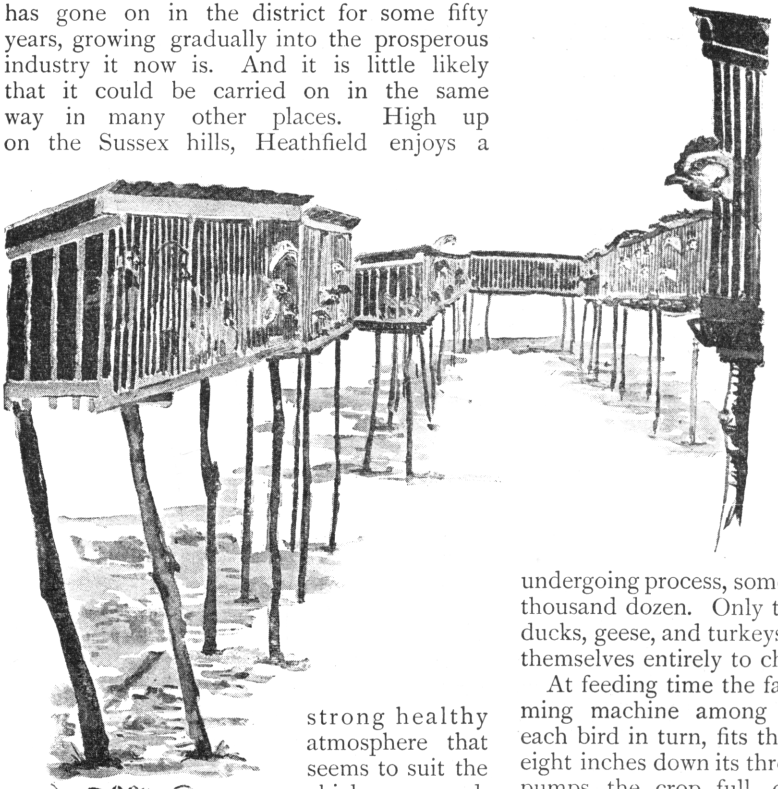
THE first thing that strikes a stranger on entering the district of Heathfield, Sussex, is the number of chickens. In Heathfield itself and around, in Warbleton, Shoreham Road, and Cross-in-Hand, the domestic fowl is ubiquitous. He roams the lanes, and the dusty sides of the high roads are diapered with a pattern of chickens' feet; fields, commons, gardens, and not seldom the cottages themselves are pervaded by him. Coops, knocked up of any possible pieces of wood, stand on any possible patch of green by the wayside and, in the less frequented lanes, in the roadway itself.

A Heathfieldite once, asked by a huntingman if many of the farmers around rode to hounds, made answer: "We preserve chickens, not foxes." Heathfield and the adjoining parishes form one vast preserve for poultry. But except the respectable matrons who brood and guard the young families, and here and there in the yards a strutting rooster with a few wives in his train, the fowls are all under full maturity. At all times of the year, from the little puff-balls that have just broken shell to the hobbledehoy state of chicken youth, they are visible in their thousands. Past this stage they enter the manufacturing yards—the fatting farms.

But, as from Heathfield station alone, in specially constructed poultry vans, an average of between thirty and forty tons of dead poultry are dispatched weekly, so the everywhere present fowls can supply but a small part of the raw material needed by the fatters for manufacture. The deficit is supplied in two ways. Large numbers of Irish chickens are imported—especially from November to May. They come over many hundreds of dozens at a time, and at short intervals, mostly from the western parts of the Emerald Isle. The higglers supply the rest. These men drive through the country round, and far into Kent and Surrey—thirty or forty miles in a day—picking up a few birds at this farm, a few at that cottage, and bring them to the fatting farms. Fatting is the staple industry of the place, and the exact process of the manufacture is to be seen nowhere else.

Tradition says that a man once came to Heathfield who had been engaged in the Norfolk turkey breeding business and experimented with chicken, so founding the trade. Be this as it may, chicken fatting

has gone on in the district for some fifty years, growing gradually into the prosperous industry it now is. And it is little likely that it could be carried on in the same way in many other places. High up on the Sussex hills, Heathfield enjoys a strong healthy atmosphere that seems to suit the chicken race admirably, so that they hatch out with impunity and run strongly at all seasons. Nearer to town it would be impossible to let the birds run free as they do here—certain light-fingered gentry of pedestrian habits would be too numerous—and in most other parts of southern England foxes are too plentiful. Then, again, the markets are handy; it is not a far cry to London, and the big Sussex watering-places are all within easy reach. And, as with all developing industries, as the business has grown among the people, so the people have grown into the business, acquiring the skill and rapidity that can only come of long usage, and which helps so greatly to make the trade profitable. The people are brought up to the management and handling of chickens from childhood, for every cottager rears a few birds, and the majority of the labouring population are in some way connected with the trade as killers, stubbers, or the like. The birds, once taken in hand by the fatter, are shut up in coops, six birds to the pen, and are crammed twice daily for about three weeks.




FATTING PENS.

The fatting coops are ranged in alleys or, perhaps, in small businesses, round gardens — some under cover, some not—on posts three feet from the ground. The small man has his ten dozen or so of fowls undergoing process, some of the largest several thousand dozen. Only the larger ones deal in ducks, geese, and turkeys, the others confining themselves entirely to chickens.

At feeding time the fatter wheels his cramming machine among the pens, takes out each bird in turn, fits the feeding tube some eight inches down its throat and, with his foot, pumps the crop full, disengages the tube, and puts the bird back in the pen. The

THE CRAMMING MACHINE.


KILLING AND PACKING.

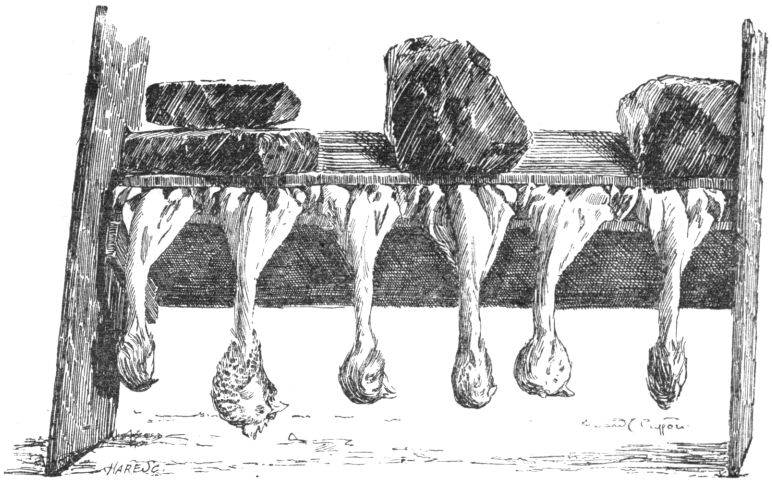
rapidity with which this is done by a good workman is astonishing, the knack of handling the birds wonderful.

In spring, chickens are taken in hand at about thirteen weeks old, later in the year a bit older, and are crammed for about three weeks with a mixture of ground oats, fat, and milk. As running birds, picking by the wayside with but small allowance of ground oats, they are muscular and athletic ; in the course of two or three weeks' fatting they put on flesh at a great rate, and it is this rapidly manufactured flesh that gives its delicacy to the "Surrey" fowl. One of the peculiarities of the trade is that though the birds come principally from Kent and Ireland, and are of Sussex manufacture, they are known as "Surrey chicken." When they are fatted enough for the market they are intended for—what is called "half fat" for some of the watering-places, or "full fat" for London ; then comes the process of killing, plucking, etc. This was formerly done by "chicken butchers," men who went from farm to farm for that only—but now it is generally done by the farmer himself or his men.

A shed is set apart for the purpose, and so many men and girls, according to the amount to be killed, assemble. A crate of live fowls is brought in. The men take each a bird and kill it. Picking then commences. With the bird on the knees the feathers are allowed to fall in a large basket, to be afterwards packed and sent to some of the large furnishing firms of London—all except the flights and stiff plumes, which are thrown apart. In ten minutes the bird is handed to a girl who, with a blunt knife, takes out the immature "stubs" of feathers that are missed in the picking. The "stubbing" takes another ten minutes or so and the bird

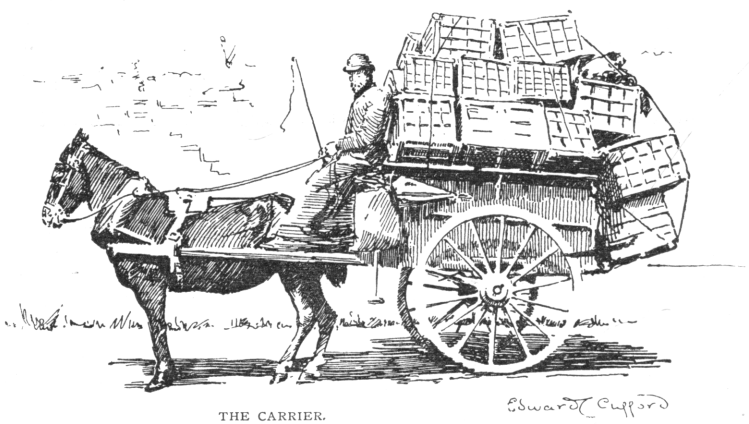
STUBBING.

is handed to the "dresser," who, with sundry pushes against a post and little skilful pats, gets it into marketable shape, dusts it with flour, and puts it in the "press"—a V-shaped trough with a board on the top laden with stones. There now remains but the packing—one or more dozen to a crate—and they are ready for the carrier.



PRESSING.

The carrier is one of the powers of the neighbourhood. All day and every day his carts are passing along the roads, now with full crates to the station, back again with returned empties; now piled up with Irish imports, then with consignments of ground oats, new coops, cramming machines, and the various necessaries of the trade. He collects and sends to London the dead poultry at so much a bird, paying carriage at so much a ton, and making a profit on the transaction. As much as eighty tons of dead poultry have been sent to market in a week from Heathfield, which, reckoning between four and five pounds to a bird, means some 500 to the ton, or 40,000 birds.



THE CARRIER.

Such a trade naturally calls other trades to its aid. Millers become purveyors of ground oats, carpenters turn coop and pen makers, butchers deal in fat by the bushel, and large quantities of milk are supplied by the surrounding farmers.

Heathfield is beautifully situated: wide views of hill and dale, of wood and down, and the sea away there in the distance. The neighbourhood has interest for many. It is the site of one of the principal iron workings in the south of England. The first cannon was bored there; and place-names and quaint old fire-backs still testify to the old industry. The memory of Richard Woodman, ironfounder and martyr, of Mary's time, is still kept alive in Warbleton. Historic remains are numerous: a stone marking the place where Jack Cade was killed by Iden is in the village. Pevensey and Hurstmonceaux are within easy driving distance. Botanists may find rare flowers here, notably the little blue gentian *(Gentiana verna)*. Many frequent the place as an invigorating health resort in summer. But all interests are subservient to the chicken trade. The whole place is pervaded by poultry, and there are but few of the inhabitants who are not connected in some way with its staple industry.


FROM THE SPANISH.

IN a town of the ancient kingdom of Castile there lived, in former ages, a youth called Bartolo, who tried to eke out a living by making cages for birds, and taking them round to sell at the neighbouring villages. But his trade was a poor one, and he judged himself in luck if he sold one cage in the day, and, as may be supposed, he knew what sorrow and privation were.

One day as he was proceeding to a village he heard sounds of revelry, the buzz of many people, and the strains of a band of music. This merry-making was a procession of children dressed in white, carrying in their midst a beautiful child crowned with roses, in a chariot covered with white satin, and ornamented with acacia and myrtle. This procession was in honour of *Maya*, the personification of Spring, and took place to announce the entry of Spring. In front of the little chariot some children danced and held in their hands tin platters for contributions, and, as may be imagined, all, or nearly all, the spectators dropped their coins into them.

Bartolo moved away in a desponding mood, saying to himself as he walked on: "Is this the justice of the world? There they are, flinging their money into these platters just because these children come in procession to announce to them that it is the month of May, as though they could not know it by looking in an almanac. They barter and grind me down to the lowest price for my cages, even when I chance to sell one!"

Full of these bitter thoughts he walked on sadly, for the voices of two importunate

enemies were making themselves heard within him—these were *hunger* and *thirst:* the one clamoured for food and the other for drink. Bartolo had nothing in his wallet but his clasp-knife, and had had nought for his breakfast but *hopes*, and these made him sharp and active.

He had reached a plantation when he perceived a well-dressed individual coming towards him. Pressed by hunger, Bartolo, taking his cap off respectfully, approached and said: "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly give me a trifle? I promise I will return it as soon as I earn some money."

"Don't you think that it is a shameful thing for a man like you, young and with a good, healthy appearance, to be demanding charity of people? Does it not strike you that you have a duty to earn your living by working at your trade?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, but my trade does not fulfil its own duty. Most people like to see the birds flying about free rather than in cages, and, therefore, day by day I find myself poorer than before."

At first the stranger doubted what he heard, but the bird-cage maker gave him so detailed an account of his work and the small profits he derived, that he became interested and sympathized with his ill fortune. Bartolo was a man who always knew how to excite great interest in himself.

"Come, come," the stranger said, smiling, "I will do something for you. As I cannot find customers for your cages, I will afford you a powerful means by which you shall never more be in want."

He then blew a whistle, and Bartolo saw flying before him a bird blue as the sky, which came and perched on one of his cages.

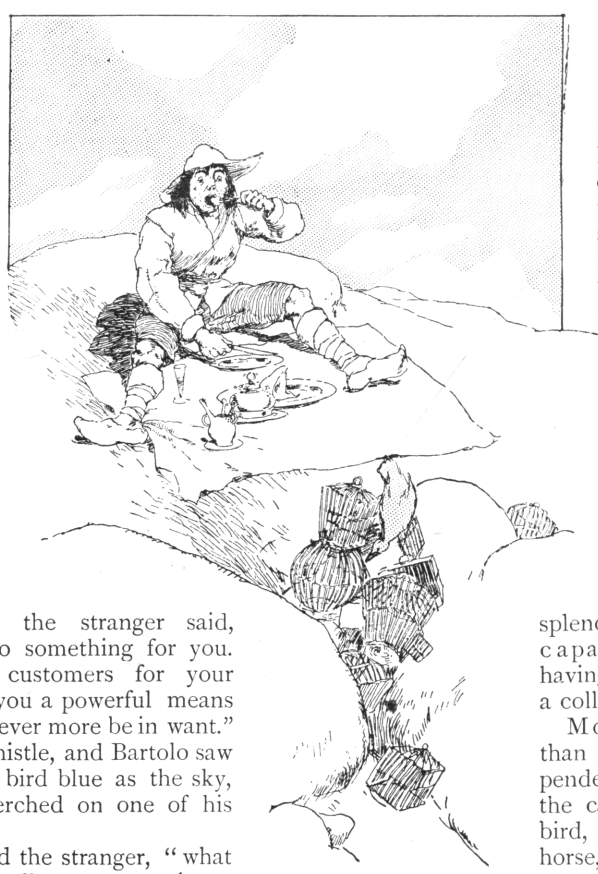
"See here," added the stranger, "what will compensate for all your past misery. From this day forward you have only to formulate a wish and say slowly and distinctly: *Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!* and your wish will be granted to you."

"By my faith!" cried the bird-cage maker, "but I will try it at once. For the last twenty years I have wished to kill hunger: 'Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!'"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than he saw suddenly spread before him on the grass a breakfast fit for a prince, laid on a service of exquisite silver and glass and the whitest of cloths. Bartolo, astonished, flung himself on his knees before his benefactor to thank him, but he raised him up, saying:—

"I am the good genius of the honest working men of Castile. Sit down and eat without fear. Take advantage of your lucky star," and then suddenly disappeared.

Bartolo reverently bent down and kissed the spot upon which he had stood, unable to find adequate expression of his gratitude. He then sat down and ate his breakfast.



"HE SAT DOWN AND ATE HIS BREAKFAST."

After his meal, Bartolo judged that a man who had feasted in such an elegant manner ought to have other better clothing than his well-worn working suit; and, lifting his staff, he cried to the bird: "Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!" In an instant his old suit became transformed into one of richest velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, and his rough staff into a splendid horse fully caparisoned, and having round its neck a collar of silver bells.

More astonished than ever, Bartolo suspended to the saddle the cage with the blue bird, leaped on the horse, and went his way, as proud of his dress as a donkey of its ears.

Setting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the gates of a splendid castle. Some feast was taking place within. The guests were all seated under a shady bower, deploring that they had been disappointed of the minstrels who were to have played.

Bartolo, on learning this, advanced to the bower, and, after elegantly saluting the lord and lady of the castle, in a most refined voice said :—

"If it be right for a simple knight to offer his services to such a distinguished company of rank and beauty, I think I could promise to provide what you are requiring."

"Oh, do ! at once, please ! " cried all the ladies, who were longing to dance.

"Bluest of blue birds, do your duty ! " said Bartolo.

Suddenly, in the distance, was heard the noise of many feet, and a troop of musicians with their instruments appeared, to the great delight of the company.

The lord of the castle thanked the stranger and desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter, a maiden fair and lovely like a snow bird.

"OPENING THE BALL."

When the ball was at its height, the bird-cage maker ordered an elegant banquet to be served, during which the bluest of blue birds was commanded to sing some songs, which were very much admired. Games of chance followed, and Bartolo, taking advantage of his good fortune, distributed among the ladies pearls, bracelets, and rings of precious stones. All those present were surprised beyond measure, because the lord of the castle was known to be extremely niggardly and mean.

The lord of the castle, who knew how all this had been done through the agency of the bird, and being himself of an inordinately avaricious nature, thought he might do a fine stroke of business were he to purchase the bird. Hence, calling his unknown guest away to his study, he proposed to him to purchase the bird for what price he should quote.

"You would never give me my price," replied Bartolo.

"For it I would give my castle with its nine forests," said the lord of the castle.

"It is not enough ! "

"Very well, I will add my olive plantations and vineyards."

"That is still insufficient ! " cried Bartolo.

"I will add the orchards, gardens, and houses."

"I want something else ! "

"What, still more? Why, man, you must want paradise itself ! "

"Not so ; I want what you can give me this very moment. I want your daughter with whom I danced just now ! Let her be my bride."

"What ! my daughter," cried the old miser, in an ecstasy of joy ; "by my faith, we shall soon conclude the bargain. Why did you not say so before ? "

He went to seek the girl, and told her of the engagement he had entered into. But his daughter, in utter amazement, cried out :

"But what if he is a wicked elf and all he does be witchcraft ? "

"You have an amulet of coral hanging

from your neck; it is an antidote against all witchery."

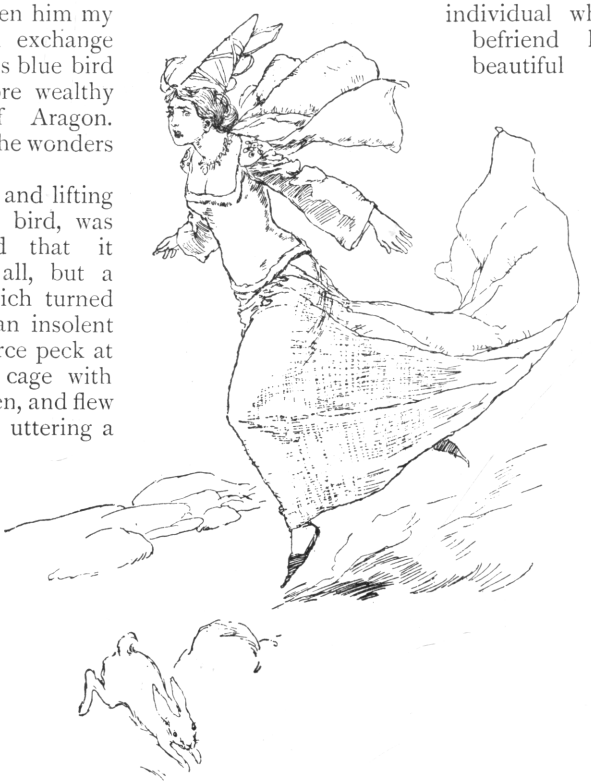
"And what if he be Satan himself?"

"I will give you a piece of blessed candle, and he will have no power over you," replied the unrelenting father.

Taking her hand, he led her to the stranger, who was already on his horse, and assisted her to mount behind her future husband. Taking the cage with the bluest of birds, he watched the retreating forms of the pair as the horse carried them away swifter than the wind, and when out of sight, he proceeded to join his guests. The company were all gathered in knots discussing the extraordinary powers of the bird and all the events which had taken place.

"Peace! peace!" cried the lord of the castle, as he entered; "I will perform more marvellous things than ever he did. I have given him my daughter to wed in exchange for the bird, and this blue bird will render me more wealthy than the King of Aragon. Approach, and see the wonders I will work with it."

He took the cage, and lifting it up to look at the bird, was astonished to find that it was not blue at all, but a large grey bird, which turned to stare at him in an insolent manner, gave a fierce peck at the door of the cage with its beak, flung it open, and flew out of the window uttering a terrible screech.



The lord of the castle stood with open mouth, not knowing what to do or say. His guests broke out in peals of laughter at his discomfiture and the well-deserved punishment for his unseemly avarice of exchanging his beautiful daughter for a worthless bird.

Meanwhile, Bartolo was galloping on with his bride to the nearest town to be married, and when he arrived at the first hostelry, he wished to dismount and engage the most splendid suite of apartments for his intended bride, but he found himself utterly penniless. He had not calculated that in parting with the bird he had parted with his luck, and therefore as soon as he dismounted the horse disappeared, and his elegant dress became changed for the shabby one he had worn before he met the kind individual who had wished to befriend him. When the beautiful daughter of the lord of the castle beheld the transformation which had taken place she ran back to her father as fast as she could, fright lending wings to her feet.

Bartolo had to return to his old life of making cages and to his miserable existence.